PICTORIAL REVIEW

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THE EXCITEMENT EATERS

A brilliant and frankly outspoken revelation
that tells just what kind of wife the flapper of today makes

AUGUST 1923

15 CENTS

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Edited by ARTHUR T. VANCE

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Will To-day's Cradles Fill To-morrow's Trenches?

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

THIS is a time of relaxation. Never has life been more uncertain, more strenuous than it has been during the past year. Dazed and blinded by the red horror of a strange and sudden war, at its end we found ourselves groping helplessly amid the mysteries and intricacies of a strange and sudden peace. Statesmen wrote five letters on paper and told us they spelled "peace." We were led to believe that through the simple expedient of transcribing that soft and soothing word, magic would be wrought—that the hideous antagonisms and hatreds of war would vanish as black clouds before a golden sun.

They told us that, and we believed it.

And then came—what? Did the glow of a sweet, consoling, satisfying love begin to dispel the doubts, the fears of a weary, disheartened world? Did a feeling of security, of restfulness, of peace steal into the hearts of men?

Alas, no! There is no security anywhere. There is no rest. There is no peace. Hatreds still burn in the hearts of men and malignant sores gnaw at the vitals of great nations.

Will the cradles of to-day fill the trenches of to-morrow?

We women have little for which to reproach ourselves. We set about, earnestly and honestly, through our organizations, to assist in making the necessary adjustments in our civic and our national life. "Back to normalcy" becomes our motto, and only now are we realizing the mockery of the phrase; only now are we coming to know that there can be no going *back*, that we must go *forward* to normalcy, or to something else.

We've had a hectic club year of hard and oft-times discouraging work. We've held our national conventions. We've passed our usual resolutions indorsing the usual issues for which we stand. We have the consolation of knowing that there is no issue under the shining sun for or against which we haven't an organization working with feverish energy. Furthermore, we are sustained by the comforting thought that there is no worthy object conceivably within the scope of any of our eighty national organizations of women that isn't nursed at the breast of a special committee; no more is there anything intolerable or obnoxious to the feminine temperament that is not persistently held up to public scorn by technically trained scoffers specifically appointed for the purpose.

In short, whatever men may say about us, this much is true: Most of us are passionate members of something or other whose object is to do something or other for something or other of public concern.

But now, reading in our hammocks or sewing on our vine-covered porches, we shall, perhaps, begin to wonder about the lost motion. Why have we not accomplished more? Are these things we have been doing really the most important things for us to do? The new club year will soon be opening. Must we go on endlessly doing the same old things in the same old way—reading papers, making speeches, passing resolutions, drinking tea? To be blunt and inelegant, "Where do we go from here?"

This is a question every woman may do well to ask herself. And, club presidents of all persuasions, attention! It is a question you leaders may well ask yourselves, for there is nothing more evident to a careful observer than this: *The average club-woman is unsatisfied with what she is getting through the average woman's club.*

What, then, shall we do? Reform our organizations? Tear down what we have so patiently built up? Reform our leaders and our neighbors? No. Reform ourselves, for regeneration should begin at home.

In the first place, we expect far too much of our organizations and we put far too little into them. We are not going to raise the standard of our women's organizations by criticizing our leaders. The quality of leadership depends on the quality of fellowship. Standards have got to be pushed up from the bottom, and we average people have got to do the pushing. The moment we women demand more of our leaders, that moment will they measure up or make way for other leaders who will measure up to our demands; and the same is true of leaders in our national life. If they are not what they should be it is our fault—yours and mine.

We need the application of woman-power to national and international tasks. We need the play of common sense—meaning what most people mean when they say "horse-sense"—to world affairs, and unless we have an immediate application of this power and of this intelligence the cradles of to-day *will* fill the trenches of to-morrow.

By this time our eyes should be open. If another war does come we shall have only ourselves to blame. If millions of young lives are needlessly sacrificed to-morrow their blood will be on the hands that rock the cradles to-day.

Does the very thought of another war seem incredible to you? Then consider the political chaos of China, and the social and political unrest of her neighbor Japan; think of Egypt and India quivering with discontent; of the upheaval in the Balkans; and look, if you dare, at the crescent of Islam flaunting in the face of Christianity. Can you doubt that a black and ominous war-cloud hangs this day over Europe?

And remember this: the more persistently men set about making war the more persistently the mothers of men must set about making peace.

The Hope of the World

WELL, you ask, what can we women do? All of these things have been said before, and with all of them we agree. Yet on we go, around and around, getting nowhere.

We can't abolish war by passing resolutions, or by signing treaties, or by making terms in international conferences. Nor can we abolish war by making laws in our national parliaments. No, we've got to go deeper than any of these things go. Our processes must be from the bottom up. To abolish the trenches we must begin with the cradles.

When scientists set about to wipe the dread plague of yellow fever from the Southern countries they did not pass resolutions. They only asked for such legislation, for such public action, as was needed to enable them to find the causes of the plague, and for the removal of these causes when found.

The hope of the world lies not in the laws of nations, but in the cradles of nations; not in the parliaments, but in the high schools. We may as well abandon hope for this generation. We must pin our faith to the youth of the world. We've got to forget, to ignore, if we can, the wrangling of nations over effects of evils and work at the roots of the evils themselves. And these roots are deep in the tissues of our every-day life. They touch the vitals of this life at every point.

No woman, no organization of women, honestly concerned for world peace can afford to neglect a deep and intensive study of all the questions affecting women and children. The club that ignores those questions during the coming year will be more than a slacker club.

What are we going to do about education that does not educate? Will a department of Education in the Federal Government make things better or worse? There are arguments on both sides. Are you familiar with them? Have you an opinion on the subject? If not you can't vote intelligently in the coming elections. Write to the National Education Association, Washington, D. C., for information.

Do you believe that little children should be sacrificed in the mills and factories? Do you know the arguments for and against an amendment to the Constitution in order to protect the child life of the nation? If not you will be a slacker citizen when the Fall elections are held. Write to the National Child Labor Committee, New York, for information.

Do you believe that the mothers of the race should be cared for, that women should be protected from exploitation? If so, is the minimum-wage law the best method of providing this protection? Unless you have an understanding of the principles involved in this issue you are not doing your duty as a woman and as a citizen.

Do you believe that mistaken marriages make discordant homes, that discordant homes make for spiritual degeneracy, that spiritual degeneracy means a nation that is morally weak, and that moral weakness among nations brings war? If so, do you believe that we should have uniform marriage and divorce laws? If you have no opinion on these subjects you are neglecting the study of a fundamental issue in American life. Write to this magazine for information.

All of these things deeply affect the cradle-rockers of the world. Under the present system the cradle-rockers and the world-rulers are two distinct sets of people. Oh, women of America, reading in your hammocks, sewing on your porches, can you not, will you not, realize it?

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AN ADVENTURE IN NEIGHBORING

In All the World There Never Was a Church Like This

BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

DRAWINGS BY W. E. HEITLAND

"PERMISSION FOR THE USE OF THE LITTLE RURAL SCHOOLHOUSE WAS CHEERFULLY GRANTED"

THE quality of neighborliness is blessed when found in a city apartment-house. But it is thrice blessed when found in the vast ranch country of the Western plains.

In Keystone, Neb., there is a remarkable expression of this long-distance kind of neighborliness that should stand as a shining example to the whole world.

Keystone is twenty-three miles from a railroad—remote, as we count it, from the world's surging tides. But Keystone is very close to nature and to God, as this story will show.

Eight years ago there wasn't any town called Keystone, tho Keystone Ranch was the center of a big and thriving "neighborhood" consisting of ranch-dwellers living only a day's journey on horseback apart.

One day there came to live on the big Keystone Ranch a lady from the East, and she brought with her a spirit of neighborliness more beautiful and more practical than even the ranchers had known. After a while they began to call her "Our Lady of the Ranch," and many a wonderful "spend-the-day party" was held on her broad porch in Summer and beside her log-fire on the long Winter days. How dainty and how pretty her clothes were, and how deftly her fingers flew over her sewing!

WELL, what happened next was this: A sewing-class was organized one Summer day on the big cool porch, and after that once each week seven little girls saddled their ponies and rode the fifteen or twenty miles to the big ranch in a perfect ecstasy of anticipation over the good time they were sure to have learning how to make the beautiful things like those the Lady made.

It was not long before the little neighbors also became very skilful with their needles, and, finding themselves with many attractive hand-made articles on their hands, they decided to hold a fair. The rest was easy. Our Lady of the Ranch had only to ride over to where the school authorities lived, and ask their permission for the use of the little rural schoolhouse, and the permission was cheerfully granted. There wasn't any red tape, such as going through a formal vote of the school board, etc. Everybody said "Yes," and said it heartily; and what a really wonderful time everybody had getting ready for that fair! In fact that was a very happy Summer for the whole neighborhood. Between getting ready for the fair, and talking about it, and going to it, everybody was busy and happy.

The best thing about it was that it brought people from all over that part of the world—people who didn't even live in the neighborhood but who had heard about the wonderful things that were going to be sold. Just getting acquainted with one's neighbors means much when one lives on a ranch.

When the cash was counted at the end of the week they found that the net profits amounted to fifty dollars—a big sum for seven little girls to make, to say nothing of the many times fifty dollars' worth of fun they had in making it. After that a fair was held every year, and it was not many years before this little group had several hundred dollars in the treasury.

Then came many more good times discussing what was to be done with the money. Some of the girls—who were getting to be young ladies by that time—wanted to send it to New York to a Fresh Air Camp they had read about. Living as they did in the great open country, with plenty of air and plenty of sunshine and plenty of milk and all of the good things that go along with them, these girls were deeply touched over the thought of little children anywhere being deprived of such blessings.

But the Lady thought of a more practical use for the money and one nearer home. "Let's build a church," she said, and everybody voted "Aye." By that time the town of Keystone had begun to sprout. Whether it took root just there because of the sewing-class, or the Lady, or the fairs, I do not know, but at any rate the town of Keystone began to be conscious of its existence right there in the heart of Keystone Ranch.

Of course everybody was enthusiastic over the idea of a church as soon as it was mentioned; but what might have seemed a dreadful difficulty to most people arose almost immediately. Some of the ranchers were of the Catholic faith and some were Protestants. Should the church be Catholic or Protestant? That had to be decided immediately, because everybody wanted to know, of course.

Now, women are the resourceful sex, and Western women are particularly resourceful. They simply refuse to recognize obstacles. They don't see them at all. That is the way they treated this obstacle. Did they see two churches growing where only one had been dreamed of before? Not at all. That would have required too much money, and, besides, it would not be near so neighborly as this church was designed to be. And so, after very short deliberation, they decided to build a church that would satisfy the religious convictions of every one. *The church would be Catholic at one end and Protestant at the other*, with reversible seats—second-hand street-car seats. And there it is to this day, reversible seats and all!

Where did they get the idea? Had such a thing ever been done before? No, there is no church in the world like this. The idea simply came out of the necessity of a situation and the ingenuity of women. During the War there were many instances where Catholics and Protestants used the same chapels for their respective services, but the Keystone church, built several years before the War, is probably the only honest-to-goodness double-header church in the world.

"DEEPLY TOUCHED OVER THE THOUGHT OF LITTLE CHILDREN DEPRIVED OF AIR AND SUNSHINE AND MILK"

Having arrived at the decision that the church should be all-sectarian, the girls asked the Lady to go to Omaha to consult with the Bishops concerning the dedication. She found both prelates ready to co-operate cordially in the plan. The late Catholic Bishop Scannell gave a special dispensation to meet the occasion, and the Protestant Bishop was just as cordial. In fact everybody was enthusiastic for the church. The husband of the Lady cheerfully gave the site; an architect of Omaha, drew the plans; Mr. George A. Hoagland donated the lumber, and Mr. Charles J. Lane of the Union Pacific Railway transported it free of cost; Mrs. Luther Kountze gave an organ; and so everybody had a hand, one way or another, in building and furnishing the little church.

AT LAST the great day arrived. The church was affectionately dedicated in the presence of a record-breaking audience. Father Dobson of Sidney, Neb., dedicated the Catholic altar, and Bishop George A. Beecher of Trinity Church, Omaha, dedicated the Protestant end of the church.

That very day a union Sunday-school was started, and until this day both Sunday-school and church services have been held regularly. In fact the church is the center of the town, both geographically and socially.

That seven children could have raised the money with which to build and equip this church is a tribute to their industry and their idealism. But the building of that church was far more than a spontaneous expression of neighborliness.

It was an ideal expression of the thing that makes America great, the thing that the whole world needs more than it needs anything else in this year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty-three. It was not the finished thing that meant so much to the people of those Nebraska prairies; it was *doing it* that counted for so much. Friends found that they were friends. Neighbors found that they wanted to be neighbors. There was a linking up of interests, a unifying of purposes, and out of it all a prosperous, high-spirited town has been built.

Yes, in the story of the church in this little Nebraska town China and Japan might find a valuable lesson. Ireland might learn how to be happy.

In such a spirit the most difficult problems of the nations might be settled.

It is the spirit that was needed at Versailles and at Washington and will be needed at many an international conference.

If we had more churches in America like the Keystone church we would have a better America.

Long may it thrive!

"THE BUILDING OF THAT CHURCH WAS FAR MORE THAN A SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION OF NEIGHBORLINESS. IT WAS AN EXPRESSION OF THE THING THAT MAKES AMERICA GREAT, THE THING THAT THE WHOLE WORLD NEEDS MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE"

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The Victrola and the great bands of the world

Summer-time is band time. Hundreds of bands are delighting millions of people at the parks and seashore playgrounds of the nations. Here, Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, and Captain Santelmann with the United States Marine Band; in England, the Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards; in France, the Garde Republicaine Band; in Italy, the Banda Municipale of Milan; in Spain, the Banda de Alabarderos; in Brazil, the Banda do Corpo de Bombeiros; in Mexico, the Police Band of Mexico City.

To record and reproduce the soul-stirring music of a military band is a matter of the greatest difficulty, but with Victor Records played on the Victrola you miss none of the thrills you would get in attending the concerts by these famous bands.

Records by all of these great bands are listed in the Victor Record Catalogs and are on sale by thousands of dealers who will gladly play them for you. You may enjoy them in your home and whenever you choose.

We especially recommend

Stars and Stripes Forever—March Golden Star (A Memorial March)	Sousa's Band	35709	$1.25
Garde du Corps March National Emblem March	Arthur Pryor's Band	17957	.75
Marche Turque—Patrol The Messenger—March	U.S. Marine Band	18894	.75
Vespri Siciliana—Ballet Selection Vespri Siciliana—Selection	Band of H. M Coldstream Guards	35434	1.25
Princesse Mignonne	Garde Republicaine Band	67266	.75
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Paquetita—Vals	Banda do Corpo de Bombeiros	69236	.75
Minuet (Military Symphony)	Banda de Alabarderos	62660	.75
Semiramide Overture	Police Band of Mexico	35167	1.25

Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

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"MRS. JOLLYCO floats in a winner on a cake of Ivory Soap," says the newspaper headline.

What might look like an undignified demonstration by the Jollyco family is really a celebration of Mrs. Jollyco's election to the School Board.

Her platform was: larger and better washrooms, more showerbaths, and plenty of pure soap for the school children.

* * *

Of course, we are not *sure*, but we *guess* that Mrs. Jollyco's big majority was largely due to her wide reputation as a splendid housekeeper and an intelligent mother. Ivory Soap—in lavatory, bathroom, kitchen and laundry—helped her to *gain* this reputation.

Nurse Tippit has a gentleman beau! Yes, and he's brought her candy every Thursday evening for four and a half (4½) years. And *now*—

Just look!

He's holding her hand for the *first time*, and thrills are running clear up to his back collar-button.

Isn't it fortunate that Nurse Tippit has such nice, *soft* hands? That's what comes of always using Ivory Soap.

Wouldn't you think Mrs. Folderol would see through that tricky Mrs. Prowl with her fabulous "beauty soap?" Just listen:

"*Dear* Mrs. Prowl, how sweet of you! *Will* it make me beautiful?"

Poor Mrs. Folderol—we suppose she'll go right on believing what she *wants* to believe. Yet Mrs. Jollyco, still beautiful at middle-age, would never *think* of using anything on her face but Ivory Soap.

What a Beauty Editor told us

A young woman of considerably more than usual charm and beauty came in to see us the other day.

She said, "I am Miss *Williams, the beauty editor of the——" (naming a great newspaper). "I was passing and I thought I would like to stop in and tell you how thoroughly I agreed with you."

"About what?" we asked.

"About soap," she replied.

"You know," she continued, "that my correspondents ask me almost every day for advice and information about soaps. So I have had to investigate many beauty claims made by soaps.

"I once thought certain soaps could do a great many things for the complexion besides cleanse. But I know that I was wrong. Cleansing is now all I ever look for in *any* soap used for toilet purposes, no matter what it costs or what claims are made for it.

"I have gone further"

"But I have gone further. By a process of experiment and elimination, I have completely assured myself that Ivory Soap is as fine for the complexion as any soap ever made. So, I not only use it exclusively myself, for my face, hands and bath, but I invariably recommend it to the thousands of women who write to me. I tell these correspondents that Ivory Soap is the best complexion builder they can use."

Miss Williams said many other things that would interest you if we had space to repeat them. But the point she made about soap is the most important of them all.

Starting from entirely different points, Miss Williams and the most eminent medical authorities have both arrived at the conclusion that if soap promises to do more for the skin than cleanse it, *it cannot keep that promise.*

When Ivory Soap promises to clean safely, gently and delightfully, it is in a position to *keep its promise absolutely.* For it completely removes the film of oil and dust and powder that accumulates on your skin. It removes this film gently and leaves behind only that delightfully refreshing cleanliness that is the necessary foundation for all complexion beauty.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

* *This is not her real name, of course.*

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

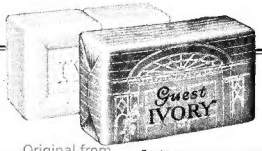
Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.



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Beginning a Whirlwind Society Novel with a Distinct Moral

ELSIE VILLIERS

THE EXCITEMENT-EATERS

Wherein a Young Married Set, Together with Some of the Unmarried, Make Things Hum

WILLIE PRYDE

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HIBBERD V. B. KLINE

Complete in Four Instalments—Part One

JOHNNIE OVERTON

LACE O'BRIEN

THROUGH the feverish, reckless gaiety pictured in this fascinating story of young married life runs a strong, deep undercurrent of the spiritual. A hundred sermons could not so powerfully teach the lesson of the hollowness and futility of selfish pleasure-seeking.

Young people will find in here a message from a thoroughly up-to-date representative of their liveliest element. To parents it brings, authentically, the knowledge they badly need of what the younger generation think and are—for they live in a world of their own. To the parents of to-morrow's men and women it has still more to offer.

"The Excitement-Eaters" is rich in humor, too. Watch out, for example, for "Little Eva" and her love-affairs. A big story, this, holding the promise of achievement still bigger.

EVADNE—"LITTLE EVA"

TRACY VILLIERS

JERRY LANCASTER

PHILIP LANCASTER

AFTER you're married nobody dances with you. That's flat."

Spoons halted in mid-air around the table. When Mrs. Philip Lancaster talked one usually listened, for one never knew what was coming next. To be sure, when it came it was as a rule harmless, but there was a feeling people had, a little feeling that, whenever Mrs. Lancaster had the floor, her husband became a bit—well, not so much as constrained, but—uncertain.

"What d'you mean—flat?" demanded Tracy Villiers, Mrs. Lancaster's dinner-partner.

At the other end of the table Elsie, Tracy's wife, sharpened her eyes upon the two. Jerry Lancaster was not what one would call a beautiful woman, but she was fascinating. And Elsie Villiers was one of those meaninglessly attractive girls who never become so sure of their charm that they can trust the rest of their sex.

"Why—flat—because you can't get around it," Jerry's wide, red lips parting in a smile that took in the rest of the listening dinner-party. She was about to add more, when Elsie cut in:

"I suppose investigation does—show one."

It was the sort of remark, clothed in the sort of tone that leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouths of listeners. There was a brief pause, then the conversation-springs started up again, and talk flowed around the table, leaving more than one person vaguely aware that something of an inimical nature had passed between the two brides of the party.

Jerry Lancaster had been married a year, but since she had only been among them for two months, the Eastport younger married set still spoke of her as a bride. Phil Lancaster had brought her, a stranger, into their midst; and they had accepted her. The New York Lancasters are an institution; their cousins, the Drews, scarcely less so. Evadne Drew was one of the most famous of the Boston débutantes, and Jerry, once a Lancaster, was automatically entered in the best lists. She had appeared at comparatively few social functions, and determination as to her composition was as yet cobwebby.

The hostess, Cora White, a pretty girl with the arrogance of one who has had too much popularity, "collected" eyes, and rose. Elsie followed, with a toss of her tightly curled blond head. Then came Mrs. Andy Clarke, and last Jerry Lancaster, who sauntered from the room, with an impudent backward look at her husband, as much as to say, "We both know how I'm going to enjoy being alone with these girls!"

Willie Pryde, the unattached man of the party, invited at the last moment to substitute for Andy Clarke, followed Jerry's glance and exit. His pale, amber-colored eyes were focused on her as she swept through the door and left the room bare of femininity. The atmosphere changed; the men hitched their chairs nearer together, and with relieved interest began to talk. No question about it, when the women were out of the way there was a distinct rise in spirits. And that in more than one sense, it seemed; for Fred White, the host, had brought forth a supply of vermuth and was filling their glasses, breaking into a business discussion to say:

"I suppose you thought this dinner was pretty dry; but as a matter of fact I don't believe in encouraging girls to take anything."

"I affix my signature to them words," said Tracy, between enthusuastic sips. "It isn't women's province, and so on—and it doesn't do to get broad-minded and let 'em pick and choose at will. They go too far."

"That's so; girls don't know when to stop," Willie Pryde contributed, his face becoming more alert. "There's something about women—they always go into a thing like that much more thoroughly than a man, if they do go into it at all. What do you think, Phil?"

Philip Lancaster put down his glass and waited a moment before replying—a trick most lawyers acquire. He was over thirty and older than the other three around the table. The arrogance of college days was still apparent in the others; it showed itself in their every line and gesture.

"I suppose you're right," he said. "My wife doesn't drink at all, so I hadn't considered it."

Willie Pryde's amber eyes widened a little. He seemed about to speak, but Fred White came in fretfully:

"Well, it's a darn good thing, and I wish Cora'd do the same. There are times——"

"Yes, and there are probably times when she wishes you'd do the same, old dear," Tracy chuckled, pouring himself another glass. "I don't go so far as that; I just say moderation."

"But with you there couldn't be moderation without elimination," Fred asserted, removing the bottle from Tracy's side.

Phil Lancaster was the only one who laughed. Tracy was looking at his empty glass and Willie Pryde was sunk in meditation. Fred suddenly pushed back his chair. "We might as well join the girls," he said, and replaced the bottle in the cellaret.

The girls, in expectancy, were spilled in careless attitudes about the music-room. At the piano Janet Clarke was feeling her way through a new popular song, filling the blanks in her memory with syncopated chords. Cora and Elsie were sprawled on the window-seat, discussing clothes. Jerry Lancaster sat brooding in a deep chair over by the window.

Willie Pryde lingered at the doorway for an instant while the others joined the girls. He wanted a moment of watching Jerry Lancaster while she was unconscious of his scrutiny. With almost feminine attention to detail he reviewed her blazing green gown, cut rather low; her face, sprinkled lightly with freckles; her eyes, matching her gown in the vividness of their green; and her bobbed brown hair, with its crisp little curls darting about her face. Huge ivory earrings added audacity to her appearance.

Willie was one of the few men who could tell if a woman was rouged. He decided that the almost poppy-red that danced high in Jerry's freckles was natural. He then fell to analysis of her eyes—those brilliant disks of green that gave the finishing sparkle to her turned-up nose and wide, red lips. They were shadowed by cruel black rings.

It was of those shadows that Willie Pryde was speculating. Willie had always been of an inquiring turn of mind. As a child his questions had so far exceeded the high average of those of a normal child that his parents had taken refuge in silence and let him find things out by personal investigation. He still followed this method and with such success that he earned a living therefrom.

Since Willie played golf with the regularity with which most men went to business and since he was always free for anything that might turn up, Eastport society supposed that Willie "had an income." As a matter of fact—and a matter of secrecy—Willie eked out an insufficient income by employing his special talents. He was the un-

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official gleaner of the chaff that came out weekly in "The Eastport *Gossip*—Twenty-five Cents for Four Pages and Worth It." In a town the size of Eastport such a sheet was used to lay bare the peccadillos of the busy rich. Eastport stormed at it, tried in vain to discover its contributors, and bought it every week.

Willie was interested in Jerry Lancaster. He did not know anything definite about her beyond the fact that barely two weeks ago he had passed her on Fifth Avenue absorbed in conversation with a girl whom he recognized as one of Charlette's most famous dress-models. As Mrs. Lancaster had not seen him, he had stopped and made a deliberate survey. Pierrette, the model, hung on Mrs. Lancaster's arm; the two were laughing in chummy enjoyment. Their parley was intimate and animated.

Anything and everything was grist for Willie's mill. And this made him more than ordinarily reflective. What bound together the model of one of the largest designing-shops on the avenue and Philip Lancaster's wife, about whom no one in Eastport knew a single definite antecedent?

Willie was quite aware that he was magnifying something that might have a prosaic explanation. At the same time he knew that in nine cases out of ten the answer was well worth his while. So Willie "whiled" and surveyed Mrs. Lancaster.

FROM the piano, where he had been looking over some music, Phil Lancaster suddenly turned and made his way over to his wife. Husbands who sought out their wives in company were not material for him, so Willie drifted away from the door and joined the others.

"Hello!" Jerry greeted her husband with a quick, warm smile. "I've been thinking about you." Her glance was half of a question. "What's the matter, Phil?" she demanded.

"That ass, Willie Pryde," he said. "He was looking at you. He's been looking at you all through dinner. I don't like the way he does it."

Her eyes widened, and she puckered her lips into a whistle. "What d'you mean—the way he does it?"

Her husband's reply came slowly as tho he chose his words with care. "Jerry—I've never spoken of this before—in fact, I don't think it's ever occurred to me before—but—I think you wear your gowns cut too—too confidingly. Do you see what I mean?"

"I don't see what you're wandering about so for." Jerry met his glance with frank, clear eyes. "If you mean you think I've cut my dress too low why don't you say so?"

"Yes—that's what I mean." And he was silent, anxiously surveying her. For answer she shrugged one shoulder.

"Rats!" she remarked negligently. "You've never talked this way before, Phil, and you never will again, if you stop to consider. You act as if dresses made like mine weren't the usual thing for evening. Look at the other girls! Are they muffled up?"

"I don't know," he returned. "After all, I have only two eyes—which you keep occupied."

She laughed aloud at this, then brought herself up with a quick little frown. "You sound so husband-like, Phil. That's the first time I've noticed you getting that way. For the love of love, let's ring off that line! If we don't there'll be a scrap on in another minute—and this is a rotten place to pick for a fight!"

He had not listened to her words, so intense had been his survey of her face while she talked. When she finished he spoke gently:

"Dear—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but I don't want any man to be able to look at you as Willie Pryde was doing. And as for the other girls here, you have always been apart from them in thought and action. I could never have fallen in love with a type."

Jerry stirred uneasily. "I don't want to talk about that here," she said; "neither do I want to fill in the blanks of my evening-dresses. So that's that."

Her impatience brought an answering spark from her husband. "Well, just think it over!" he said shortly and rose.

The blood rushed to Jerry's head. She stared up at him, biting her lip. They had been married for a year—a year of incredible romance—and this was the first seriously jarring note that had been struck. In the confusion of her quick hurt she said the first thing that came into her head.

"Are you afraid that I may look as I did when you first saw me?"

He did not reply, but studied her quietly. The tension was broken by a boisterous hail from Tracy Villiers, who left the piano to come over to them.

"What could be worse than a husband and wife mixing together at a time like this? Your first youth is past, you two. You've been married long enough to know that. Come on and shoot a few till it's time to go to the par-tee."

Crap-shooting had always flourished furtively, but during the past few months it had become a more or less major pastime. Elsie in particular was devoted to the sport. At times people wondered how the Villiers were going to keep up their pace without passing the hat. Tracy was idling along in his father's firm at a small salary and society was asking itself how long the young Villiers could make the grade.

In the game that followed, Elsie won and Tracy lost, the others holding their own and becoming rather bored. Jerry was absent-minded, and her husband merely watched.

It was eleven o'clock when they made a final move to start for the dance, but Elsie, who was still winning, said that she couldn't be bothered to stir.

"And you know perfectly well it won't be any fun till twelve," she added, fondling her amber dice. "It's only after midnight that the old people get sick of dancing and leave the floor to us, anyway."

"Old people at a dance are so unnecessary," reflected Janet. "And the most unnecessary part about 'em is that they don't seem to know how unnecessary they are."

"We can do without most of the old people in this town," said Fred gloomily. "The way they want to run things and glare at us whenever we're in evidence is beginning to wear on my sensitive young nerves. What do the rest of you think about it?"

For a moment the party sank into depressed silence. Their sensitive young faces were vibrating at the thought of the way they were being treated in this town—their town, the town in which they had grown up, and in whose most satisfying circles they had always moved. Since infancy they had been taught that they would some day command the social life of Eastport, even as their mothers and fathers had commanded it before them. Now they were married, and naturally one would suppose that such a change would win for them a position of some importance in the community. Instead of which the older people were regarding them with increasing criticism and suspicion.

And all because they refused to be stodgily stupid, even if they were married; because they continued to enjoy life as they always had. Censure, either open or of the whispered-behind-one's-back variety, merely had the effect of inspiring them to be more so.

And so there they were—a society divided against itself.

Tracy was the first to lift himself out of the silence. "There are three sets of us in this town," he proclaimed. "One: The old conservatives. We can't even talk to them any more; they are ostriches, with their heads buried in the sand, and every time they bring 'em up they give a squawk at what they see and dive back again."

His definition of the backbone of their social organization was greeted with buoyant laughter from all but Phil, who sat back and smiled.

"THEN there are the younger conservatives," Tracy continued with enjoyment. "People like Ruth Taylor, who look pained if a cocktail comes their way, and never miss a chance to refuse loudly; people like Bill Maline, who wouldn't gamble if you'd take him on the links for a cent a hole! I labor with them—I labor—it's fun to labor with them."

"You labor with 'em because you like to talk," said Cora. "The rest of us conserve our efforts."

"Ah, here we are down to it!" Tracy cried. "Conserve our efforts for what? In us behold the last and most-talked-of class, the excitement-eaters!"

The others began to look bored. They were weary of hearing themselves discussed. Tracy was quick to note the sag in their attention.

"The sweetest purpose in life," he said, "is to amuse; to make life more joyous for the drear, sad world. Let us haste to the dance, so I can begin to slide down the golden pathway!"

Up-stairs the girls had to take down their hair and build up fresh coiffures, with the exception of Jerry, who sat silent on the bed.

"It's perfectly terrible trying to keep my hair in curl at a dance," Elsie complained. "It comes out so easily—you know. I even had to be careful of the steam from the soup at dinner. I used to carry an electric curler around with me to dances and then I could go out and curl my hair over, half through the evening, but now I'm married I can't even seem to tuck it in anywhere without Tracy seeing it, and you know what he'd give way to."

"I know," said Janet, with a sigh. "Men have such an elemental sense of humor."

"I think so, too," and Elsie wormed in a last hairpin.

"Being married is such a strain because of that very thing."

Cora White surveyed her back hair in the mirror just abandoned by Elsie. "It's funny, being married," she mused; "you don't mind the things you think you're going to mind, and you do mind the things you don't think you're going to mind."

The dance was in full shriek when they arrived at the country club. Their lamps disturbed a satisfying number of people who were interpreting dances in different cars around the club-house, and they disturbed as many more on the shrubbery-bedecked piazza as they came through. The orchestra was rioting forth such delirious music that the girls did not make the usual second delay in the dressing-room. They gave themselves merely a cursory looking-over, repowdered their already frosted noses, and raced down-stairs to the dancing-room.

No one gave a thought to the receiving-line. Tracy, who was clogging impatiently at the

"'I'M LITTLE EVA FROM BOSTON,' SAID A VOICE THAT WAS HIGH AND LIGHT AND LEFT DELICIOUS ECHOES, 'AND I MUST SAY I'M GETTING THE SORT OF WELCOME I FEEL LIKE GIVING. WHO ARE YOU?'"

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foot of the stairs, seized Jerry in his arms and swayed into the thickest of the press that danced back and forth in front of the orchestra, delighting in the closest proximity to the harmonious shouts of the music.

The others followed with more or less enthusiasm, Phil Lancaster looking distinctly bored. He did not care for dancing, and showed it when he danced.

Elsie fell to his lot, and annoyed him with the twisting and turning of her head. She wanted to see everything in the room; who were dancing together; who was in the stag-line; who was getting a rush and who was getting "stuck." She disturbed his train of thought by the nervous sentences that she burbled at intervals:

"All of New Haven has come over to fill out the stag-line," she was telling his right ear; "it makes me feel so old to see them! All the faces are strange—it's only taken a few months of marriage to make me out of date!"

Willie Pryde and Cora White bumped heavily against them in one of the cross-swayings of the crowd. Phil's frown deepened. It was bad enough to have an aimless snake like Willie Pryde stare at Jerry, but it was unutterably discouraging to have Jerry receive the information and suggestions with such callous indifference. She was usually so open, so eager, to everything he had to say.

"Why! Look at your—wife," Elsie said suddenly, in a queer little voice that sounded at once triumphant and envious.

Against his will he followed Elsie's craning neck to the subject of his brooding. Jerry was halted directly in front of the stag-line, while Tracy had been pushed to one side by the group of boys who had poured around her in the swiftness of action following recognition. She was shaking hands indiscriminately; both hands were being used in the urge of the moment. They were all talking at once, the youths loudly.

"They're slapping her on the back," Elsie contributed, still in that curious tone.

It was a slight exaggeration. One boy alone, more exuberant than the rest, and in beaming unconsciousness, had clapped Jerry's unadorned back.

Phil was left without speech. It was only by superhuman effort that he tore his eyes away and guided Elsie to a far corner of the room.

Elsie, driven to silence for the moment, looked up at him with her bright, rather peering little eyes. He was, as she had once said, "so good-looking that it hurt." He made her feel dissatisfied just to look at him. She felt a flash of resentment against her husband. Tracy could never give any girl that unsettled, half-covetous little feeling. She was of the type that would like to have a husband whose charm would stir the wives of less attractive men. But Tracy, she thought with a rush of irritation—Tracy's best was to amuse.

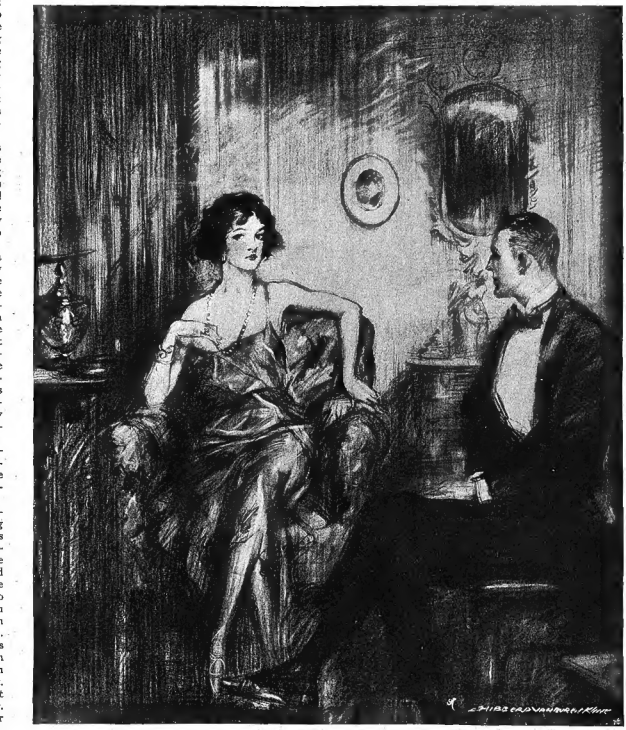
Willie Pryde, outdoors, in one of the automobiles, had isolated a débutante and was making love to her. To his type of excitement-eater this was the real business of the dance.

Inside the air grew hotter and the dance merrier. The leader gained verve and momentum as groups of stags formed below him and exhorted him to play this or that tune, and then followed the antics of the orchestra with simple delight. This to them was the real business of the dance. Only the fat cellist kept his habitually mournful expression.

When Phil was finally relieved of Elsie, he sought out *his* real business of the dance, which was to find Bob Carter, an older man, who was an associate in his firm. Bob Carter had been responsible for Phil's coming to Eastport in the first place; but they had not been seeing as much of each other outside of business hours as they had anticipated. Both men were somewhat bewildered that they seemed to be drifting apart in this suburban whirl; but one had only to look at Mrs. Carter to divine part of the cause.

Now, Bob and his wife were sitting by the side-lines watching the dance. Phil joined them, and in their quiet conversation began to enjoy himself for the first time that evening.

Mrs. Carter was a stately woman in the early thirties, a woman considered by the younger set a *poseuse* and a frump. In reality, her attire, tho never following the mode, was always beautiful and in good taste. Her face was pale; she used no rouge or powder. Her supreme indifference to her complexion seemed as much a pose as her interest in art and literature. She was a perfect wife for the professional man, and Phil appreciated this; but he did not know that, in an inarticulate way, Jerry appreciated it much more keenly.



"'THAT ASS, WILLIE PRYDE,' HE SAID. 'HE WAS LOOKING AT YOU. HE'S BEEN LOOKING AT YOU ALL THROUGH DINNER. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE DOES IT'"

AS THEY sat wrapped in smoke and casual conversation two portly and important-looking individuals came by and stopped for an indignant moment. They were the Russell-Joneses; solid bulwarks of that older set whose solidity so resented the upheavals to which it was continually subjected.

"*We're* going home." Mrs. Russell-Jones wore her antique but arbitrarily elegant black-taffeta cloak. "There's got to be something done about these country-club dances; they're degenerating into a riot. What are thinking, decent people going to do when the young people of your own community countenance such wild behavior? Are you people going to stay much longer?"

The Russell-Joneses were the instigators of every tactical move in Eastport society. This was almost a direct command to follow them. But Mrs. Carter merely smiled. "We're studying them," she said with a shrug. "Nothing can be done about a thing until the cause of it is discovered."

The Russell-Joneses passed on and out with sniffs of annihilating disapproval that failed to annihilate. Indeed, their exit only made the party the merrier.

Their passing left a certain self-consciousness in the three onlookers. The sudden emphasizing of the thing brewing through the social strata of the town left them wondering what position Phil Lancaster would take; Phil Lancaster, who was on the best possible terms with all factions, but whose wife had chosen to cast in her lot with the excitement-eaters.

Phil felt the question in their minds, and, throwing his cigaret away, acknowledged it directly.

"Two months in new surroundings, added to one's established philosophy of life, should be enough to determine the stand one takes," he said slowly. "But—I must confess to a great deal of sympathy for these cavortings which we are allowed to witness. At least our young people of to-day have succeeded in overcoming inhibitions—the same inhibitions, Bob, that held us in check when we were young men about town—inhibitions that have resulted in even less desirable complexes."

Bob said nothing, but looked meditatively at his pipe. Mrs. Carter, who had been listening with alert interest, broke in: "You mean that because young men to-day may cavort openly, they do so less harmfully? I sometimes think so; and then, again, I am often of the opinion that things grow by expression. But after all," she added with a laugh, "of what import are our opinions? We are only the onlookers in a laboratory where a new formula is being tested."

"That's it exactly!" said Phil. "When the experiment is ended one way or another, then we can press forward to learn or—offer the old formulas for reconsideration."

"But you can not leave it at that."

They had to leave it at that for the present, however, as the music subsided for supper at that point. The stags had the last measure timed so that before its throbbing had ceased to vibrate they had rushed up-stairs and seized the best tables.

The White party tried to marshal themselves together, but with ill success. They waited at the foot of the stairway, watching the tide that swept by. Willie drifted in leisurely, subtracting Janet from another group, and inquiring why they didn't all go on up before the food was gone.

"Well, who'll collect Tracy?" Fred demanded.

"And find Mrs. Lancaster?" Elsie murmured in a detached voice.

Jerry had not been on the floor for some time, a minor detail that was appreciated by the entire party. It would have passed without comment had it been any one else, but since it was Jerry Lancaster there was a certain amount of pleasurable speculation involved.

"We'll all go look for 'em together," said Willie. "Nothing can be done without co-operation. And it would be nice to have a little reunion for supper if at no other time."

"Tracy's down-stairs," Elsie informed them, watching Phil's non-committal expression. "Either that or hanging around the punch-bowl. Which shall we try first?"

"Punch-bowl's nearest," and Fred led off the procession through the dance-room to the swinging door that shut off a side hall. The Carters and Phil came last, tolerantly amused at the situation.

"I don't see why we go here," Janet objected. "No one's been near it; they say it's perfectly terrible, nothing but lemonade and fruit——"

The door swung open; the party filed in. And all six stopped dead in their paths at what they saw.

The "side hall" was a wide, generous arrangement ordinarily used as the club breakfast-room. Two canary-cages hung at the windows, and white wicker tables supported by chairs of the same variety were drawn up along the wall. Ordinarily goldfish swam peacefully in a well-furnished bowl that rested on one of the tables. But now——

One of the white wicker tables was drawn into the center of the room. On it leaned the evening's punch-bowl, a huge, ponderous affair filled with murky waters through which glistened and gleamed flashes and flirtings of goldfish. About it clustered three young men who did not lift their eyes to the newcomers across the room. Two of them were shaking a steady trickle from the silver flasks in their hands to the depths of the punch-bowl; the third watched with rapt interest.

"They're gettin' pickled as a buncha herrings," he was chanting in holy joy. "Poor little goldfish! Poor little goldfish!"

Jerry Lancaster sat on one of the tables pushed back against the wall, her back to the White party; and around

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"SHE SAW HERSELF BACK ON THE STAGE, AN OVERPAINTED, OVERDRESSED LITTLE THING, SINGING RAPTLY UNDER PHIL'S GAZE, AN INFANTRY CAPTAIN AT THE CORNER TABLE"

her were gathered three more young men; one of them Elsie noted, the youth who had hailed her so overboisterously. There were a number of arms waving in the air, arms attached to glasses filled with the murky fluid; and a babel of voices from that direction caught and held the ear.

"Come on, Jerry; sit down and take us back to the better days. One song of the time when all the world was young," some one called out.

"All right, you perfect idiots." Jerry struggled to a standing position, a frail enough stronghold on the wicker table, and sang a foolish little song.

The lilt of it was broken up by Phil, who came forward until he was almost by his wife's side, and spoke in a pleasantly hailing voice.

"Jerry—we've been looking for you to come to supper. Do you want to come with us, or—later?"

Jerry turned and flashed a smile down on him. "Hello, Phil! I've been wanting the young men to meet you. Friends," she said, descending from the table with a quick unaided jump, "this is my husband—husband, these are my friends."

There was a little pause, and one of the youths at the other table put his arms around the punch-bowl. "Lissen here, little gol'fish," he wept. "Jerry's got a husband. There's always a catch somewhere, in the best-regulated works." He sank back into his chair, and no one paid any further attention to him.

Phil shook hands with the other young men, who surged about him in more or less uneven cordiality. The Carters had moved away, murmuring something about holding the table up-stairs until the rest came.

"Leaving you now, young things," Jerry announced briskly; "contain yourselves until we cut corners again!"

"Am I—mistaken," Fred reflected aloud at the far corner of the room, "or did we hear Phil drop a sentence about his wife's perfect behavior?"

Willie, at his side, did not reply. What he had just seen was enough to set him wondering. He had been indulging in idle, moonlight pastime all the evening, while rumor of real consequence was rioting in the side hall. He was sick at heart. He had missed something. It required some effort for him to pull himself together and make a pretense of following the party from the room. This done, he slid back through the swinging door and, looking more vacant than ever, approached the young men, who were clustered again around the punch-bowl.

"Did Mrs. Lancaster leave her handkerchief here?" he asked in dulcet tones.

His harmless question evoked blankness from all but one youth, who straightened up and gave him an odd look of interrogation.

"Don't think I've ever known Jerry to bother with lugging handkerchiefs around," he said, speaking with careful distinctness.

But Willie was not embarrassed. He came nearer, and essayed to drape himself over the punch-bowl.

"How long's it since you've seen Mrs. Lancaster?" he said.

The youth who had put him in his place about Jerry's handkerchief spoke again.

"I don't think any of us could say offhand," he told Willie with indefinite finality; "seems like years, when along comes Jerry and we're all back there in a minute." He looked at Willie for a moment of silent appraisal. Then he added gently, "That's all there is. There isn't any more."

Up-stairs, Elsie was faring on envy and chicken salad in equally generous proportions. Jerry was easily the sensation of the evening. The event of a girl who had been married a year and yet made the object of a rush from the stag-line, a rush that had almost approached a landslide, was not to be passed over lightly. Johnnie Overton, Eastport's most seasoned product and an extremely sensation-weary young man, had sauntered over to speak to Jerry, followed by the trail of those who always trailed Johnnie. Light laughter and heavy banter were being used by all; and whatever it was that Jerry had imbibed served only to increase her sparkle.

In her day Elsie had worked hard to seem attractive. She had expended much time and valuable young energy on ways to seem popular and sought after, and she had welcomed marriage as an end to all this seeking.

But when she had been three months back in Eastport, Elsie knew that marriage was not an end. For her it was only the beginning of a much more fevered seeking.

THE newness of marriage had worn off in record time.

After all, she had known Tracy since infancy, and in marriage there was nothing new around the corner, save one possibility, a possibility that Elsie scorned and postponed. As for the rest—young married life in Eastport was a whirlpool more gay than the unmarried set, more gay for a reason that no one as yet had taken the trouble to figure out. To be a successful young married girl was Elsie's only vista now. And how to be successful? Well, Cora White was successful. Even if her husband did play golf all the time, she never was at a loss for admirers, with one special attendant, Tanky Delabarre. Johnnie Overton was a fair sample of what might spell success; his attention would be the stamp of ultimate achievement. Jerry, with a cool air of not knowing or caring especially what it was all about, was the recipient of this richness.

Elsie gave up her effort to think. If only she could injure Jerry in some unobtrusive fashion.

"You certainly were throwing words around when you talked at dinner about people not dancing with you after you're married," she cooed, as Jerry's last satellite moved away and they were left to themselves.

Then Willie joined them with a murmur of apology at his delay, and plunged into his salad. If only she could annex Willie. To Elsie he appeared the most convenient person. But slippery as an eel. No girl could hold him.

Tracy appeared at the door of the dining-room in company with several youths whom Elsie knew to be her husband's boon companions. She regarded him with bent brows as he waved to her. The four locked arms and proceeded to make their wavering way toward Elsie, who betrayed no emotion. In fact, she had none to betray, save ineffable boredom at the sameness of Tracy's antics. From now on the evening would be a merry one for Tracy.

Before the group had reached their table, Jerry rose, saying something about late hours and business as usual for her husband to-morrow.

"But you're *not going now!*" italicized Cora White, while the others echoed amazement. To leave at supper! It was unheard of. For once, Elsie's surprize silenced her. Was it possible Jerry didn't know the rest of the evening would be a triumph? And here she was shrugging her shoulders at it and repeating her idiotic remark about late hours for her husband. After which the Lancasters were off.

"Well, what do you know about that?" ejaculated Janet Clarke.

"Perfectly simple," Elsie said with a tinny laugh. "She knows what a good effect is and when to stage it!"

Willie looked vacant.

THE Lancasters did not speak to each other until they were speeding homeward in their car. Jerry was in the silent, agonizing grip of her first jealousy.

Ever since she had met Mrs. Carter, whose call Jerry had not returned, Phil Lancaster's wife had felt instinctively that this woman had everything she lacked, everything that Phil should have in a wife.

This feeling had suddenly sprung into active jealousy, a jealousy that frightened her. She had always believed that where people loved and were sure of each other jealousy was impossible—a thing for inferior natures, inferior loves.

First there was the discord of her argument with Phil about her gown. Then there was the heedless incident of the punch-bowl, an incident that had frightened Jerry not a little for reasons of her own. More had been added when she came up to supper and sat opposite Phil and Mrs. Carter and watched them talk together.

Jerry had a moment of painful revelation. Phil must be comparing her with this other woman—what must he be thinking? She set her teeth, and plunged into confidence.

"Phil!"

"Yes, dear?"

His quick response gave her new initiative.

"Phil, I—that was the limit to-night—the punch-bowl-and-goldfish act. You know—those boys are old friends of mine. I've got several dozens of 'em at most of the colleges here in the East—and when I saw them, back came the old fling, and away I popped. I can't explain it. I don't know how it happened. The first thing I knew, you were standing and looking at me. Do you see how awful it is that I can't explain it—that I don't know what went on in my brain-cells to let me fall back again and fling away?"

Phil did not speak for longer than a minute. When he did it was hesitantly.

"That's something that remains a danger, Jerry, if you've ever done it a lot," he said. "Flinging away without a thought. It's something that has been a part of you for a long time and it must be guarded against. But who am I to be sitting here and giving you advice? I can't tell you anything. Suppose we both swear off, try it together; then perhaps I might have something more to say on the subject."

"No. I hate that," said Jerry, very quietly. "That means I'm not strong enough to do it myself."

They said no more, and drove on through the night. When they came to a stop in front of their house—a small white cottage with green blinds, nestling back from the road—Jerry said:

"I'm going to stay down in the library and think for a while. There are a whole lot of things I must work out alone."

Phil gave her a brief, earnest look, beneath which she dropped her eyes in an unaccountable fear that she might do the unprecedented and weep.

Then, icy cold from her new apprehensions, she went into the library and sank down upon the davenport that faced her empty fireplace.

The moon marched through Jerry's French windows and spread itself in frosty spaciousness over the shimmer of her Oriental carpet. Save for a long quivering sigh from the rigid figure on the davenport quiet descended on the Lancaster home.

Jerry was thinking back into her life, a strenuous life that left her breathless with its passage.

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A child, crying sobs of utter heart-break, leaned against the street-curb and wiped her dingy, freckled face with hands that left traces of mud. Her bundle of papers, the late afternoon edition, had been stolen from her. Swaying back and forth to the music of a passing hurdy-gurdy, she had forgotten her responsibilities. Her bundle had fallen to the ground and had disappeared. Its loss spelled tragedy.

Jerry shuddered on the davenport. Had she come so far from that little gutter-rat sobbing helplessly at life in general and immediate hardship in particular? The theft of the papers had been her first, and almost her softest, knock.

Then her trip up Fifth Avenue—a newsy in gray sweater and bloomers, and the sign "Messenger Girl Wanted" in Charlette's window. Her new-found independence in her first real job, independence that had caused the split from her squirming family. Crowded years of hectic living and intense work. Ambition germinated in Charlette's Louis-Quatorze Salon to become one of the big designers—ambition that graduated the little alley-cat from messenger girl to the workrooms for years of driving apprenticeship that bore her on through the offices of cutter, baster, and fitter to real job, independence that at twenty. A grinding life—always working overhours, stopping at no physical barrier in her fierce intent to get to the top. One of Charlette's designers—at twenty.

Then Phil had come. Until that time men had spelled nothing but evil to her; a necessary evil, as she had summed them up in her terse philosophy. And then Philip Lancaster had walked into Charlette's with his sister.

How Jerry had watched him! Here was a real man, who raised ideals in her malnourished little soul; and she loved and worshiped him. Once she had heard him say to his sister something that she kept as a talisman, something about "honor and truth and sure intent." These words shone above her as a light in the darkness—a way, some day, to reach him.

Philip Lancaster had walked out of Charlette's with no idea of what he had created and left behind him. And Jerry's strange, hero-worshiping love grew strong.

WAR came, and Jerry started to fit herself for service. She wanted to get overseas as an entertainer. Memory's kaleidoscope shifted to a vision of herself singing at Sweeney's hash. She had felt that she was qualified to entertain, and so began to study the art of putting songs across. It was at Hanley's cabaret that Phil had come again into her life. She saw herself back on the stage, an overpainted, overdressed little thing, singing raptly under his gaze—Phil an infantry captain at the corner table. It was fate that he should have come in there, that he should have wanted to know her. Then followed days of building on bliss. He had told her he would help her. She could still see herself sitting alone in her little apartment, her brow tense, her mouth set, in agonized concentration over the books he sent her to read. Worlds and dreams of which she had never even dimly heard had burst upon her.

Then Phil had stopped coming—without a word. Jerry was made to see, with her gift of thinking clearly, that she had been nothing in his life but a little war-time diversion, that he had been playing Pygmalion to a cabaret girl. He knew nothing of her work at Charlette's in the daytime. He had thought of her as an incident only; and the incident was over.

Then something within her snapped, and one day she collapsed in Charlette's rooms. The doctor told her it was from the accumulation of years of overwork.

She had suddenly grown tired of everything—tired of work and tired of degradation; she had known little else in her twenty years of life. Now she made up her mind she would have as good a time as possible. What was the use of any other intent since Phil had gone away? So she signed up for overseas and sang songs at every training-camp in the country. There she found fellowship in the college youth. And living only in the present, she had the best time possible. Then war ended in the drawing of a breath, and Jerry moved from New York to Boston, where it was cheaper to live, yet as near all points of collegiate interest. The Charlette stock, in which she had invested her savings, gave her a small income, which she supplemented by some designing at odd intervals. Through the boys who had been her boon companions of the training-camps she made her début at the college parties, where she was hailed with instant popularity. Here was a girl who was more than a girl. She understood comradeship clear through and could think of more ways of having a good time than any group of college men.

But Jerry now was troubled. It was this old life, this excitement-eating time that was coming back to worry her. There had been no wrong, as she could see it, in her life of rushing from one excitement to another, tho, to be sure, there had been little good in it. It was while she had been at her gayest that she had met Phil again. Romance had swept both of them past the strongholds of convention, reason, and humor. They had quietly gone out and got married.

Romance had not abated during their year in New York. They had lived absurdly to themselves. They had gone nowhere, seen no one. It was a year that they needed; for when they were married they were little more than strangers to each other. After the War Phil had taken up his long-neglected law practise again and gone into a firm with some Eastport lawyers, among them an old friend, Bob Carter. Soon he had become so engrossed in his profession that it had been her responsibility, as she saw it, to choose for them which Eastport faction they would join. The older generation and the slightly younger group and Phil's business associates had called. And the younger set had called up. Naturally Jerry had gravitated to the younger set, for she did not like older people; they meant nothing to her, bored her—but now—

Jerry puzzled with bent brows. As far as she could see, there was no difference between the mode of living adopted by the Eastport younger set and her own excitement-eating program, which after her marriage she had thrown over without a regret, but, she now realized, with considerable effort.

She must not slip up again. She had said that before; and then all at once reason and volition had vanished and the old care-free camaraderie had replaced it, without her knowing how. There lay the menace—the sudden menace that had grinned at her from behind the punch-bowl.

What was the social god of this circle of newlyweds; but should she alienate herself from them because of that? To put herself beyond temptation was a weakling's part, she reasoned. Not that she cared especially for any of these new friends. If only she and Phil could always live to themselves as they had in New York. But to live to themselves was not life, not the real life for which Jerry actually yearned. Yet this two months' trial of their new life had hardly convinced her that it was any more real.

There was Mrs. Carter. She was the greatest disturbance. How serenely and beautifully she seemed to live, how ably she would cope with all problems! She was everything that Jerry was not and, Jerry knew, never could be. Phil could not help but feel this difference as time went on, as the disparity between his and Jerry's age grew more pronounced and the contrast in their backgrounds more apparent. If only Jerry could find the secret of Mrs. Carter's philosophy of life—that would help. But Jerry knew that they could never become intimate.

By this time her brain was awhirl. An awful uncertainty took possession of her. What was the use of all this living stuff, anyway? The question tore at her with sharp insistence.

There was only one answer, and it was: Phil!

A goblin grin visited Jerry's tense lips. Phil, who was most probably sound asleep at this moment—asleep, while she perched on the pillows and agonized!

Well, the more you thought the worse it seemed, so with the suddenness that characterized most of Jerry's acts, she fell asleep, stretched out on the davenport.

BREAKFAST was no time for deep discussion. Morning, Jerry had learned, was when man put on his business face, and woman's best use was to get him fed and out of the house as quickly as possible. And so when she and Phil confronted each other across the table their conversation was incidental, commonplace.

They were both pale and foggy. Evidently Phil had not gone to sleep as quickly as she had supposed. His eyes were reminiscent of long hours of staring through blackness. But he did not ask her the result of her thoughts last night, and she said nothing of them to him, nor did she ask him anything. Because both of them were naturally reserved, each respected that quality in the other.

As was customary, Jerry left the dishes trailing toast-crumbs on the table, while she rode to the village with Phil. His good-by kiss left her lips trembling in sudden discovery. It was a hurried formula, executed without meaning.

When the fire and romance of marriage begin to fade, the woman is the first to realize it, because these things mean more to her than to the man, whose work has taken on an additional importance from new responsibilities. The wife faces the problem of a readjustment, of finding new interests if she is to save herself from the gnawing of a brooding discontent. Jerry felt this dimly as she drove home still wrestling with unfamiliar questionings. She whiled away the morning by cleaning the house, which had been treated too sketchily for the last few days. Domesticity never appealed to her; it did not suit her, and she was too impatient with it. When they first came to Eastport and an inventory of the Lancaster resources showed that they could have either a maid or a car, she had been given her choice.

"I vote for the car," Phil had said, "but then, I don't have to do the housework."

They had the car.

And Jerry spent her spare time in it.

That afternoon Janet Clarke was giving a luncheon and bridge at the country club, and Jerry had been trapped into an admission that she could come. Late in arriving, she found the whole party talking about her when she entered the room. She knew it. There was that instant hush at her appearance. But she shrugged her shoulders and grinned disconcertingly.

Janet was the friendly type of woman that oils the wheels of feminine society. She was always in demand as chaperon for the younger set; there was nothing that she would not propose or accept with buoyancy. Both she and her husband wore their "pep" proudly, obviously, as a little girl wears her first ring. The luncheon passed off very well, Jerry seated between amusing débutantes who were evidently in awe of her. But the bridge arrangement was not so happy. Jerry found herself slated to go through the afternoon with Elsie Villiers.

Jerry was an indifferent amateur while Elsie was an old hand and a passionate player. Besides Jerry realized that Elsie did not like her. That had been made quite evident. In return an impatience against Elsie had sprung up, and she found herself more annoyed than she should have been at the arrangement of partners. However, she put on an impenetrable front and viewed her cards with a feeling of detachment.

During the high lights of the game Jerry looked around the room and marveled at the intent, set faces. What was there about these little pasteboards to silence and hold in thrall some twenty able-bodied girls on a beautiful June afternoon?

"I said I double one diamond, partner," came Elsie's staccato voice. Jerry returned to her cards for a moment of stock-taking. There was nothing in her hand to occasion any comment; she

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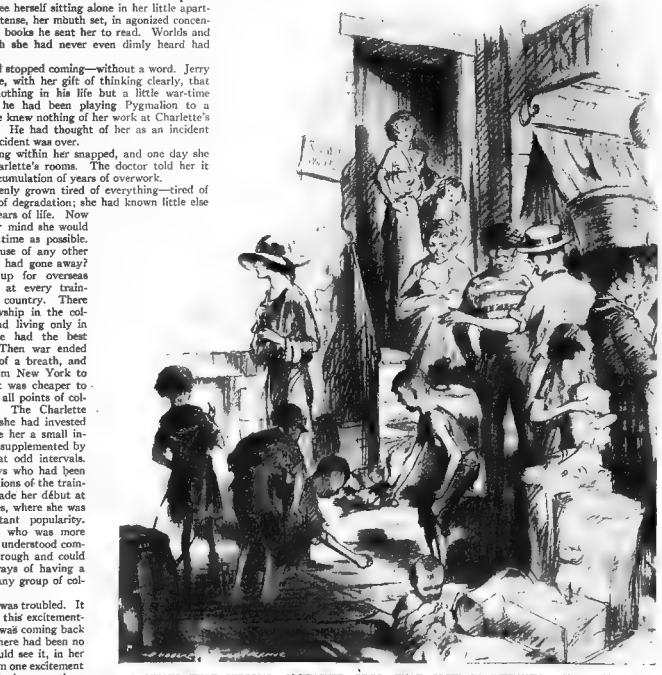

"ALWAYS THAT HIDEOUS, UNWASHED ODOR, THAT GREW IN INTENSITY AND SAWED AT THE NERVES. IT WAS ALL AS FAMILIAR TO JERRY AS AN OLD NURSERY RIME"

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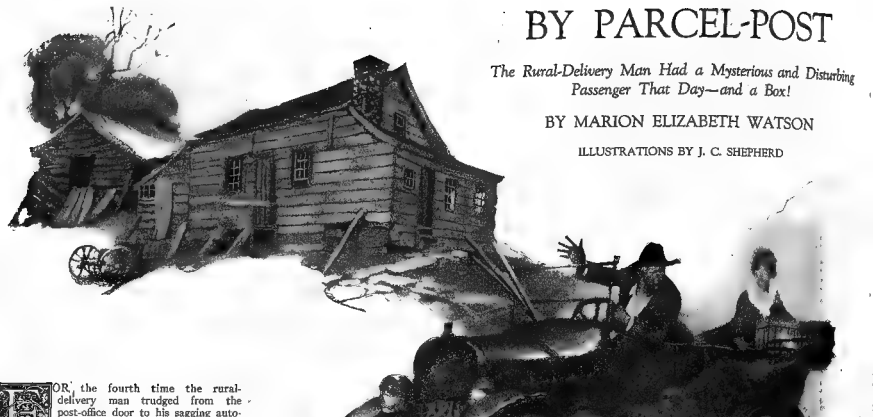
BY PARCEL-POST

The Rural-Delivery Man Had a Mysterious and Disturbing Passenger That Day—and a Box!

BY MARION ELIZABETH WATSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. SHEPHERD



"HE MOTIONED TOWARD AN OLD HOUSE ON THE RIGHT. 'THIS IS MY PLACE'"

FOR, the fourth time the rural-delivery man trudged from the post-office door to his sagging automobile.

"——pack-horse!" he concluded, leaning a set of garden-tools against a rear wheel and thumpingly setting a large crate on the step. His humor was not improved by the sight of the passenger taking up half the rear seat.

With a testy "Huh!" he picked up a moist, ink-stained bundle. "During Spring, Miss Coombe's brother down in Saybrook sends her a shad every day or so." He thrust out his lower lip and frowned upon the sodden object. "This morning," he observed, sarcastically, "he seems to have enclosed enough of the Sound for it to swim in." He glanced disagreeably at the passenger's neat dress. "Suppose I'll have to put it in front somewhere!" Having disposed of the fish—with mutterings—the mail-carrier lifted the large crate. "This'll have to go beside you. It has chicks in. Can't hear much peepin'—sounds tho they were all dead."

With angry deliberation he arranged the garden-tools so that their handles, resting on the lower half of the wind-shield, projected slantingly above the hood. "Oh, that small box in the middle—if you'll keep your eye on it." He wormed his way into a position behind the steering-wheel. "It says, 'Handle with Care'—but they *all* put that on!"

He clapped his hand suddenly to his hip and twisted his face into a mask of pain. "I'm too old for this kind of business!" he declared. This announcement arousing no sound of sympathy from the lady on the rear seat, he sneered to himself, set his foot on the starter, and inquired, "How far you goin'?"

"Hi!" called a youthful voice, and a boy in a military uniform came springing across puddles. "Excuse me!" he exclaimed. "Are you Mister Julian Burr?"

The mail-carrier nodded.

"My grandfather is W. C. Cardoff; he said that you would let me ride up with you."

Julian shrugged his shoulders in martyred helplessness. "Where'd you sit?"

The boy's bright eyes traveled to the rear seat. "There's room in back," he said and prepared to climb aboard.

"Room!" roared the letter-carrier sardonically; then, "Here! Get in front and hold the mail-bag."

Young Cardoff looked doubtingly from the speaker to the rear seat; after an instant's hesitation he struggled into a place beside Burr and, being careful to keep his cadet-blue trouser-legs away from the dripping fish, sat clasping the bulging, leather bag.

The car jerked into motion. "Are you a West-Pointer?" asked Julian.

The boy shook his head and proudly named a Pennsylvania military school. He spoke with dignity of its spirit and its training.

Julian Burr, listening, cast furtive glances at his companion's fine, ruddy face, his close-cropped hair, his heavy shoulders. For sixty years it had been his unquestioned belief that every one, male or female, was made from the same grade of clay—and rather poor clay, at that! Once or twice he had suspected that there might be exceptions—this boy, now; the set of his head, his light motions; there was something intelligent and clean about him that—well—— His own boy, Harry, would be like that.

The car traveled noisily past a brookside clump of old willows, yellow and vigorous with new life, and past a man plowing. Through the open wind-shield came a chilly rush of air heavy with the damp, clean odor of the turned earth and sweet with the fragrance of crab-apple blossoms.

Young Cardoff turned excited eyes toward Julian. "It's great; isn't it?" he exclaimed. "Stevenson says, 'Spring winds sow disquietude.' That's true; don't you think so? *Now, right* now, there's an island inside the Arctic Circle—Jan Mayen—you can hardly ever see it for the fogs and no one lives on it; but can't you just imagine it? Then there's Borneo! Did you know that there were diamond-fields in Borneo?"

The mail-carrier shook his head. "I used to want to travel," he went on slowly, "when I was your age, but when a man gets to be sixty the 'Spring winds' remind him that he's earned the right to settle back and let some one young 'carry on.' When my boy comes, he'll run the farm and get it back where it used to be." He had a swift vision of his hillside potato-field and of a stalwart figure traversing it, bearing down on the plow-handles with easy strength. "Yessir, next year the 'Spring winds' will find me sitting in the sun on the side porch."

"But sixty isn't very old, Mister Burr! My father is fifty-seven and he's as young as anybody!"

Julian's affability puffed out in a flash of anger. He knew William Cardoff and felt that he could make a scathing comparison between the "softness" of being works-manager of the Cardoff Hardware Company and the slavishness of being a mail-carrier on a thirty-mile route. (True, he was only a substitute carrier and had been covering the thirty-mile route for two months; still, it began to look like a steady thing.) His irritation passed, however, and, with the amazing self-control and mildness which had come upon him at times lately, he observed, "Harry's the one who could talk adventuring with you."

AFTER a joyous survey of vivid green fields and distant, cloud-shadowed hills, the boy turned questioning eyes upon Julian. They began to talk about Harry. The man, calling upon a dormant imagination, managed a description of his son from the meager accounts given by Ashbel Strong. "Went through the War from 'A' to 'Z,'" he declared, "and was on the Rhine eight months!" He tried to visualize the blurred photograph Ashbel had shown him. "Harry's a great big feller—six foot two."

The boy nodded appreciatively. "How much does he weigh?" he asked with an athlete's interest.

Julian pondered. In the snap-shot the soldier had looked bulky, so he hazarded: "One-hundred-ninety—all muscle. It'd have to be all muscle in his work. He's a forester, goes all over—Wisconsin and Canada—and marks the trees that are right to be cut. Dangerous work, too, at times. Yessir, I imagine he's the boy who could talk adventuring!"

With regret the mail-carrier brought the car to a stop at the edge of the Cardoff farm. The boy climbed to the ground, adjusted his military cap, and flung back the corners of his brilliantly lined cape. He scrambled up a steep bank and, turning, saluted the man gravely. Then his West Point manner dropped from him and he became an ordinary prep-school boy, glad to be home for the Spring vacation. "Thank you, Mister Burr!" he called, waving a comradely hand and, despite his bulging suitcase, set off at a run across the fields.

Julian gazed after him until heat began to radiate from the angrily churning engine. He let in the clutch and steered from the main road into a muddy one. The old car began a slow ascent of Burr's Hill. "I got a boy like that!" he flung over his shoulder, proudly, to the lady on the rear seat. He did not hear her response—if she made any—being lost in the reflection that Harry must be older. Yes, Harry had been *thirty-six* in February! The realization was startling. He had always thought of him as a young boy—and he was a middle-aged man.

One side of the hood flapped noisily, the garden-tools kept up a maddening rat-a-tat on the wind-shield, and frequently the body of the car struck the axles. The bag of mail was hurled against the driver's arm. A clatter from the rear made him wonder if the chicks or the box marked "Handle with Care" had been thrown to the floor. He pulled on the emergency-brake. Being wedged between the steering-wheel and the sack of mail, he could only turn half-way around, but he could see that both boxes were still on the back seat, the smaller being held there by the neatly gloved hand of the lady who sat directly behind him. "I can take that box over here," he announced; "there's room for it on the floor."

In spite of his grudging tone the offer had been intended as a courtesy, and Julian waited, expecting the woman to hand the box to him. (She must see that he couldn't move far enough around to lift it from the seat.) His passenger neither moved nor spoke. With a mighty effort he twisted his body a little further about, in time to see the lady clutch the wooden box with both hands and shrink back into the corner with it.

Was she crazy? *Who* was she, anyway? He had found her sitting in the automobile when he came out of the post-office the second time. He had not noticed her particularly, but he had gained the impression of a mouse-like, widowish creature. He wondered if she knew where she was going. "Where do you want to get off?" he demanded roughly.

Still no answer!

Irritably, the man thrust the mail-bag to one side and turned around. The woman withdrew still further into her corner, drawing the box nearer with clutching hands.

That frightened movement! Those terrified eyes! To what a frenzy they had always driven him! What gusts of rage and cruelty had always swept his mind at sight of that shrinking! He had forgotten—but the memories all came back—the memories and the indomitable desire to grip a white throat until a shriek, a plea for mercy, or a whistling breath should break that stubborn silence. Primitive savagery or insanity, whichever it was, he had crowded it down and had not touched Emily in anger more than twice.

Burr settled back in his seat and placed trembling hands on the wheel. Such memories were ravaging. He no longer wished to beat and torture. He could not dwell upon that madness which, searing like molten metal, again and again had destroyed the bulwarks of his mind.

No more of it! He was old; he had changed; he only wanted peace.

The automobile clung precariously to the side of the hill. The valley stretched below in a miniature panorama. It was considered pretty; the iridescent ranges of the lower Berkshires, the opposite slope veiled in new green, the overhanging hills to the south. Every stranger expressed delight at the scene, but no gasp of pleasure came from this passenger, no exclamat on over the pink loveliness of the old orchard, no sound of ecstasy aroused by the masses of lilacs beyond the stone wall. A suspicion, as cold and small as a drop of water, entered Julian's mind. *Was* this Emily?

The lilacs! The soft, sweet air! It had been on a Sunday afternoon in Spring that ——

Well, if this *was* Emily, there was one way of provoking an exclamation (if not of delight or recognition—one, at

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least, of protest and of shocked sentiment). "This is a ro-man-tic spot," he began drawlingly. "I remember driving up this hill once with a new Concord and a horse named Belle. Belle wore one of these linen covers with tassels on and a fish-net over her ears. Quite a lady, Belle was!" He paused expectantly; Emily would remember Belle.

After an instant he resumed, "Couldn't tell what the girl wore; could have been a squaw blanket or a Zulu outfit." His voice was edged with malice.

He *could* tell, however; he could see her now quite plainly: the creamy dress covered with ruffles, the skirt gathered in a bunch in the back, the "fichu." He had remarked how much finer and softer her skin was than the fichu's filmy material. Her fingers, protruding from her black mitts, had been slim and aristocratic. Her features, under the straw poke and behind the drooping fringe of an ostrich-feather, were delicate. Too vividly he saw her dark hair, her moist, white forehead, her long lashes. That day, a new feeling had fallen upon him like a thick cloak, making him heavy-witted, stifling him. His rushing blood had seemed to be pressing outward at his ears. That timid creature, so small-boned, so soft, so useless! Even then he had felt no affection for her; only, in the midst of his fever and confusion, a frenzied desire to crush her.

"I'd often laughed at that girl's fine-lady ways," Julian now declared in a loud, shattering voice. "She was the new teacher down at the school. She'd always seemed afraid of the fellers around. She couldn't teach worth a cent an' couldn't do much of anything. Anyway, she wasn't any wife for a farmer. I proposed to her that Sunday; can't imagine what for!" (Surely, any woman, whether Emily or a stranger, would lift an indignant voice at this!)

Puzzled, he went on: "She wasn't my style," adding, with unwilling honesty, "an' I don't suppose I was hers. That's what beats all! When I proposed—she—accepted! That's what the 'Spring winds' do!"

The sound of his cackling laugh startled him, and he closed his mouth grimly. His malevolence, however, prodded him to fresh mirth—but he stopped. At that instant the gravity and tolerance which had been fitfully evident in Julian during the past year seemed to combine and form a dominating force within him. With vision suddenly clear he saw that there was nothing in that long-forgotten, Spring episode which even the most perverse could find humorous.

This wasn't a romantic spot; it was the scene of a tragedy.

The passenger *must* be Emily. No other person could maintain such a silence. Julian had never understood anything about her, but had recognized one fact: behind her quietness and docile manner she had always had her unshaken opinions and her thoughts. During most of the ride he had been uncomfortably aware of the passenger's disgust and fear, as tangible qualities, pressing at his back. It *must* be Emily; no one else had ever bothered to hate him.

It was strangely painful to realize that she had not changed, that the years had not made her more lenient. It hurt him; it was because he was growing old, he supposed, and magnified hatred. Old people reached out for scraps of love and were eager to mend the tatters of affection. In his own case, during the lusty years of his life he had remembered Emily only to grin at the fact that he was uncriticised and "foot-loose." Harvesting had never prevented him from setting out into the Autumn woods with dog and gun, and the Spring plowing had never interfered with the Spring fishing. Many of Julian's pursuits had not been so simple and, from time to time, he had sold off live stock and woodland. The old farm had somehow withstood the strain on its resources. Even now Julian told himself that he had undertaken the mail-route "more as a favor."

For more than a score of years he had been so indifferent to Emily and the boy that Ashbel Strong (whose wife was Emily's sister) had seldom passed along his second-hand information regarding their whereabouts and health. During the War, Ashbel had shown Julian the blurred snap-shot and a few postals the young soldier had sent from France. The last report of Harry had been that he was on a forestry expedition in British Columbia.

Altho he could not trace its cause, the insatiable desire to see his son had begun near Julian's sixtieth birthday. This interest, which might have been spread thin over many years, had entered his life with sudden and terrific force. He had placed Harry in every niche of his life and had figured how he could buy a better car so that they could take some good trips together. Since Biblical times father and son had been the great combination. Women were all right; once he had looked upon them with contempt and had vaguely approved the Moslem attitude. Now he was ready to admit that most women were kind-hearted and meant well; but—as for love (so called), the strongest feeling in the world was that between father and son. A son, a second self to carry on the name, that was what every man wanted.

THE car had been crawling up the hill "in low." Now it crept over an enormous "Thank-you-ma'am" with protesting churnings—and the engine stopped. In the resulting silence, Julian exclaimed, "This car's got the same tricks as my old horse had—ready to lie down when it gets near home." He motioned toward an old house on the right. "This is my place."

For weeks he had been making this declaration to the strangers who rode with him, and each time the note of pride had sunk lower. To-day's announcement began with his early arrogance, but ended with a sound half-cough, half-gasp. He was seeing the place as Emily must see it after twenty-nine years.

Time had never done anything to soften the lines of the house. It surmounted the boulder-strewn hill as uncompromisingly as a ramrod.

It needed paint, it needed shingles, it needed a dozen window-panes and two blinds. The front yard bristled with last Summer's weeds. The barns, half collapsing, leaned to the south. Wagons, sleighs, farm-machines stood about everywhere as tho they were dragged forth for an auction. Emily, who had been neat to the verge of madness, would notice changes.

Julian, for the first time, saw that the whole place—house, barns, and fences—was "run down." He had believed that he was keeping the farm in fair running order. One man couldn't do everything, however, and he knew that he would never again have the ambition and energy to restore things. But Harry——

He wondered if nothing would make Emily speak. After all, it was not amusing to have her despise him. "I don't know whether you'd call this a romantic spot or not," he ventured. "It used to seem pleasant to me. I was born here—and it was here I brought my wife. We didn't go on a wedding-trip; we were married down in the parsonage and then drove up the hill." He glanced backward, doubtful about proceeding, and saw white fingers picking at a corner of the box. (At first weren't the hands covered with gloves—not mitts?)

He floundered on with his account: "We lived here eight years. I was rough in those days, and, as I said, the lady was no farmer's wife. I can see now that it must have been hard for her—and I'd like to have her know it."

He was surprized at the softness of his tone. He had always felt bitter toward Emily and had never found any excuse for her. Now, however, he realized that in her shy, inarticulate way she had suffered. He waited; it was the closest approach to an apology that he had ever made; but there was only silence. "She couldn't have stood it, I can see, if it hadn't been for Harry. He was in her mind every minute. She waited on him and thought for him. She seemed to wrap herself around him, to save him from everything."

Evidently Emily had decided that he had waited too long to apologize. He grew discouraged when he remembered how "set" she could be. There had been that time when Harry was four and he, Julian, had wanted the boy to go to school. "Begin early and get through early," he had explained, but Emily, who could be fiery enough where Harry was concerned, had opposed the plan and the child had remained at home. For herself, tho, she was always timid.

Julian recalled that she had never sat on the side porch evenings on account of June-bugs and that she hadn't gone out in the lots because of snakes. Every rap at the door had meant a tramp. In those days it had been his custom to drive to the city every Saturday afternoon, and Emily used to sit beside Harry's cot all night, not daring to stir a hair. Ashbel's wife had told him that. Some women minded staying alone in a house. He hadn't known it then; if he had, he probably wouldn't have done differently.

"Her fear must have almost killed her," he thought, and wondered if his companion would speak to him if she knew that he had changed.

"My wife must have had a miserable time of it," he began, "but she didn't say anything. She stood for everything until one night Marsh Tollard an' her brother-in-law, Ashbel Strong, were at the house. We sat in the kitchen playing pinochle; but for every card we put down we 'put down' a certain amount of cider brandy. It was wild stuff, anyway—enough to lift the roof off your head. About one or two o'clock Emily sent Harry down to ask his Uncle Ashbel and Marsh to go home. He was in a white night-dress; I can see him plain enough. He'd been sick all Summer and his face looked peaked. He had tight, yellow curls all over his head. They weren't *bad*, as curls go; weren't long, at least; but I hated them. It seemed as tho, while he wore them, that he belonged more to Emily than to me."

Julian interrupted his monolog to start the engine, and the car began to creep up the few yards to the summit. "This night," he resumed slowly, "Marsh said he guessed we were dead because there was a little, yellow-haired angel; and Ashbel, who was further gone than any of us, said to give the angel a drink.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

"'SHE COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HARRY. HE WAS IN HER MIND EVERY MINUTE. SHE SEEMED TO WRAP HERSELF AROUND HIM'"

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UNCERTAIN SEAS

A Breezy Yarn of a Vision of Loveliness, a Man-Eating Shark, and a Girl-Hunting Man

BY WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. J. MONAHAN

ONE of the governors of the club must have told Temple I had nothing to do that Summer—my first out of college—and was free to follow my favorite sport on the water.

Anyway, he made a point of looking me up. A tall, deep-chested man with an air of assured reserve about him, he brought with him the tang of life on broader seas and a spirit of recklessness that had no taint of braggadocio.

He had recently come from the Pacific, via England, where he was a member of the Royal Yacht Club, and, in yielding to his passion for the sea, was both cleaning the tropical fungi from his blood and having a good time.

He had bought a small sloop called the *Norseman*, one of the Gulf Class racers—every inch a sportsman's craft—and I gladly volunteered to sail it with him.

It had a high free-board, flush deck, and sails trimmed so close they were almost inboard, which made it a boat to stand up in stiff weather, tho its low-roofed cabin with narrow bunks was attractive only as a shelter.

With the *Norseman* slipping before an easy breeze that stretched the sails out smooth and taut and chased gray patches across the blue water, Temple, with an arm flung languidly over the wheel, and myself, lolling on the windward deck, with my head hanging over the gunwale, watching the ripples chase astern, presented a study in blissful idleness.

"And I suppose," I remarked one day, "lots of people would rather see us working."

"Hope you don't think I spend *my* life this way," grunted Temple without removing his cigaret. "Been working like a coolie for last six years—out East—down Australia——"

"Oh, but that's adventure," I interposed. "I'd do it for nothing."

Temple half opened his mouth as tho stunned, and the dead cigaret fell from his lips unheeded. After a moment he said with amused exasperation:

"LeGrand, what's the matter with fellows like you, anyway? Do you think New York's the only place people work? And can't you understand there's just as much chance for adventure right here on Long Island Sound——"

"Listen," I said, unimpressed, lazily indicating Long Island with a lift of the chin. "If that were Hawaii or Samoa or we were running into a place like Papeiti, green, and smelling of fruits and copra, and there were a lot of pretty Samoan girls——"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Temple, cocking his head on one side so the sun glinted in his eyes. "The lure of the South Seas made popular in esthetic magazines, what? Young-fellow-me-lad, they're nothing but a lot of lazy, spiritless lumps, eating and spitting and slopping around."

"Well," I insisted, "I'm sick of the vapid——"

"But the most beautiful girl I ever saw," said Temple, "was in the bay at Tutuila."

"There you are!" said I.

"She was an American," continued Temple. "I was on my way to Horn Island to see a chap with a lot of blistered shells. An old Samoan was running me over in his sloop. As we were crossing the bay at Tutuila a big American steam-yacht came to anchor across our bow.

"I might have gone aboard on the chance of establishing an acquaintance, but I was traveling light, and at that particular moment had on nothing but a pair of pajama slacks and an old torn bathing-upper. But we crossed her bow pretty close, to watch the boys dive for coins. Ever try it?

"Sometimes a coin goes zigzagging down fifteen or twenty feet. Once in a while a shark comes along, and that's sport! With a knife between your teeth, you dive underneath, catch hold of a fin, and rip him open.

"Well, we sailed slowly by the yacht, while I tried to make out the people on deck; but the owner's party had gone to the other side. Most of the canoes followed. Only a few sailors remained chucking nickels to the last solitary little kid. I was standing by the halyards looking up at the deck, when all of a sudden—

"'Hal!' yells the old man. And there, right in front of us, was the long grayish fin of a big shark, cutting the water and ruffling it in silent ripples.

"Old Tuama dropped the tiller. But I took his knife and went overboard myself.

"It's a trick, really, and there's nothing hard about it, if you're a fairly good swimmer, but it probably looked spectacular. Anyway, when I towed the scared little kid back to the boat, money came raining down! I went down four fathoms myself after a piece of gold——"

"But what about the girl?" I suggested tamely.

"Oh, yes— Well, she threw it. LeGrand, you never saw a more wonderful woman in your life. She was— Well, after I brought up the coin, I stood there gaping like a fool. Then I realized I was half naked. I felt as self-conscious as a girl, and dove into the cabin, swearing as I spoke old Tuania to steer off.

"When we came back the yacht was gone. But, *alamachis!* that girl was a beauty!"

"You didn't find out the name of the yacht?" I demanded excitedly. "And the people?"

"Don't be an ass," said Temple witheringly. "I had to go down to Melbourne; and there was as much chance of my meeting them again as there is of drawing a royal flush twice."

"There *must* have been some way——"

"Oh," said he cynically, searching for another cigaret, "Sound's full of other yachts. And 'adventures are to the adventurous,' you know."

"Yes," I said with uneasy exasperation, "you'll meet her canoeing some afternoon in Larchmont Harbor!"

Nevertheless, for all his show of cynical indifference, Temple occasionally dropped a remark on one of our short cruises together—and I knew he never had forgotten, and never could forget, the girl of Tutuila.

THERE was one man in the club for whom Temple seemed to have a natural antipathy.

This was Benedict Harmon, a heavily set man of thirty-five or thereabout, well groomed in a manner indicating great self-interest. His countenance was handsome and passionate, that of a man of energy but wilful and with very material tastes—a gentleman, as they go nowadays, but one to be distrusted.

He enjoyed a very high local reputation as a yachtsman: and it was as sponsor of the Gulf Class—which he had created, after cleaning up almost everything else under the New York fifties—that Temple had made his acquaintance.

It was his well-sustained boast that on an even footing he could outsail any one on the Sound. This was sufficient to arouse the antagonism of Temple—and, true to my

"FOR ALL HIS SHOW OF CYNICAL INDIFFERENCE, TEMPLE NEVER HAD FORGOTTEN, AND NEVER COULD FORGET, THE GIRL OF TUTUILA."

ship, I looked upon him as a downright enemy.

All Summer we ran luff and luff with his *Sting Ray*, and no one could say which was the finer boat or which the more clever sailor.

Harmon beat us badly in a drifting match off Oyster Bay; we trounced him in squally weather over Course No. 13; and once when we came down from Shippan Point on Course No. 9 reversed, our spinnakers burst within a minute of each other.

And so it went, Harmon fighting hard and well to maintain the supremacy that had marked his past seasons, and Temple pushing him to the limit, splitting honors evenly until the week of the decisive Larchmont Regatta.

There was particularly keen interest in our event, and Harmon was guilty of some casual coasting. Temple, of course, said nothing; but it was impossible for me to hold my tongue, and I said if Harmon hoped to win he would have to see the *Norseman* sunk first

"Bravo!" said Harmon patronizingly, putting his cigar between his lips and clapping his palms in mock applause.

Early the next morning we slid out of harbor through the press of yachts already beginning to spread their wings to the warmth of the morning sun.

Cutters and launches darted aimlessly about with the clatter of quick-firing guns, while the big ocean-going yachts swung lazily across the entrance of the harbor with brasses blinking in the sun.

Lured by the little ripples that chased across the water, we headed straight across the Sound to where Matinicock Point swayed crazily on a bed of heat-waves. It was one of those calm, delightful days, so characteristic of Long Island Sound, that break in pure glory and lull you into false security.

Shortly after noon, when we turned back toward the starting-point, the little puffs had grown into a freshening breeze. The ripples slapped musically against the bow, and a delightful creaking came from the straining rigging.

Around the judges' steamer, aflutter with signal-flags, and the stake-boat, ninety yards away, squadrons of yachts of all classes from little racing-dories to great schooner-yachts maneuvered for position, skimming the edges of the restricted area, not daring to arouse the judges by venturing too far, yet anxious to be ready when the warning white cone rose to the masthead.

Class by class they wheeled, hesitated, swept down upon the line, eased off or hung there a moment with a great creaking and straining and flutter of canvas and splashing of water, until bang! went the starting-gun, and the yachts were off like swans before the breeze.

"Warning signal!" said Temple. Up went my glasses, and I studied the snapping pennants for a moment.

"Course Thirteen," I said. "Two around.

We knew that course well:

From the starting-point to and around the Spar-buoy off Parsnage Point, course east by north, 2½ miles; thence across the Sound and around the red Spar-buoy D, off Mott's Point, course south by west, 3¾ miles; and thence completing the third side of the triangle to the finish-line, northwest by north, 3½ miles; leaving all marks to starboard.

The blue cone rose to the masthead as a preparatory signal, and we took an easy tack to the back line of the restricted area, with the other sloops of our class maneuvering in front of us, except Harmon's, which was lying to near the judge's

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steamer, and another that seemed tangled in its own ropes over the back line.

I called the fleeting minutes: "Two! One-thirty!. One!——"

"All right," called Temple sharply. "Duck!"

I flattened myself on deck, easing the jib. We came around before the wind and swept toward the line. The others instantly came about and pursued us. Harmon swung out his boom, caught the wind, and followed close on our quarter.

Every second we expected to hear the starting-gun—but it was maddeningly silent, while the line seemed to slip up to us like a wave.

"Shoot!" exploded Temple. "Why the devil don't they shoot?"

With sloops following close on either quarter, we had to chance a flying start. We ripped across the line. Bang! went the gun—and instantly the recall-whistle tooted for the *Norseman*, while the *Sting Ray* breezed away from a perfect start, followed by two of the others.

Then we had to lie idle, swearing ourselves dry, until the last boat untangled itself and got away. By that time the *Sting Ray*, with spinnaker out, was hopelessly in the lead.

Temple said nothing, but the skin was white on his cheek-bones, and his dark face had an expression on it that kept me silent, too, stretched on deck with my eyes fixed on Harmon as the *Sting Ray* slipped away in front of us.

There was a free wind abeam, and we ran before it with advantage to no one, rounding the buoy at Parsonage Point in the order of departure. But as we ripped along the wind kept whipping up behind us.

Before we had completed a mile of the second leg across the Sound to Mott's Point, it was heeling us over and sending the spray showering against the canvas. The wind continued to veer around and we made the leg without changing our course, overhauling the third sloop without great difficulty; but the *Sting Ray*, with the second sloop close in its wake, had not yielded a wave's length as they rounded the Spar-buoy D2, and began to cover the third leg of the triangle.

The wind was now coming out of the northwest in bucketfuls, and Harmon, doing the obvious thing, drove the *Sting Ray* down the Sound, followed close by the second sloop, intending to make the last leg with one long tack.

As we rounded the buoy in a cloud of spray, Temple, casting glances over his shoulder, grunted:

"Let the beggar go! The wind's going to shift a bit more to the north or—we're bilked!"

He pointed almost into the teeth of the wind, and my heart sank as the canvas began to flutter. But Temple caught the wind, and we held our course.

Against a head-wind we were traversing the three-and-a-half-mile hypotenuse of a triangle, of which the *Sting Ray* and its consort were describing the other two legs, which gave them a great advantage in wind—so long as it held steady.

Every time a wave struck us we were almost forced to come about, while the *Sting Ray* and its consort bore easily away.

I looked anxiously out over the Sound through sparkling showers for some sign of the shift Temple was gambling on.

The sun had lost its glowing intensity and was fading out. Far to the eastward, half obscured, the large yachts were scattered. Many of the smaller craft had already run to port. A big lumber-schooner, closely reefed, was crowding into Oyster Bay. A tugboat, with two barges in tow, was puffing desperately to get safely into Hempstead.

Dark, ragged clouds were being torn by wind in the sky. A smoky thunder-head rested on the hills of Westchester, spitting squirts of lightning, and ominous rumbles came from the valleys of Long Island.

Temple was right! The wind veered sharply, and the *Sting Ray* came about in a desperate attempt to regain its advantage. The fourth boat gave up and ran for home, while the second, buffeted by the waves, fell off badly. With conditions somewhat reversed, the *Norseman* now stood even chances with the *Sting Ray*.

The three of us crashed on from wave to wave, leaping the hollows, plowing through the crests, gloriously drenched in salt showers, with the wind slapping at our sides and pressing the canvas taut as a drumhead, all converging on the judges' steamer, plunging and pulling at its hawser like a frightened colt.

We beat Harmon to it by four lengths, and went off on the second round like a giddy petrel, with the *Sting Ray* clinging to our tail.

But, once in the lead, I knew Harmon would have small chance of ever overtaking us.

"I PUSHED THE YOUNGER WOMAN, CLINGING TO A PIECE OF WOOD, TOWARD HIM"

LYING flat along the gunwale, looking back over my shoulder, I kept my eye on Harmon, and grinned with nervous delight as we swept by the end of the breakwater, well in the lead.

All at once Harmon jerked forward with an intent look on his face, tho he did not ease the wheel a single point. Turning quickly, he said something to his companion. Both rose to their feet excitedly.

The next moment their eyes were fixed on us.

Filled with uneasiness, I raised my head so I could see clearly over the spray along the gunwale, and instantly discovered in a welter of foam at the base of the breakwater a small dingey, capsized and being hammered to pieces.

Clinging to the fragments like a pair of otter pups were two half-drowned women, too weak to scream, too exhausted to make any other effort than cling to the wreckage.

They must have rowed just beyond the calm behind the breakwater, been caught by the backwash of a comber, and tumbled over into the pounding waves. Launches were making toward them, and men were running along the top of the breakwater, jumping recklessly from one slippery rock to another.

The *Sting Ray* and the *Norseman*, however, were nearest to the accident, tho rapidly widening the distance between the endangered women and ourselves.

"Temple!" I yelled impulsively, half raising myself from the deck. "Look! They're drowning!"

He cast a quick glance aside, and all elements of the situation seemed to flash through his mind instantly.

He spun the wheel, hauled in the sheet hand over hand, brought the sloop whirling around like a polo-pony, and charged straight for the craggy end of the breakwater. The *Sting Ray*, easing off to leeward, continued on its way; but the third boat, observing our maneuver, came flapping into the wind.

I was too frightened to say a word, but I was on my feet in a second, grasping a halyard to steady myself against the crash. I was certain we would hit. But we went foaming past.

Temple released the sheet, spun the wheel again, and, taking a long chance, flung himself far out, clutching desperately, but missing the nearest woman by a mile. But a false move would certainly have sent us headlong on the rocks.

As he swung up, his glance caught mine.

The next instant I found myself in the water, as tho I had been pushed, swimming and clawing my way through the spume and seaweed. By the time I reached the women Temple had brought the boat about, and was making another long dash for us with a bunch of ropes trailing over the side.

As he foamed by I pushed the younger woman, clinging to a piece of wood, toward him. He caught her arm. At the same time I gripped the older one about the waist and grabbed hold of one of the trailing ropes. We went tumbling over and over and down until I felt like a casting-plug in a tangle of eel-grass and thought I'd never come up again, with that woman and the salt water and the seaweed making combined efforts to suffocate me. The air in my lungs caught fire. The water crushed me. And I thought Temple was trying to jerk my arm out at the end of the rope.

When we came to the surface the launches from the harbor had reached us. In the plunging and splashing and uproar of engines, voices, and wind, the old lady was draped over the gunwale of a launch. The young one, looking like an armful of wet rags and a tangle of mahogany colored hair, was transferred to another.

Temple gave his attention to me, ignoring the women completely, now that they were safe, and I, spluttering and wheezing and hiccuping, soon enough realized that his present interest was primarily that of a skipper in his crew.

"You all right?" he shouted, ignoring the babel of voices about us.

I looked at him with rheumy eyes and grunted.

"Want to go ashore?" he demanded.

In a fog I saw that the *Sting Ray* had kept the advantage she had gained, tho, following the example of the third boat, she had come into the wind after securing her position in the lead.

"No," I croaked dismally.

"Let her go, then!" he said. "I'll catch the scut, yet!"

The next minute we were off once more, deaf to shouts from craft about us, with Temple laying the primal curse on Harmon for his bad sportsmanship. That gentleman promptly resumed his course as soon as he saw we intended to follow through.

Suddenly the wind on our quarter increased in gusts, beating at us like blasts from a locomotive. With all my dizziness I began also to feel scared. The wind was whipping up furiously from odd points of the compass.

"Try the spinnaker again," shouted Temple.

"It'll blow to bits," I protested, hanging to the mast. "Don't care if it pulls the ruddy-mast out," he yelled. "Break her loose!"

I was sick and feeling weak as a cat, but after one look at his face I succeeded in letting it go—how, I don't know to this day.

For a minute we lifted and rushed through the waves, but the light cloth could not possibly stand the strain. It burst like a toy balloon. The sloop yawed, and the life seemed to go out of her.

I floundered up to the mast again and began slashing the fragments free. Despite the violent pitching and the blinding spray, I managed to unhinge the spinnaker-boom and let it go by the board. Then I straightened up and gave a glance at the *Sting Ray*.

Something seemed to have gone wrong.

It was hove to with a riding-anchor out, and Harmon and his companion were rapidly furling the sails.

Temple saw it at the same time. He stood up, bracing himself against the wheel, and a slow smile brightened his face. Then, suddenly, the smile was gone. He flung a glance upward and backward—and brought the sloop plunging into the wind with a great banging of canvas.

"Drop the peak," he cried. "A bit of hell's going to break loose."

We threw ourselves at the work, furling and binding the mainsail, reefing the jib until there was hardly enough canvas to hold a capful of wind, reenforcing the backstays, and binding the boom rigidly in place.

The effort left me blowing my aching lungs and clinging tremulously to the mast. Temple sank back in the cockpit and took the wheel.

"Look's like the monsoon breaking at Colombo," he called cheerfully. Then, realizing that the race would never be sailed to a finish and we had proved our superiority the first time around, his mood completely changed.

Thrusting his drenched hair from his forehead, he lifted his face to the tumbling gray sky and began to sing.

The wind suddenly fell flat. The sun blazed out,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

"'OH, WHO IS HE?' SHE WHISPERED BREATHLESSLY. 'WHO IS HE? DAD, LOOK! QUICK!'"

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THE PRIMITIVE

Here Is Told, in a Tale of Tremendous Sweep, the Fate of an Ice-Bound Puritan Heart Which Passes Through a Tempest of Fire

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

HE PULLED the bow of the little yacht-tender up the scrape of the beach, and she, getting up from the seat in the stern, jumped out onto the sand.

They stood together in the wilderness, a little breathless and for some reason a little awed. Behind them were the low rocky cliffs and the endless miles of virgin forest. Detached, wind-driven gray and coppery clouds rose from behind the mysterious legions of marching trees, and above the bayonets of the spruces and giant pines, charged like horses up the sky. Before them the Pacific, leaden, scowling a little, spread its fretfulness toward a horizon expressing endless westward spaces.

"Well," said he. "The *Iris* is anchored farther out than I thought. Just as well! I think we are going to have a wild and wilful wind. No rain perhaps. Shall we go on?"

She said in a sprightly, gleeful voice, "Oh, let's go!"

He turned once more toward the forest and, with his head thrown back a little in the manner of an animal smelling the wind, drank in the aromas of the sea and the pines.

"Well?" she said. "Why do you frown?"

"I don't know. It's nothing. An absurd sense of menace, of anger of the gods. The sense of minuteness and of the power of the universe."

She laughed, but not until they had plunged into a ravine, and, following a dry water-course, had come to the top of the high headland on whose edge the scrubby trees were twisted and gnarled, did she finish her thought. Then she added, "I suppose there hasn't been an hour, during the last forty-eight of our cruise along the shore, that I haven't yearned to plunge into this forest. I know very well that it is peopled by dwarfs and giants, monsters and mysteries. And I dreamed it had buried treasure."

"Monsters and treasure—like one's own mind," he said.

She was following him now up the rocky path toward the first plateau, where, wading through a field of cool ferns, they came to deep aisles of the evergreens, to a new warmth of air laden with the odors of resin, as if they had suddenly entered the interior of a temple where the dry brown needles were spread to silence the feet of worshipers and the trunks of great trees were pillars covered with a mosaic of moss and lichens, green and silver-gray.

"I love you!" she called into the echoing silence.

Turning quickly, he saw that she was addressing herself to one of these ancient and hoary trees; she had tried to take its vast dignity into her young arms.

She laughed. "I didn't mean you, Roger."

"I know," he said cheerfully.

"But I do love you, Roger," she insisted. "I will love a number of men, I hope. It's nice to love men if it is like loving children, or women, or wire-haired fox-terriers."

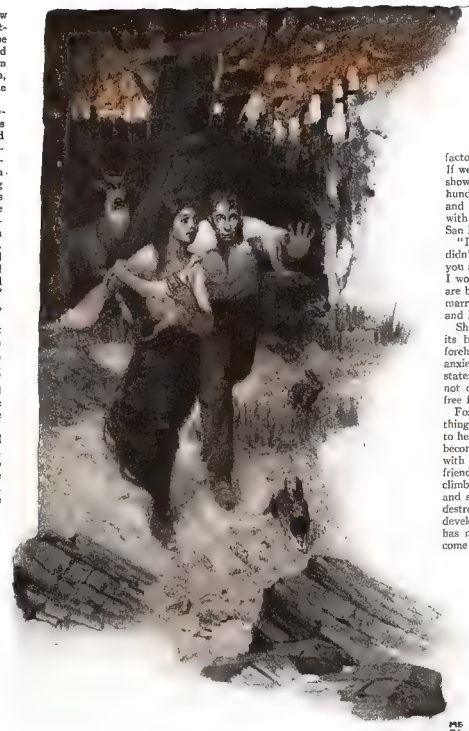
"The new love."

"Yes, the new love. A love between man and woman which knows no sense of mating. A love higher than mere instinctive urge."

He smiled. "I thought the Greek philosophers invented it."

"Well, it's been a lost art, anyhow."

"Oh, all right, Becky! I'll try to make a return. I'll try to shut my eyes to your considerably slim, athletic figure, to your eyes from which I am sure a trout would rise to a fly, to your excellent head with all that therein is, and to the fact that, tho you come from a long line of Massachusetts Puritans, you are not free from a certain elusive charm. Then I will love you, dear, as I love my aunt Emily, the babies in the Foundling Hospital, and my old brier pipe."



"'THE FIRE IS COMING LIKE LIGHTNING! LOOK! IT'S CLOSING LIKE JAWS. ONE LAST TRY FOR IT, GIRL!'"

"Excellent!" she exclaimed. "A top compliment!" She came up beside him and stayed beside him through several miles of the easier going, looking up at him striding along, his hands in the side pockets of his loose English outing-coat, his chin upward, and, below his bloud, wind-ruffled hair, his forehead vexed and his blue eyes staring ahead just as always when Roger Bricken is really listening and weighing what he hears.

"One's ideas come out of experience and training," she had said. "I have an idea that perhaps you would ask me to marry you. I wanted you to know beforehand why it would be—unwise. That's shooting straight, isn't it?"

"There's no insanity in the family?" he had asked flippantly.

"The reasons are mine—not yours, Roger, unless you want to adopt them."

"I know. What an old story it is! A self-made man of about thirty, the story-books say, who never went to a university and merely pored over books in his leisure hours; who has no particular social background, but has had to rough it a bit, and swear a bit, and roar at life a bit, meets the heiress from the East, who is beautiful and good and so loaded with ancestors and traditions, and has such nice little lobes on her ears, with a fine, adorable fuzz which shows in the sunlight, that she could marry anybody she pleases. Well, he would be a fool! And I'm no fool."

"Something of a fool to talk that way," she had replied. "I think if I were preparing to marry any one, Roger, I'd marry you. You are the real stuff, wherever you came from, and I do like your somewhat regular features. You look enough like the head on a Greek coin to be quite satisfactory and not enough to be quite offensive. If we had a speedometer attached to us it would show about four hundred miles on foot, two hundred on horseback, three hundred by sea, and a thousand by conversation as my record with you since the Maitlands brought me to San Francisco.

"If you've ever invited me anywhere that I didn't accept, name it! If I wanted to marry you and my family objected, as they would not, I would marry you to spite the old fluffs. You are barking up the wrong tree. I don't want to marry you, and you don't want to marry me, and I'm telling you why."

She was out of breath, and on her face, with its brown eyes, thin, sensitive lips, and high forehead, there had been a little expression of anxiety, as if she had been willing to take his statement as lightly as he made it, but could not quite be sure that he had made it wholly free from seriousness.

For a long time they talked of other things—things soon forgotten—but at last she came back to her subject. She would tell him why she had become accustomed to unromantic relationships with men. Her brothers first of all and their friends. The only girl in the family learns to climb apple-trees with all these young males, and somehow intimate contact with many boys destroys the illusion of any Prince Charming developing from among them or their kind. She has no idea that any superbeing one day will come and whisk her away to any highly painted land of dreams. The best she could hope for would be a healthy, self-contained, wise, kind, tolerable person with no end of faults.

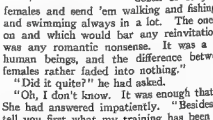
"You can't complain on that score with me," Roger had commented. "I can qualify in faults, Becky. I may have more than you have. Who knows?"

"Hush!" she had said. "Then when I was about the age to enter college I used to go every Summer to a wonderful camp. It was a kind of institution—a camp in the wilds of Canada. And the mother of a boy and girl—two of the finest children ever—used to tactfully pick a dozen or so young males and females and send 'em walking and fishing and climbing and swimming always in a lot. The one thing frowned on and which would bar any reinvitation to go there, was any romantic nonsense. It was a little group of human beings, and the difference between males and females rather faded into nothing."

"Did it quite?" he had asked.

"Oh, I don't know. It was enough that it seemed to." She had answered impatiently. "Besides I'm trying to tell you first what my training has been to make me a fairly good friend. That's our chance, Roger—a splendid beckoning opportunity for a good warm human relationship. Minimum of imagination! Maximum of reality!"

"I never could quite separate the two," he had said.



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They had come to the top of a long climb. In spite of the wind, now roaring along in the tree-tops, the wisps of her hair were clinging to her forehead and temples wet from the exercise. Leaning back on a flat, slanting rock at the top of the newly ascended ridge, he took out his watch. "We've done nearly eight miles," he asserted.

She sat down on the corpse of a fallen spruce and swung her legs. "Imagination and reality?" she reminded him.

"Oh, yes! I just had the outrageous idea that imagination was a kind of mother to reality, Becky. I had an idea that about the only way the world of truth and fact grew bigger was because the minds of men made them bigger.

"Maybe I'm wrong. It just seemed to me that anything a mind conceived became there a fact. Even if it were only a conception. That fact of a conception might be worth a good deal of attention. For instance, I might conceive of myself as having a great talent for singing. It would either help me to be a great singer—or lead to my being taken to what is so kindly called a 'retreat.' But the concept would lead to something. It would be a fact. Suppose I thought I loved you and you thought you loved me—just for a ridiculous example. Love isn't much of a reality—now, is it?"

"The reasons for it are!" she asserted vigorously. "That's what I'm trying to do, Roger—to show you that love—love that makes for marriage and mating—must be founded on reasons, and never can survive when reasons are against it."

"I always supposed there was something in it deeper than reason," he said. "Maybe I'm a doddering child in life. But somehow I've felt that love and mating and marriage were in part things belonging to something I can't name."

She sniffed. "Can't name!"

"Well, call it the rhythm of the universe."

Her smile was wholly indulgent, but he did not see it because he was knocking the ashes of his pipe into his own hand. He was taking particular pains because the long drought had made tinder-dry the riffraff, the fallen needles, and the dead undergrowth.

"It's easier to prattle such phrases out here in this setting," she went on with complete assurance. "The trouble, Roger, is that life of men and women has changed a lot. What you see in me is a healthy young woman and a prospective wife and mother. I would be a kind of possession for you. And I could do all that. But I have different plans. I don't want mating relationships with any one."

"How do you know?"

"I don't. But I do know I want something else. I want my elbow-room. Some women are born for wives. I'm not. I'm principally interested in the thing you're interested in—putting my teeth into life. I will admit that a lot of women struggle frightfully to convince themselves that they, like men, have creative work to do. Well, I've never spread my feathers about my work. Yet I've done it—a definite job."

"Architecture," he said. "A cracking good field for women, too! But——"

"You mean I've only been an apprentice, so far? All right. But I want my elbow-room. I've a right to it as much as you have."

"Of course."

"I want my elbow-room. Here in this wilderness I know it more than ever. The wilderness only impresses me the more with the fact of the world as it is. There's complex life to face back there where we came from. There are wives enough to go around without me. And complex life, material civilization taking so many loads off women, has set a lot of me free. I can ring for servants. I can have clothes without weaving them. I can eat corn bread without grinding the corn. These are realities. My work is a reality. I choose it. I hunger for it and I eat it up. I want elbow-room. And if there is any rhythm of the universe which urges me to marry and bear children, I haven't heard its whispering of illusions."

Quite astounded, Bricken had heard this at first with a wide and almost horrified stare. Once, impulsively, he had endeavored to interject a phrase. She had stopped him with a gesture. Into his blue eyes had come a look of utter pain and then gradually a kind of hardness.

"You're the doctor!" he said at last. "You're right. The risk is too great for you and for me—even if you would marry me. I'd hoped you would. Now I hope you won't allow me to think of it. I never knew that a woman could not be a wife and, for instance, an architect. I thought the test of it was whether she had a really sincere love for a man and also a really sincere love for her work. I was willing to admit that if either failed the whole thing would be a vile arrangement. But maybe you're right. Maybe there's just oil and water in it—no mixing. I think you are right. You've spoken with heat and passion about it all. Your cheeks have new color, you have bitten your lip. The idea that there is any rhythm of the universe has excited you to some struggling resentment. Well, I have no resentment. I'm glad you've talked. I'm glad you've had sense enough to see that you aren't fitted for marriage."

"I did not say that."

"I say it, Becky. And I know that if marriage and architecture fight now, they'd fight like the devil probably later on. You'd always be running like a machine without oil. You'd get mental hot-boxes. From now on I'm just your friend."

She looked at him steadily for several minutes. "You're a wonder!" she said. "Roger, you're bigger and finer than I ever knew. As they say, 'Put it there!'"

He clasped her moist, cool hand. "A woman like you ought never to marry," he said, still gazing into her eyes. "You'd do immeasurable harm. You'd ruin lives, right and left. You'd wither the souls of all those you'd be supposed to love. You'd be drought and fire, and devastation."

"It would be cheating, Roger, wouldn't it?"

He nodded gravely. "Want a cigaret?" he asked.

"No. Let's go on."

Bricken drew a deep breath, thrust his hands into the side pockets again, and strode forward. Once he turned back toward the little clearing in the woods where they had been sitting. The expression on his face was that of one who considers the possibility of setting up in a memorable spot a monument or a landmark. Once too he spoke; he said: "How deserted a forest seems! We haven't sighted a bird, a moving shadow of a living thing! With all the vast living population, the twigs that crack under our feet warn the whole tribe away. They flee."

"Before the march of man," she added.

"Exactly! And sometimes I wonder if it wasn't a good deal sweeter world without man. We've dragged such a lot of ugliness across it, devastating, destroying beauty and creating nothing much but our own problems—not only elemental problems like fuel and food, but a whole set of little gimcrack problems about our little, absurd, gimcrack selves. It must make a grasshopper, for instance, quite disgusted—and somewhat annoyed."

She smiled, and then suddenly the smile faded on her lips. The wind had been rising. They had forgotten the wind, but the wind beginning in sweeps and gusts had whipped the tops of the towering spruces. Showers of needles were falling now, and twigs. In little spaces between the leaning tree-tops she could see the smoky sky streaked and ripped by the claws of the wind. The forest had begun to roar as the sea they had left so far behind them. On her smooth forehead, usually so calm, so suggestive of poise and peace, little lines of apprehension

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

"SHE HAD NEVER REALIZED THAT SHE COULD BE SO STRONG. SHE HAD LIFTED HIM NOW OUT OF THE WATER AND SHE MANAGED TO DRAG HIM ACROSS A SMOOTH BOULDER"

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"'SHE WANTED TO KNOW IF I KNEW WHERE FOLKS THAT TOLD SUCH WICKED, SCANDALOUS STORIES WENT TO. I TOLD HER THAT IF THE YARN WAS TRUE ONE OF 'EM WOULD GO TO THE NEXT SOCIABLE.'"

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

A Dark Mystery Is Cleared Up and Everybody—Almost—Is Happy

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD BRETT

Fourth and Concluding Instalment

HE COULD not speak the words. His caller understood, however, and once more reassured him.

"Oh, no, they are not married yet, Judge," he said. "But they are going to be."

"Going to be! *Going* to be!"

"Yes. At least I hope they are. And that is what I came to talk with you about. I mean what I say. Why shouldn't they marry? Stone is a clever, even brilliant young fellow. I have made some inquiries about his professional future and it is bright. But we have discussed his good qualities before, when you came storming down to my house to protest against his calling on Faith after the accident. We won't go into them again."

The pallor had left the Copeland face and a brilliant shade of purple was succeeding it. His sudden paralyzing fear that Faith was already married having been proved groundless, he was now furiously angry. His personal affairs, including those of his daughter, had always been sacredly private. It was *lèse majesté* to refer to them, unless he did so first.

He was only too well aware that Faith's name and that of Cyrenus Stone's son were coupled in whispered gossip from one end of Ostable to the other, but this he could, and did, pretend to contemptuously ignore as too ridiculous for notice. And even his closest friend and "echo," Parker, would not have dared to couple those names in his presence. But now, in his own house, a man, *this* man, was not only doing that thing, but presuming to advise—to state that he hoped——

His temper had been simmering ever since the dreadful evening when Faith, without a word to him, went to the Dillingham house to nurse her lover. Now it boiled over. He leaped from his chair and pointed a melodramatic arm at the door.

"Get out of this house!" he thundered. "Out, this minute!"

"No, Judge, not the minute after that. I am not through yet—not half through. I have only begun. Sit down."

The judge's arm bent and straightened again. "Get out of here!" he repeated. "I'll—I'll——"

"Hush! You make a remarkably fine statue, but this isn't the public square. Sit down. Don't make a scene! You'll only have to unmake it, for I am not going until I have said what I came to say. Good Lord, man, do you suppose I came to this house—*your* house, Dan Copeland—without knowing what I meant to do, and intending to go through with it?"

The pointing hand became a fist. Copeland waved it. "You dare to talk to me about my daughter!" he spluttered. "You dare to come here—you—you blackguard! Listen to me, Nye!"

Another fist—the doctor's this time—struck the centertable a blow. His eyes flashed. "No!" he declared, fiercely. "I won't listen! For a dozen years you've done the talking and I've kept my mouth shut. I intended to keep it shut forever, but—well, I've changed my mind. This is my night, and you're going to listen to *me*. Listen, Dan Copeland, or you'll spend the rest of your life wishing you had."

IT WAS the last sentence, the tone in which it was uttered, and the look in the doctor's eyes which caused Judge Copeland to halt in his imperious march to the door. The sentence itself was enigmatical, the tone and look were impressive—even to a person in the judge's frame of mind. More than all, the fiery emphasis of the speaker was so utterly different from Ephraim Nye's usual quiet, careless drawl that it had an immediate effect. The brandished arm dropped and the Copeland pose became a little less statuesque.

"What—what do you mean by that?" he blurted.

Doctor Ephraim's eyes continued to blaze for an instant, then they softened, and his tenseness relaxed. Even at that moment, when the emotions he had held in check so long were at the surface, his sense of the ridiculous was not entirely submerged. He even smiled.

"There, there, Daniel," he observed. "Come back and sit down. This isn't the climax of the third act, where the hero smashes the villain. God knows I am no hero and, no matter what else I may think you, I certainly shouldn't call you a villain. Let's be as sensible as we can. Come back and sit down. Yes, you had better."

There was still just a hint of threat in the tone. Copeland was not afraid exactly—there was no reason why he should be—but he had a curious feeling that to obey might be good policy. Certainly this man must have something in his sleeve, or he would not speak with such confidence. Then, too, it may be that the judge himself was dimly conscious of the theatrical absurdity of his own behavior. His sense of humor was not keen, to say the least, but he was accustomed to restraining his emotions; the dignity of his judicial office required that. That dignity reasserted itself. He walked back to the armchair.

"I—er—I am not well," he muttered, in some confusion. "My doctor tells me my nerves are breaking down. Perhaps that is why—perhaps I am rather— But never mind. Go on; I'll listen to what you have to say. Provided it proves to be something I should listen to."

"Well, I think it is. Faith——"

Copeland interrupted. "I will *not* listen to anything concerning my daughter's affair with—with that boy of Stone's," he declared, angrily. "It is not your business—nor any one else's except mine and hers."

"And, his, of course. You may be partially right, Judge. Ordinarily I should say you were. In fact I should go farther and say it was no one's business but Faith's and Tom's. But you say it is yours, and that makes it Cyrenus's."

"Cyrenus's! What has he to do with it?"

"He is Tom's father. He probably feels much as you do about the families intermarrying."

Copeland snorted. He did not appear to consider this suggestion worthy of a reply. Doctor Nye went on.

"And so," he continued, "as it is yours and Cyrenus's I am making it mine. After all, I am, in a way, related to one of the families."

The judge turned to look at him. "You have courage to mention the fact," he sneered.

"Yes? Well, perhaps I shall do more than mention it. That depends on you, rather. Now, Dan, as I said in the beginning, there are no good reasons why those two shouldn't marry and every reason why they should. They would, of course, if there was no interference. They might, in the end, in spite of it. But there is a chance that they

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night not. That's why I came here. You are the principal—so far the only—interference. You are behaving like a selfish child, if you don't mind my saying so."

Copeland stared, caught his breath—and then exploded.

"Why—why—" he began. Doctor Ephraim broke in quickly.

"Sshh!" he commanded. "Save the fireworks until I finish. I know you are not well. You are tired and played out, like the rest of us. A change and complete rest will do you good. Go away, by all means. But don't drag Faith with you. Don't talk about dying and all that sort of stuff with the idea of working upon her sympathies and making her feel that it is her duty to leave Tom and go with you. She shouldn't leave him yet. She should stay with him, for his sake and her own. *He* has *really* been sick, Dan. *He* might talk of dying with some excuse. And he is not entirely out of the woods yet. He needs her a whole lot more than you do."

Judge Copeland was, obviously, fighting another overwhelming impulse to leave the armchair and become statuesque. His face was purple and his fingers clutched the upholstery. He swallowed hard.

"I—I will *not* listen to this—" he began. His brother-in-law lifted a warning hand.

"Yes, you will," he said, firmly. "You will listen if I have to hold you by main strength. Can't you understand that my coming here to-night wasn't a hasty impulse exactly? I came because I had something to say. Do you think I *wanted* to come?"

Once more the tone and look, as well as the words, had their effect. Copeland's clutch upon the chair-arms relaxed a little. But his temper did not relax. His voice shook as he answered.

"Say it then," he ordered. "Speak out and be done with it. But if you expect me to sit still and listen to your insults and—and lying insinuations, you are expecting too much. What is it you are asking me to do? Give my daughter to Tom Stone? Well, I won't. She may marry him, thanks to your influence. You seem to have some confounded hypnotic attraction for women. You always did have it. You trapped my poor sister into——"

"Hush!"

"It is the truth. And I know that Faith, for some crazy reason, has come to believe in you. Yes; and like you. *Like* you, by Heavens! She told me so herself. And it is possible that she may throw me over—her own father—and take up with you and that Stone scamp. But I won't give her up to him and you without a fight. Why—why, it is unbelievable, the whole thing. Your coming here to-night, Faith's sending you here——"

"Stop, Dan, stop! She didn't send me."

"I don't believe it. Who did, then; Stone?"

"No. No one knew that I was coming. If you show some symptoms of common sense no one need know that I have been here. No one except your servants, and you can easily invent some excuse to satisfy them. I came here, of my own accord, to ask you not to oppose Faith's marriage with Tom. I want to let those two young people be happy together. That is what I am asking of you now—and I expect you to do it. You must do it."

"I must! Why; as a favor to you?"

"No. As part payment of a debt, if you want to put it that way."

The judge's expression changed. He stared, shook his head, and broke into a laugh—not a pleasant laugh.

"A debt!" he repeated. "A debt that *I* owe *you*! Good Heavens above! Oh," as another thought came to him, "I see. You think because you happened to be on hand when Faith was hurt and because you took care of her afterward that I should do this thing. I won't. I know why you are asking it; you and old Stone are bosom friends. Birds of a feather. Well, I am grateful to you for what you did for Faith. I told you so. I wanted to pay you; I tried to. But, if I remember, you refused to accept even thanks. I told you I would not be under any obligations to you——"

"And I told you you couldn't help yourself. It isn't that. And don't make another mistake. The Stones, Cyrenus and Tom, have nothing to do with my coming here. I never expected to come here. The thing you are forcing me to tell you I never meant to tell a living soul I shouldn't tell it now—for my own sake. But—Faith is a fine girl. Tom is a splendid fellow. I will *not* see their present and future killed by the prejudices and interference of other people. I have seen too much of that in my life. You've got to pay my debt, Daniel. You've *got* to. And that is the only way you can pay it."

Judge Copeland was impressed by the tremendous earnestness of this speech, impressed and puzzled, but his own resentment came surging back and increased.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he declared. "You say I owe you some debt or other. If it isn't on account of Faith's recovery from that accident, what is it? A debt! Good Heavens! The only debt I owe you is one of longer standing and on the other side of the ledger. You married my sister. You came here to this town. You disgraced yourself; you shamed me; you disgraced and killed her; you—you took money belonging to your closest friends, men and women that believed in you and trusted you; you——"

"No! I did not."

The denial was so sharp and commanding that it halted Daniel Copeland's torrent of speech in full flow. He stopped in the middle of a word—stopped and stared.

"*What?*" he gasped.

"I did not steal that church money, Dan."

"*What?* Why—why, you are crazy!"

"No. I was very nearly crazy at the time. And it may be that I acted like a fool; I have sometimes thought so since. But, sane or crazy, I didn't take the money belonging to the church fund. Some one else did that."

THE judge was still staring. The man sitting opposite him did not speak or look like a lunatic. He was tremendously in earnest, but his tone was low and his manner quiet. Yet—yet he must be insane.

"Ephraim Nye," cried Copeland, "what—*what* are you trying to tell me?"

"The truth—at last."

"The truth! That you didn't— Why, you admitted the theft, yourself."

"No. I said that check was signed by me. I lied. It was not. It was a forgery. Brace up, Dan; this is going to hurt."

"A forgery! A forgery! You mean— Who—who——?"

"Can't you guess? Brace up. I am the only one who knows it—in Ostable, that is. And only a few elsewhere. Fanny signed my name to that check."

Judge Copeland did not start. He did not spring from his chair or brandish his good right arm or burst into indignant denial. He did none of these things. He merely looked. It is possible that he did not fully comprehend. Doctor Ephraim leaned forward.

"She signed it," he said. "When you and the others showed me the check at the church that night I told you that I had never seen it before and knew nothing whatever about it. That was the truth. But even then I was fearful. I began to suspect—for I had cause. I went home and asked her about it. She denied any knowledge of it—at first. I did not press my questions—she was too sick for that—but before morning she told me of her own accord. She told me everything. She told when she did it—and why."

Copeland was beginning to comprehend at last. The monstrous statements which this man was making had forced themselves into his understanding. He heard and he understood—but belief was no part of that understanding. His suspicion that his brother-in-law was insane was now a conviction; that was all. He rose to his feet.

"Nye," he faltered, "I—I— Excuse me just a minute. I——"

He had some vague intention of calling the chauffeur or telephoning for the sheriff—something of that sort. The doctor read his thought and, rising, caught his arm.

"Daniel," he said, firmly, "stop! Don't be foolish. Look at me. And listen. No, I haven't gone crazy. What I was telling you is the absolute truth. And a truth very easy to prove. You and I don't want any one else to know it. Sit down again and hear the rest."

The judge at that moment experienced a queer sensation, a sensation as of a cold hand at the base of his brain, sending an icy chill throughout his body. He met Ephraim Nye's gaze, and that quiet, steadfast—yes, pitying—look was not the glare of a lunatic. The chill clutch at his brain tightened. For the first time a doubt—a horrible doubt crept into his mind.

"You *are* crazy!" he cried. "You must be! Are you trying to tell me that that my sister——"

"Yes, Daniel. Just that."

"You —you *liar*! You——"

"Steady! I am not lying. Think, and you will know I am not. *Think!* Do you suppose I should say this, after all these years, if I couldn't prove it? Sit down and we'll go through with the whole miserable business. I am sorry for you, Daniel; the Lord knows I am, but you must have the rest of it now. Sit down."

Judge Copeland sat down. He was not conscious of doing so. He was not clearly conscious of anything, except the words which Ephraim Nye was speaking.

"Fanny confessed it all to me that night," Nye continued. "You will remember that it was her last conscious night. She was delirious next day and until her death. But she was quite rational then and she told me. She had forged my name, had traced it from my own signature. She was in terrible trouble. She needed the money to pay for a necklace which she had—well—taken from a jewelry-house in New York. She was at a hotel there, you remember. She went to the jeweler's; looked at a number of things, made one or two small purchases, saw the necklace, was tempted, and, well, she took it away with her. Then, back at her hotel, she began to realize what she had done. She was almost insane—literally. And ill—dying even then, I suppose we might say. She lost her head completely. She was afraid to keep the necklace; she couldn't pay for it. So, in a panic, she threw it overboard from one of the ferry-boats. Is it clear so far?"

Copeland gasped. "Are you—are you trying to tell me that —that my sister was a common thief?" he demanded. "That she stole——"

"Wait. That isn't the only thing of the kind I must tell you, Dan. It is a dreary mess, the whole of it. Fanny, poor girl, was a kleptomaniac. She was insane on the subject of pretty

"'FAITH,' SAID KATHERINE, CALMLY, 'I WANT YOU AND MRS. HOPKINS TO HEAR SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL. IT IS IMPORTANT—VERY'"

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things. I couldn't buy them for her. A country doctor's income—and mine was above the average in those days—is not large enough to warrant indulgence in diamond rings and pearl brooches. Twice before I had had to settle for—well, for indiscretions on her part.

"People wondered why I didn't keep a better establishment, own a better car and all that. They thought me mean, I suppose. Do you remember that emerald pin that Fanny had? It was sold, along with the other things, to help make up a little of the church shortage. It was an Easter present from me, we said. It wasn't, Judge. I couldn't afford presents of such value. That pin came from Somes & Feversham of Boston. I settled for it at their price—to save my wife from exposure and disgrace. And it took every cent I had saved for over a year. And there was another case, much the same. Do you begin to see now?"

Daniel Copeland did not answer. He was beyond speech. His face was chalk-white and he looked, as he sat huddled in the armchair, like a man nearer seventy than fifty.

"To get back to the necklace and the check," went on the doctor. "She threw the necklace overboard, as I said. A crazy performance, but she was crazy—and dying, in reality. Then the representatives of the jewelry firm came to her hotel in New York. They knew she had taken the necklace; their man told her so. If she paid for it—why, all right. If not—then the alternative. She couldn't give it back; it was gone. There is no use going into details. You can see what she did. She knew of the money in the parish fund. I was the treasurer of that fund. It was in the bank here. She had a check-book on that bank. She forged my name, as treasurer, to a check made out to 'Bearer.'

"The jewelers would not take the check, she was sure, or, if they did, of course when it went through the bank it would be traced to her—and then. So she must get the money. Lowell Raymond was an old friend of hers—and yours, Dan. She went to his New York office. He cashed the check for her, of course. The next day, as you know, he started West and died on the train. There! There is the story. Now, Daniel——"

But Copeland interrupted. He lifted a shaking hand. "Wait—wait!" he begged. "If this—this hellish thing is true I don't see—I don't understand why you—why— You admitted that the check was yours! You didn't deny it at the trial. You went to—to prison. I don't believe it! It isn't true! You've made up this—all these lies to—to——"

"Daniel! Come! You know they are not lies. And if you want proof there are the jewelry people; they can give it to you. There is proof enough—and so easy to get."

Judge Copeland groaned. "But—but why did you do it?" he demanded. "Why didn't you speak? Why didn't you tell some one—tell me? You and I were close friends."

Doctor Ephraim shook his head. "Why, perhaps not so very close, then, Judge," he said. "You were pretty certain at the time—and pretty bitter. If you hadn't been so dead sure and so anxious to send me to jail perhaps I might have. But I didn't. After all, I couldn't. I had to go through with it."

"Fanny! I— Why, I would have done anything for her. I *can't* believe it! I can't!"

The doctor paid no attention to this outburst. He went on, quietly. "I had to go through with it," he repeated. "It was up to me. I couldn't do anything else. How could I tell the truth? She was dying when she told me. I knew it. And—well, then she died. Could I have told the world that my wife had been a thief—and a forger? I pitied her, Judge. She was not really responsible. That sort of thing is a form of disease. And, even when she was telling me, she was begging me to save her. To save her name. Of course she didn't realize that I could save it only in one way. Oh, well! I saved it. It seemed best then. Perhaps it was. Anyhow, I did it."

"But— Good Heavens! Good Heavens! You ruined your whole life!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, my life didn't mean much to me. It had come to mean precious little. There was a time when I looked forward to living. Then—well, I didn't much care. But that is over, the whole of it. And now, Daniel, I want you to understand why I have told you this. I never intended to tell it. I——"

But again the judge broke in. "And all these years—all this time I have been—I have thought of you as—I have called you——"

"Oh, never mind that. Practically every one else has called me the same things; you were with the great majority, Dan. But, see here," he added, with sudden sharpness, "don't make any mistake. Don't think I am crying baby or begging for pity, or anything of that sort. I am no martyr. I am more of a fool, if it comes to that. I did the thing because I am Eph Nye. Just as I came back to this town three years ago, because I knew it was the one place on earth where no one expected me, and that tempted me to come and make a fight and see what the end would be. I don't do things that other people—sensible people—do. I was born with a perverse streak. Humph! Children showing such tendencies should be chloroformed; it would save the world—and them—a whole lot of trouble."

Daniel Copeland had not heard much of this characteristic bit of self-analysis. In the whirl of his brain one thought kept spinning to the top.

"I can't see—I can't understand—" he groaned. "You did this for her—my sister. But she was dead. And yet you didn't speak—you let us—you let me—you went to prison— Oh, I can't understand!"

"Don't try. It isn't worth it. It is over and done with long ago. Practically speaking, no one knows it but we, ourselves, and of course—you understand this, Daniel—no one else must ever know it. But you see what I meant when I spoke about a debt you owed me. I'm not collecting it for myself, but I want to collect for Faith and Tom. If you figure that you—as Fanny's brother—owe me anything at all you can pay the bill by using common sense about those two children.

"IN MY opinion you will be getting as good a son-in-law as a man could wish, and I know you will realize it some day. But now—just now—I want you to stop playing on Faith's sympathies and frightening her with stories about your being a dying man. You are not, you know; you may take my professional word for that. Go away and rest. Have a good time. But before you go just hint to Faith that you have thought it over and realize that Tom is a fine fellow—in spite of your prejudice against his family name—and that he needs her more than you do. That is all, Daniel, just now. Only do think it over. You mustn't forget."

He rose from his chair. Copeland did not seem to realize that he did so. The judge still sat, huddled in the armchair, gazing at nothing. Nye looked down at him. Then, from the inside pocket of his coat, he took an envelop. His own name was written upon it in his own handwriting. "One thing more, Judge," he said. "Here is a letter for you."

Tearing open the envelop, he took from it another, also bearing a name. This he laid upon the table beside his brother-in-law. The latter dazedly picked it up.

"What?" he stammered. "What is it?"

"That I don't know. You will recognize the writing. Yes, it is from Fanny. That night—after the committee meeting at the church, when she told me about the check and the rest, she told me she had written you. She said—she said a number of things. Poor girl, she was ill and desperate, and I imagine— Yes, I know, for she told me—she had thought of killing herself, but she did not have the courage. She had written that letter to you, then, she said. After she died, before they took me away, I found this envelop with your name on it in the drawer of her desk."

Judge Copeland looked at the envelop in his hand. His eyes were wet. "Yes—yes," he said, slowly, "it is her writing. But why didn't you give it to me? Why have you kept it all this time?"

"Well, you can understand why, if you think a little. I don't know what is in it, as I said, but perhaps we can both guess. I imagine she has written you the whole story. When I found it she was dead. I had made up my mind to play the game through. I knew that the place would be searched, so I put that envelop in this other, with my name on it, and gave it in charge of a friend I could depend upon, to keep until I called for it. If I died before calling he was to burn it. To-night, on my way here, I stopped and got it. This friend doesn't, of course, know what it is or who wrote it. There it is, Judge. Perhaps you will care to read it some time—by and by. Good night, Dan. I am sorry for you. I am sorry enough that I had to tell you the damnable yarn, but I thought—well, I have explained that. Good night. I can find my way out. I used to know it pretty well, you remember."

He took his overcoat and cap from the table and walked quietly from the room and the house. When the maid knocked at the door of the living-room, an hour afterward, Judge Copeland was still sitting in the armchair, the unopened letter in his hand.

Henry Ward Beecher Payson, hearing the familiar clank and rattle of the Nye car as it turned from the main road into Bayberry Lane, stumped from the kitchen door and was in the yard when his employer arrived. The light from the window shone upon the latter's face.

"Hello!" exclaimed Henry. "What's the matter, Doctor Eph? Ain't no more typhoid fever breakin' out, is there? You look as if you'd been through the war."

Nye did not answer. His only remark was a request for Henry to open the barn door. Mr. Payson did not move.

"Say, Doctor Eph, what does ail you? You look as if you'd come from the battle of Bull Run."

The doctor shrugged. "Appomattox, I hope," he muttered.

"Eh? Abbie who?"

"Oh, nothing, Henry. By the way, didn't I mention opening the barn door? It seems to me I remember saying something of that kind."

"Yes. Oh, yes, you told me to open it. But there ain't no use, Doc. I wisht to the land there was, but there ain't—not if I know you. Vasco Rose's brother—what's his name?—Joe Rose—telephoned about an hour ago; wants you to come right up there, he does."

"Oh!"

"Yes. And you'll go, of course, no matter if it kills you."

"But it won't, you see. I'll be back some time or other."

"Humph! Neither young Portygee, I presume likely?"

"Another bud in the Rose garden, Henry."

"Sho'! There ain't no *blight* up there; I'll say that. Well, good night, Doc. Take care of yourself."

It was after nine the next morning before the doctor returned. Faith, pale and worn, but happier too, because of Tom, told him that the latter was feeling better than at any other time since his seizure. He had eaten all the breakfast allowed him and had asked for more. Mrs. Powell was out, she added. She had telephoned for her car and chauffeur and had gone over to her own home on an errand. Nye was too tired to be greatly interested. He ate a few mouthfuls and then went to his room to try for a little sleep. He realized that he needed it.

But he would have been more interested, and he would certainly not have slept, had he known where Katherine Powell was at that moment. The Powell car was then standing at the curb before the Copeland door, and its owner was in the Copeland living-room.

Katherine had made up her mind to try her powers of persuasion with the judge on behalf of his daughter. She and Faith had had another long talk, and it seemed to her quite evident that the latter was on the point of surrender. Doctor Parker's pessimistic statements concerning her father's health, his evident anxiety and absolute certainty of the need of change and rest, coupled with Copeland's melancholia and stubborn determination not to go away unless she accompanied him—all these had driven the poor girl to the verge of despair.

"I suppose I must do it," she said. "I can't bear to think of going away—now, but it is my duty to father. He looks so sick, and he is so dreadfully despondent. If anything should happen to him I should always blame myself. No, I must go. There is no other way. But—but—oh, how can I!"

"Has your father intimated where he might go and how long he means to be away?"

The Event of the Year in the Fiction World

Pictorial Review announces the publication, to begin next month, of the new novel by

JOSEPH CONRAD

Mr. Conrad, acclaimed one of the two greatest living novelists writing in English—the other being Thomas Hardy—says his favorite among all his own novels is

"The Rover"

which begins in Pictorial Review for September. This great romance, the most distinguished serial of the year in America, brings back the rugged heroes and high adventure of French Revolutionary days, in a setting of the beautiful Mediterranean shore, as only the master who wrote "Lord Jim," "Youth," "Nostromo," "Victory," etc., could do. "The Rover," with its lovely heroine, *Arlette*, enshrouded in mystery, and its handsome young officers, will add vastly to Conrad's feminine following.

"The Rover" begins in the September issue and will be complete in four numbers.

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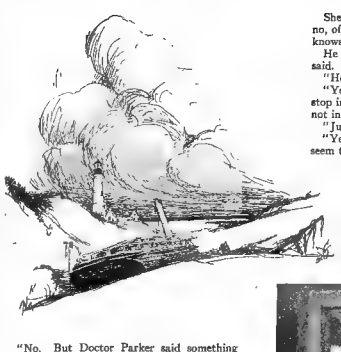

"No. But Doctor Parker said something about a long sea-voyage. He spoke of a trip to Japan, perhaps around the world. Father needs at least a year's rest, he says. Think of it—a year! If—if only I might know that at the end of it I could come back to Tom and that father would be—different—willing to—to— But he won't. It will be just the same then as it is now. He will never be reconciled to my marrying Cyrenus Stone's son. I know it."

Katherine laid a hand upon hers. "Faith," she said, earnestly, "I wouldn't, ordinarily, dream of interfering between you and your father. He has been a good father to you and you love each other. But—well, I am ever so much older than you are and I know things. I have had experience of my own. If you care for Tom—as I know you do——"

She paused. Faith only sobbed.

"—as I know you do, and as I know he cares for you, then *no* one—your father nor any one—must be allowed to come between you. Judge Copeland's objection is due to nothing but prejudice. It is unreasonable. You shouldn't—you mustn't—yield to it."

"But—father may die. He says he knows he is going to."

"And Ephraim—Doctor Nye, I mean—is sure that he will not. Faith, once in my life I made a dreadful mistake. Mine was a little different; there was a misunderstanding, too. But my parents were prejudiced, as your father is. And I thought my duty— Oh, well! we mustn't talk about that. Faith, you haven't promised your father that you will leave Tom and go with him?"

"No. No, I haven't really promised—not yet. Mrs. Powell, please don't think I am just a weak, silly girl who doesn't know her own mind. If father were himself, if he were well and it was just a matter of his giving his consent, I shouldn't hesitate at all. I should marry Tom whenever he wanted me to. But now it is all so terrible. If father *should* stay here, as he says he will, and die—I—I—Oh, dear! What shall I do? What *can* I do?"

"You can wait a little longer. Perhaps Judge Cppeland may change his mind. Perhaps something or some one may induce him to change it."

"Why—what do you mean? Who? Not Uncle Ephraim? Father hates him. You see——"

"Yes, I know. But wait. And let me think. There may be a way. Keep up your courage, dear. And, above all, don't let Tom see that you are worried."

This conversation had taken place the evening before, while Doctor Nye and his brother-in-law were having their fateful interview. And, as a result, Katherine had gone straight to the Copeland house. She went early, for court was in session, and she wished to catch the judge before he left for the court-house.

He was in the living-room when the maid ushered her in. She was shocked at his appearance. For the first time she began to share Faith's apprehension. He looked more than tired and haggard; he looked that morning, if not like a dying man, surely like a very sick one. She began to fear she had made a mistake in coming just then upon such an errand.

He bade her a listless good day and asked her to be seated. "Well, Mrs. Powell?" he said, "what is it?"

She hesitated. "I came to speak with you about a—a very personal matter," she faltered. "But perhaps I had better not speak of it now. Are you—are you ill, Judge Copeland?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "I suppose I am. But I can hear what you have to say. I must go down to the court before long, but I have a few minutes. Go on, please."

She still hesitated. "It is—it is not a matter of my own," she began. "Probably you will think it not my affair at all, and that I am impertinent and presuming. I don't mean to be, Judge Copeland; I came to—to——"

He interrupted. "I can guess," he said. "You came to speak about Faith and young Stone. Did Ephraim Nye send you?"

She started. "Ephraim Nye!" she repeated. "Why, no, of course not. He doesn't know I am here. No one knows. Why should you think he sent me?"

He sighed. "I thought he might have done so," he said. "He came to see me, himself, last night."

"He did! Ephraim Nye came here?"

"Yes. Well, Mrs. Powell, I suppose you want me to stop interfering between Faith and Stone? I think I shall not interfere any longer."

"Judge!"

"Yes—oh, yes, I think so. I suppose so. It doesn't seem to matter—much."

"Not *matter!* Why, Judge Copeland!"

"I know, Mrs. Powell, if you don't mind, I had rather not talk about it at this time. I have had a shock. I have been through a terrible experience. I really am in no condition to consider or discuss—anything. You will excuse me?"

She rose. "Of course," she said, hurrie-" "I will go at once. I am so sorry I came. I did not know——"

"Naturally. No one knows. Just a moment, please. Mrs. Powell——"

"Yes, Judge Copeland?"

He hesitated, regarding her in an odd, absent way, as if dimly aware that the question he was to ask was a strange one, and yet almost as if he were compelled to ask it. Then he went on. "You have known Ephraim Nye for some time now," he said. "What do you think of him?"

"Think of him! What do I think of Doctor Nye? I don't— Why, what do you mean?"

"Do you think him a good man? I know you consider him a good doctor. What else do you think of him?"

She did not answer immediately. The color surged to her face. "I—I don't understand," she faltered.

"I mean—I am wondering if other people—unprejudiced people—comparative strangers—have thought—of him as—as I have. You must excuse me. I am not exactly—well, rational this morning, perhaps. But all night I have been – Mrs. Powell, as an unprejudiced person, what sort of character do you judge Ephraim Nye's to be?"

SHE thought she understood at last. Ephraim had been there; he and this man had had a scene, a stormy scene, a quarrel undoubtedly. And, by some means or other, Ephraim had won. But he had left behind him a hatred even more bitter than had existed previously. Copeland was depending upon her to justify this hatred. Possibly he thought she might not know of the old scandal and Nye's disgrace. Or had forgotten that she knew it. That seemed impossible, but it might be. Very well, he should have his answer. She was only too glad, and proud, to give it. She looked him straight in the face.

"I think him one of the best men I ever knew," she cried. "And I have known him a long while, much longer than you may think, Judge Copeland. At one time, when he and I were both young, we were friends—very close friends. Then—then we did not see each other for years. I came back to Ostable, to my brother-in-law's cottage—and I found him here. I was surprized, of course. I knew what—what had happened. I couldn't imagine why he had come—here, of all places. But I think I know now why he came. He came to fight down his disgrace, to work out his salvation in the very hardest spot of all. It is characteristic of him. He is brave, and proud, and—yes, stubborn, I suppose—and perhaps quixotic. He was always like that. But, Judge Copeland, in spite of everything, things we can neither of us understand and probably never shall, I know that Ephraim Nye is a good man. I *know* he is!"

He had been listening, but still in that listless, absent way. Now, however, he looked up. "You know?" he repeated. "Why—what do you know?"

"I mean I know he is. I feel that he is. In spite of everything, I feel it. Of course it is different with you. You were here when that dreadful thing happened. Your sister——"

He interrupted sharply. "Don't!" he cried.

"I won't. I understand. But do let me say this: When I think of him as I used to know him, as I used to see him in the hospital with the poor sick people, and as I have seen him here since, during the typhoid, and with your daughter and with Tom—why, it seems impossible to believe that he ever committed a dishonest act. He is the soul of honor—he *is!* There are times when I can't believe that he ever did that thing. Oh, I know—I know what you will say. It is the truth, I suppose; he admitted it, so——"

Judge Copeland's arm shot forward and gripped her wrist. "Stop!" he ordered. "For Heaven's sake don't say that again! *It* isn't the truth. It is a lie. He did not take that church money."

She shrank away from him. "Why—why, Judge Copeland!" she gasped. "Are you—you must be——"

"I am not insane. Last night when he told me, I—I thought at first that he was. But he wasn't. I may be—I feel almost as if I should soon be. But it is the truth—He did not take it. His wife—my sister—took it. And he went to—to prison for her."

He dropped her wrist and stood there, shaking from head to foot. She gazed at him horror-stricken. He was the first to recover.

"I don't know why I told you this," he burst forth. "I don't. I shouldn't have done it. He ordered me not to. But I had to—I felt as if— I *am* insane! I must be. Won't you go? Won't you go now, please?"

But she shook her head. She was as pale as he and almost as greatly agitated, but she remained where she was.

"No," she cried. "No, Judge Copeland. If what you say is true— Oh, but it can't be!"

"It is. Don't ask any more. Go, please."

"No, I can't go. You must tell me the rest. You *must*. Do you understand? I must hear the rest—all of it."

He stumbled to the armchair and sank into it. "Very well," he sighed. "Perhaps you must. I have told you so much—you may as well hear it all. Sit down. I'll tell you."

She did not sit. She remained standing. He told a portion of the story which the doctor had told him, told it briefly, and without emphasis or comment.

"There!" he said, in conclusion, "that is all. Now you know."

She was silent. He sighed, wearily. "You must not mention this to any one," he said. "He doesn't want it told. It is his secret, I suppose. He mustn't know that I have told you. I don't know why I did tell you."

She said nothing. Slowly she turned to the door. There

"'BETTER GO TO-NIGHT, MATILDA,' HE URGED. 'THEN, IF I WANT TO GO CLAMMIN' THIS AFTERNOON, I CAN LEAVE MY RUBBER BOOTS IN THE PARLOR AND SLEEP EASY'"

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she turned again. "You are sure?" she faltered. "The proof——?"

"There is proof enough, if I needed it. But I don't. I know it is true. It explains things."

She nodded. "Yes," she said, slowly. "Yes—it does. Good-by, Judge Copeland. I am very sorry for you."

She went away. The chauffeur opened the car door for her and she ordered him to drive to her own home.

"I shall be there a little while," she said. "Then you will take me back to Doctor Nye's."

She could not go to his house at once. She felt that she must be alone and think. She could not meet him yet. She was overwhelmed, conscience-stricken. She—*she* had believed him guilty. She who should have known should have known——

These were her thoughts. But there was another, another which kept intruding, shouldering aside all the rest. He had sacrificed his freedom, the honor of his name, his future, for that other woman —for Fanny Copeland.

How—oh, *how* he must have loved her!

Yes, that was the thought which returned the oftenest, which carried with it the deepest sting. Her own sense of unworthiness, of bitter shame, of humiliation—these were crushing, but, somehow, their pangs she could bear because with them was the sense of joy in his vindication, of glory in the thing he had done. But this—the conviction, the certain knowledge that his love for his dead wife had been so great as to inspire such sacrifice—it was torture.

She had long since ceased —or thought she had —to be jealous of Fanny Copeland. She had even forgiven her the part she had played in separating Ephraim Nye and herself. She was to blame for that—she, Katherine Minot. If she had not yielded to a mistaken sense of duty to her parents, if she had not permitted petty misunderstanding to help in that yielding, if she had been wise enough and strong enough to understand that he, too, had a duty to perform—then the separation might never have been. She did not—she could not—blame this other woman for loving him and for fighting for him. She blamed herself for not carrying on the battle, for permitting anything—circumstance, misunderstanding, pride, a rival's scheming—to come between them.

She had not resented his marrying. She, too, had married. But, somehow or other, she had never felt that his marriage, more than hers, was a love-match. She had married because—well, because her parents had so urgently wished it, and because of a feeling of indifference—as if, having thrown away that which might have made life worth while, nothing else mattered greatly. And, without any real reason, she had believed that he had been similarly reckless and indifferent.

HER life with her husband had not been happy. After the first few months he had gone his way and she hers. They had little in common; there were no children, and she was glad of that. During the last year or two before his death he had been with her very little. And when he died her grief was not keen. She had wealth and health and youth, she traveled much, and then, at last, had come to Ostable to make her home there. But always that feeling of indifference remained. She had her life to live, but she was not greatly interested in life. The interest which might have been was gone—she had thrown it away.

She heard of Nye's crime and imprisonment with horror, and at first with absolute disbelief. Then when she learned of its truth, that he had confessed his guilt, forced to believe, she still found excuses for him. She thought she understood, in a measure. He was poor; his wife had been frivolous and, no doubt, extravagant. The same feelings of recklessness and indifference which were her own had led him into debt and its consequence.

Then they met again, there at North Ostable. Since then she had seen him often. He had been hard and bitter and, at times, almost rude to her, but she paid little heed to this. She thought she understood. It was his pride, and his determination not to permit her name to be smirched, not to permit it to be coupled with his. He had said so, and more than once. And she had been equally determined to shower herself his friend, to let him see that she still believed in him, to aid him in his fight for self-respect and in forcing respect from the community which had seen him disgraced.

Further than this she had not analyzed her own feelings. Now they needed no analysis. She realized that she was more deeply in love with him than ever, had never ceased to love him, and had deceived herself with the belief that he had never ceased to love her—had actually never loved any one else.

And that morning she had been undeceived, had learned that his disgrace and imprisonment had been a voluntary offering on his part for the sake of that other. He had loved his wife, after all—had loved her so devotedly that he would not deign to save his own honor by sacrificing hers.

She remembered now what Fanny had told her in the letter she had written. She did not believe it then; she was forced to believe it now. They had loved each other, those two, and she—Katherine—had been the interloper, the casual distraction. The jealousy returned—she hated Fanny Copeland. Alive, she had merely disliked her; now, dead, she hated her. And, with the hate, was the sense of shame and abasement. She had been unworthy. Ephraim Nye had been great and splendid and wonderful —and she whose belief in his integrity should never have been shaken, who should have known him incapable of dishonor or dishonesty, had accepted his silence as an admission of guilt. He knew she had so accepted it—that was the worst of all. It put a new interpretation upon his bitterness and coldness toward her. She was unworthy, and he knew it.

But now he must know that she also had come to know it. She would—she must—confess it all to him, that she had learned his secret, what she thought of the splendor of his bravery and sacrifice—and, ah, what she was thinking of her own weak lack of faith.

And then she would go away. At once—and for a time indeterminate. Go somewhere—as far from Ostable and from him as railways or ships could take her. Living, Fanny Copeland had won him from her; dead, hers still was the victory.

OLD ELLEN WITHERSPOON

BY MARTHA KELLER

OLD Ellen Witherspoon walks in the dawn.
She runs to the gate of her sunshiny lawn,
And, flinging a kiss to the wind in the lane,
She waves, and she smiles, and she turns back again.
She loved no man—and no man sued.
Old Ellen Witherspoon never was wooed.

Old Ellen Witherspoon sits in the sun
Every clear day when her cleaning is done;
Sews in the shade of her mulberry-tree,
Digs in her garden, and smiles at the sea;
Dreams of a man neither living nor dead.
Old Ellen Witherspoon never was wed.

Old Ellen Witherspoon walks in the night,
Flouting the shadows and mocking the light.
She leans on the wind as the arm of a man,
She fondles the air, and she flirts with her fan—
Nobody knows it, she's shyer than most;
But old Ellen Witherspoon kisses a ghost.

These were the conclusions she reached, thinking there alone in her room, with the Winter sunshine streaming in at the window. She would go to him at once and tell him. She would leave his house that very day. But first she must find some one, some capable woman, who could take her place as a companion for Faith.

It was then she remembered hearing Henry Payson—or was it Captain Bearse—say that Mrs. Hopkins had come back to her house. Matilda Hopkins would be exactly the sort of woman to take that place. Faith liked her, Doctor Nye liked her; she was sensible and capable and good-natured and kind. She would go and see her—she would go at once.

Matilda was not at home when she reached the Bearse house. Captain Mark was, however, and he asked her to come in and wait.

"Matilda's gone down to the store," he explained. "She took the car and went cruisin' on her own hook. Come in where it's warm and wait for her, Mrs. Powell. What's the news down your way? How's Eph? He and I ain't had any checkers for a consider'ble spell. I've missed 'em."

She told him that all was going well at the Dillingham house. Then she announced the errand which had brought her there. Did the captain think his sister might be willing to take her place as companion to Faith Copeland?

"It will be for only a few days," she explained. "Not more than a week, at the most. Mr. Stone is so much better now that he will soon need no nurses. I promised Judge Copeland that Faith should not be left alone there; that is all. Perhaps you may not like to have your sister run away and leave you again, Captain Bearse. She has only just returned from nursing some one else, I understand."

Captain Mark grinned. "That's all right," he declared. "Since that typhoid fever struck town I've got so used to bein' my own cook and steward that I feel kind of queer to have anybody else in the galley. And Matilda's been makin' so many—hum—what you might call personal remarks about the way that galley's been kept since she's been away that I didn't know but either I'd have to jump overboard or she would. You see, she comes home sort of unexpected and I hadn't had a chance to swab decks. She's been scrubbin' and sputterin' ever since. If she goes to Doctor Eph's we'll both have a rest, won't we? But why are you leavin' there, Mrs. Powell? Aren't sick, are you?"

"Oh, no!"

"Sure? Seems to me you look kind of—well, peaked and pulin', as my grandmother used to say. I never knew exactly what 'pulin'' meant, and I don't know's I know yet. If it isn't all right I apologize. But you do look sick, or tired, or somethin', this mornin'; that's a fact."

She smiled faintly. "Perhaps I am tired," she said. "I am thinking of going away—for a rest."

"I want to know! Travelin', you mean?"

"It may be. I am not sure where I shall go."

He could see that she was not inclined to talk, and so they sat in silence for a few moments. Then she spoke.

"Captain Bearse," she said, "you have always been a stanch friend of Doctor Nye's, haven't you?"

He looked at her in some surprise. "Yes," he replied. "Why?"

"Oh, I was thinking; that is all. You were his friend all through that dreadful time when—when——"

"When the church money was taken? Yes, I was."

"And—and afterward. When he was in prison."

"Sartin. Why not?"

"Oh, you would! You should, of course. Please don't think I meant anything else."

He was frowning slightly. This was the subject upon which Mark Bearse was touchiest.

"I was his friend then," he said, crisply, "just the same as I am now, and that is as much as he'll let me be. I would have been more if I could. That was when he needed friends."

"Yes. Yes, I know it. Captain Bearse, your sister, Mrs. Hopkins, once said something which led me to think you had always been doubtful of—of——"

"Of what? Of Eph Nye's stealin' that money?"

"Why—yes. Your sister said——"

"I don't know what she said. And I don't care. I never had any doubts at all."

"Oh! Oh, I must have misunderstood. I thought——"

"Maybe you are misunderstandin' now. I never doubted that he didn't steal it. I know he didn't."

She caught her breath quickly. "You know he didn't!" she repeated. *You* know it?"

"Eh? Yes, I know it. What makes you ask it that way? Anybody with common sense ought to have known it, anybody that knew him."

She did not speak; she did not dare trust herself to do so. Possibly he misinterpreted her silence, for he went on.

"I know darned well he didn't take it," he reiterated, savagely. "Hum. Well, I beg your pardon for swearin', Mrs. Powell, but that thing makes me hot. My glory! when I think of—But there! I've been over a whole lot of this world, wet or dry. I've met all kinds of folks, afloat or ashore, bossed 'em and been bossed and worked 'em and worked for 'em and with 'em. A sea captain has to learn to pick men and judge 'em—he *has* to. I always said I could tell a crook after I'd known him a fortnit. And I've known Eph Nye ever since he was a boy. Look here, Mrs. Powell, a fish can't sing hymns, can it? No, by glory, it can't! because it ain't framed up to sing. And Ephraim Nye couldn't steal. He *couldn't*. He ain't built that way. Whew! I didn't mean to holler. I know you aren't deaf. Excuse me."

SHE was regarding him with a curious expression; there was—if he had known it—admiration and shame and envy in that look. She sighed.

"You *are* a friend, Captain Bearse," she declared. "A real friend. I am glad for you."

"Glad for me? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that the consciousness of having been a true friend, faithful always, is a wonderful possession, something to be proud of and grateful for. You have it, and I am glad for you."

He nodded. "Well," he said, slowly, "I don't know's I ought to brag about it. Maybe I shouldn't take too much credit. I have known Eph better than most folks. At that time I knew more of his feelin's—and about, well, about some of his private affairs. I knew some things that even he didn't know I knew—and he doesn't know yet, so far as that goes."

Mrs. Powell was looking at him intently. "Captain Bearse," she asked, "I don't think I understand what you meant by Doctor Nye's private affairs? What sort of private affairs? His home life, did you mean?"

Captain Mark seemed uneasy. "Oh—er—nothin' 'special, I guess," he said. "Nothin' that— Hello!" with an exclamation of relief, "here's Matilda!"

Mrs. Hopkins entered the house in a triumphant mood. Her greeting of the visitor was cordial, but rather perfunctory. When told of Katherine's errand Mrs. Hopkins thought it over and then admitted that she presumed likely she could spend the next few days at the Dillingham house, if her presence there would help Faith.

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"I can go now as well as a week from now," she added. "I've only just begun to clear up after leavin' him here alone before, and the dirt he can stir up in another six or eight days won't show much on top of the first layer. I'll come, Mrs. Powell; this evenin' if I can—to-morrow mornin', anyhow."

Captain Mark offered a suggestion. "Better go to-night, Matilda," he urged. "Then, if I want to go clammin' this afternoon, I can leave my rubber boots in the parlor and sleep easy."

Doctor Nye was out when Katherine returned to the Dillingham house. Faith was in the sitting-room, reading aloud to Tom. Katherine did not interrupt them. She did not feel equal to the strain of further conversation just then. Her fixed determination to leave that house—and Ostable—had carried her through the call at the Bearse home, but now the reaction had come and she wanted to be alone again. She must plan a little. There were business matters to be attended to; they were not urgent, but they would serve as an excuse for going away. Faith, nor Tom, nor any one else, must catch a hint of the real reason. Ephraim might perhaps surmise her motive, but she would never admit it, even to him. If she were more brave, or strong-minded, she might have stayed on a little longer and pretended—but she had never been convincing in make-believe.

Yet already her feelings had changed a bit. Her resentment against Fanny Copeland had abated. She was no longer so bitterly jealous of the dead woman. Her husband had loved her. There was nothing strange in this—nothing unheard of or beyond credulity. She—Katherine—had deceived herself, that was all. She had married without a great love, but he had not. His love had been great indeed. It had been faithful unto death—and beyond.

She was the one who had not been faithful. Even Mark Bearse had scornfully refused to dream of Ephraim Nye's guilt. After all her thinking it was her own sense of unworthiness which remained, that and the revelation of his love and the sacrifice he had made because of it.

FAITH came hurrying up the stairs. Her eyes were shining. "Oh, Mrs. Powell!" she cried. "I didn't hear you come in. Henry told me you were here. I—I have something to tell you. But what is it? What is the matter? Are you sick?"

"No. No, Faith. I have a—a headache; that is all."

It was a well-worn excuse, but it served. Faith was too greatly excited to be suspicious. "What is it you have to tell me?" asked Katherine.

"It is about father. I don't know what it means. Perhaps—perhaps it doesn't mean anything, but—oh, I am sure it does! Uncle Eph said—he said——"

"Yes, Faith."

"He said me this morning that—well, it doesn't sound like anything important at all. It was more the way he said it, I think. And you know he doesn't say things without a reason, does he?"

"No. What did he say?"

"He said—he said for me not to be discouraged about father's attitude toward Tom. It was going to change, he felt sure of it, and everything would end just as we wanted it. I asked him why he was sure, and if anything had happened to make him feel that way. He wouldn't say, but he told me to stop worrying. Father was not going to die, he said, and everything was going to be all right. Now, *what* did he mean?"

Katherine could have told her what he meant, but she did not, of course. Beyond assuring her that she shared the doctor's belief in the ultimate all-rightness and that Faith must be hopeful and dismiss her worry, she said little on that subject. She did, however, speak of her intention of going away.

"I have heard—I have received some news to-day which makes it seem best for me to go," she said. "I am sorry to leave you and Tom, of course, but I have arranged for Mrs. Hopkins to come in my place. Tom is so much better that he will be able to go home in another week, I think. And perhaps before that time your father will have changed his mind. Oh, I know you can't believe that, but Doctor Nye must have meant something. He must have had some reason for speaking so confidently. Trust him, Faith."

"I do. I always do. And I know Tom trusts him absolutely. He is so—so straightforward and honest and sincere. Mrs. Powell, doesn't it seem annoying to you, now that we have come to know him so well—doesn't it seem—oh, impossible that he could have done the thing people say he did? Of course, he did do it, but— What is it? Oh, your head, of course! I'm so sorry. I have been selfish. I mustn't trouble you any more now. And I am awfully sorry you are going away. I shall see you again before you leave and you must tell me all about it, where you are going and when you are coming back. You will be back soon, won't you? We can't, any of us, do without you."

Katherine did not come down to dinner. She heard Nye's voice, and was fearful that he might come up to prescribe for her headache. She wanted to see him; she must see him and tell him of her discovery, but she could not do it yet. Later in the afternoon, when they were alone and she had mustered courage for the ordeal, she would watch for an opportunity.

He did not come up. Faith had expressed the opinion that Mrs. Powell was asleep and so he did not disturb her.

The opportunity came about five o'clock. The doctor was alone when she came down to the dining-room. Faith was with Tom; Margaret was in the kitchen; Henry was in the barn cleaning the automobile. Ephraim was sitting by his favorite north window, a book in his lap. He had done little reading during the months past; he had been far too busy for that. He was not reading now. He was looking out of the window. The prospect upon which he looked was as forbidding as it always was. Katherine, catching a glimpse of it over his shoulder, thought it almost as blank and brown as her future.

He turned and saw her standing there. Their eyes met. He rose.

"What is it?" he asked, hurriedly. "Your head——"

She interrupted. "No," she said quickly. "I am well—physically. Please don't ask—or speak to me now. I have something to say to you first, and—and I must say it while we are alone."

He did speak, however. He had been thinking, and he spoke his thought.

"You are going away," he said. "Faith told me. Where are you going?"

She shook her head. "I don't know exactly. I shall go to Boston first. Then—oh, but that doesn't matter! That isn't what I want to say to you."

"But why are you going?"

"I have business—some affairs which need attention. But that doesn't matter, either. Ephraim, I *know*."

He looked at her. He was grave and there were lines between his brows and about his mouth. As he looked those lines deepened.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean I know—everything. Judge Copeland told me."

He was silent for an instant. Then: "What did he tell you?" he demanded.

"Everything—the whole story. I went to him this morning, hoping to induce him not to insist on Faith's going away with him. I found him dreadfully shaken. He said he was almost crazy; he looked it. He told me of your coming there last night. Then he told me all that you had told him. He told me the truth about—about the church money—and your wife."

Doctor Nye caught his breath sharply. "No!" he cried. "Good Heavens! He *must* be crazy."

"He was not—not really. He told me what you told him."

"Oh! And he promised me. Did you believe it?"

"Ephraim!" reproachfully. "Of course I believed it. Why—I knew it was true. The horrible part of it is that I ever believed you were—were——"

"Hush! The liar! I told him never to tell a soul. He promised——"

"He had to tell. Of course he did. And I don't think he really meant to tell, either. He had been there, in that room, all night, thinking of nothing else. When I came, and mentioned your name, he told me. He could not help it. Don't blame him too much, Ephraim. He is suffering dreadfully."

"Blame him! I could kill him."

"No, he isn't to blame. You see, the thought of what you did for—for her—his sister, and of how he had treated you—the things he had said and done—it was the realization of all this which forced him to tell me. Oh, I know—I know! I have been thinking the same thoughts myself. They are dreadful. You must forgive him, Ephraim, if you can. There are others you can never forgive."

He said nothing. He was not looking at her now, but at the wall beyond. And there was no hint of forgiveness for Daniel Copeland in his expression.

"You will forgive him, Ephraim," she went on. "You will, by and by, after you have had time to realize what he is suffering. I know it, I say, because I have been suffering too. But I am not asking you to forgive me. Oh, no!"

He answered without looking at her. "Forgive you?" he repeated. "For what?"

"For what? You know. For ever permitting myself to dream that you were anything but what I know you to be, the most honorable man that ever lived. I don't offer any excuses; there aren't any. They told me you had taken that money and I wouldn't believe. When the letters came, still I wouldn't believe. Then, when I read in the papers they sent—when I read the accounts of the trial, that you did not deny, that you admitted the check was yours, I—I——"

"You did believe. Of course you did. I meant for you to—you and the rest of the world. You are not to blame for that. Good Heavens, no!"

"Oh, yes, I am. Knowing you, I should have remembered and never believed. But I didn't understand then, as I do now. I did not know that you were doing it for her sake. I did not, somehow, dream of that."

"Why should you? There! that is enough. Don't say any more about it. But, as for Dan Copeland——"

"He did the right thing. And he will never tell any one else; I am sure of that."

"I will take care that he doesn't."

"He won't. He said he was your secret, if you wished it to be. But it should be told. I should like to tell it from one end of Ostable to the other. They ought to know—those narrow, bigoted, self-righteous people, that the man they have——"

He broke in. "You will tell no one," he commanded. "Katherine, do you understand? You will tell no one."

"I know. And I understand. It is for the sake of her name—your wife's honor, I know. And of course I shall not tell. Ephraim, what a wonderful love yours was! It is the thought which has been uppermost in my mind ever since Judge Copeland told me. How you must have loved your wife!"

He made no comment. His face had settled into the maskilike rigidity which it had worn so habitually when he first returned to Ostable and which it had worn less frequently of late.

"I wanted to tell you this," went on Katherine. "I wanted you to know that I knew, that I understand at last, and that I am glad to understand. Not only that you were always what I should have known you to be, the very soul of honor, but that you loved your wife with a love great and wonderful enough to inspire such a sacrifice. No, don't say any more to me now. I—I— You can imagine my feelings. You are what you are, and I—I am not fit to be on the same earth with you. But we have been friends, haven't we? You can never forgive me for my lost faith. I don't expect that; I shall never forgive myself. But I am proud to have been your friend. Good-by, Ephraim."

He turned now and looked at her. "You are going—now?" he asked.

"I am going home. Mrs. Hopkins will be here to-night. If she shouldn't come, and I am needed, I will come back and stay until to-morrow. But I am going to leave Ostable in a few days. It is best."

"You are going—because of this? There is no other reason? This business of yours——"

She knew what he was thinking, what he was about to say—and she interrupted. "Oh, yes, I have business in the city; I really have," she declared. "I am not going away because of this, not entirely. And I shall come back, of course—later on. But just now—oh, Ephraim, can't you understand? I must go for a little while. I can't stay here. I feel— You must know how I feel. I am going. It is best."

He turned and stood, for a moment, looking out of the window. Then he spoke. "Yes," he said, slowly, "perhaps it is. I have told you many times that you should never have come to this house. As for forgiveness from me to you, that is absurd. You believed exactly what I intended every one to believe. As for friendship—well, I appreciate yours; be sure of that. Probably we shall see each other again before you leave town."

"Perhaps. And I shall keep your secret, even tho I think it ought to be published abroad. You may depend upon me."

He smiled faintly. "I have depended upon you for much," he said.

KATHERINE walked home alone. She had intended telephoning for her car, but she did not do it. The darkness of the early Winter evening had set in and the weather was chill and disagreeable, but she did not mind. The bitter loneliness of it fitted with her mood. The brisk exercise was a help and the push against the cutting wind a temporary distraction. She walked rapidly, hoping to meet no one. Her hope was realized. It was suppertime and North Ostable's ways were deserted.

It was not until she was within a half-mile of her destination that she heard the roar of a heavy car on the road behind. Its lights illumined the way and threw her shadow far ahead. The car overtook her, then drew to a standstill. It was the Copeland limousine, and the Copeland chauffeur opened its door and spoke.

"Mrs. Powell?" he said.

"Yes," she answered.

"I have been down to the Dillingham place looking for you. They told me you had gone home. Won't you get in and let me take you the rest of the way?"

"No, thank you. I am enjoying the walk. But why were you looking for me?"

"The judge sent you a note. Here it is."

She took the envelop mechanically. What could Judge Copeland wish to see her about—now? Certainly she did not wish to see him, nor any one else.

"Is there any answer?" she asked.

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

Many Stars of the First Magnitude Twinkle in This Sixth and Closing Instalment of a Notable Series

BY SAMUEL GOLDWYN

AUTHOR'S NOTE—I want to acknowledge the co-operation of Miss Corinne Lowe in the preparation of these articles. But for her enthusiasm, her patience, and her splendid co-operation given me in every way, this series could never have been written.
SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

I ACCOMPANIED Schenck to the Rivoli to see his fiancée on the screen, and I was very forcibly struck with the beauty and talent of Miss Norma Talmadge.

"Very lovely—very gifted," was my verdict as we left the theater.

"Isn't she, tho?" he responded eagerly. "I tell you that girl is bound to go far." He hesitated for a moment, and then turning toward me abruptly he asked, "How about it, Sam? Wouldn't you like to have her for your company? She'd come with you for a thousand a week."

I shook my head. "I'm sorry, Joe," I replied, "but you know what the situation is. It's the big name that counts nowadays, and Miss Talmadge, beautiful and talented as she is, hasn't enough fame for a man trying to put over a new company. But why don't you try Zukor? He's better established and could afford to take a chance."

"No," answered he, "I might as well tell you that he's turned her down already."

This dialog was destined to be an illuminating comment upon both my competitor and myself. In refusing to heed the knock of Opportunity we both lost many thousands of dollars. Indeed, I might as well admit here, in these annals of a life so crowded with errors of judgment, that in my case Opportunity was lenient. Once again, a year or so after this episode, she again knocked at my door. And once again I was deaf to the golden visitor.

On this second occasion Schenck, who had in the meanwhile married Miss Talmadge, came to me with a proposition.

"Sam," announced he, "I've started producing Norma's pictures and of course I realize that I'm not so awfully experienced. Now, what I want to know is this: Won't you let her work over in your studio and get the benefit of your advice? If you do I'll give you twenty-five per cent. of the receipts of her pictures."

I hesitated for a moment and then I told him I didn't see my way clear to any such arrangement. I was too busy, I explained, to give her the attention meriting any such returns.

Nowadays in looking down the long road over which I have come I often pause at this point. For I realize to-day that had I accepted this offer I should have made enough to balance many costly experiments.

The realization of my blunder came to me not long afterward when I was dining with Schenck at his home. After dinner we sat talking together in the living-room, and it must have been almost midnight when the door flung open and Miss Talmadge stood before us. Her eyes were shining with excitement; the cheeks above the fur collar of her gorgeous evening wrap were the color of a Jacqueminot rose. Never in all my life have I seen a more vivid apparition of beautiful, victorious youth.

There was only a second for me to record that impression, for Miss Talmadge just hesitated there on the threshold, and then with a tumultuous gesture she threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, Daddy," she cried, clinging to him and looking up into his eyes, "I could hardly wait until I got home to tell you! They all said I drew bigger crowds than Clara Kimball Young. Think of it! Oh, isn't it just too wonderful! I'm the happiest girl in the world."

I had heard from Joe previously that his wife was making personal appearances that evening at the Loew theaters; but I was certainly as unprepared for the result as was the heroine of the incident herself. For in those days the beautiful Clara Kimball Young was one of the most popular women on the screen, and the announcement that she was going to make a personal appearance at any New York theater was almost equivalent to calling out the police reserves.

But, struck as I was by the professional significance of her speech, I was even more impressed by its personal bearing. It was so evident—Miss Talmadge's eagerness to share any triumph with her husband—she was so exactly like a child returning to its home with the ten gilt stars won from her recitations in geography or history — that all later memories of her are overshadowed by this one touching revelation of the real Norma Talmadge.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

PRETTY ELSIE FERGUSON BRIGHTENS AN OCCASION

NORMA TALMADGE. "WHOSE GLOWING ATTRIBUTES HAVE SO ENRICHED SCREEN ART"

To understand the woman whose glowing attributes have so enriched screen art you must think of her, not as a single figure, but as part of a pattern. True, her career is the most brilliant thread in this tapestry, but it is dependent for its brilliance and effect upon the some-what less glittering but equally firm threads of its background and intermingling figures. The fabric of which I speak is family life. This includes not only Miss Talmadge's husband, but her mother and two sisters. They would appear as a unit in any field of endeavor, but, as it happens, pictures have supplied the hand weaving them into their fixed and arresting design.

As a very young child, so Schenck has told me, Norma displayed her histrionic gifts. The talent was promptly encouraged by her mother, and it was undoubtedly due to Mrs. Talmadge's influence that her eldest daughter entered the employ of the old Vitagraph Company. Unlike many others whose names have added luster to the screen, Miss Talmadge was never an extra performer. At the very first she was given a small part. Yet at this time she was a girl in her early teens. Young as she was, however, she contrived to have a sister even younger. This sister, Constance, used to come to the studio with her almost every day and, wide-eyed over the importance of her more mature relative, would fasten Norma's frock and help her put on her make-up. At last this career of self-effacement was rewarded by a chance for more individual enterprise. Constance became an extra in the Vitagraph studios.

On the part of neither Norma nor Constance is there any effort to suppress these humble days from the stranger's consciousness. Quite the contrary. Once they were dining at the Ritz with a friend of mine who has decidedly less command of this world's resources than have the Talmadge girls.

"Oh, how wonderful!" exclaimed this friend. "Think of being able to order like you, Norma,—without ever looking at the expense side of the menu!"

Miss Talmadge laughed merrily.

"Well," she retorted, "it hasn't always been like this, has it, Constance? Remember the old Vitagraph days when we always had to eat inside a quarter? It wasn't a question with us of soup to nuts, but of soup or nuts."

I happened to be at a dance several years ago which was attended by both the sisters. Norma Talmadge took that evening only a few turns about the room. Constance, on the other hand, danced every number. I myself was lucky enough to benefit by this protracted exercise and as I did so I caught over Constance's shoulder the eyes of Norma following her sister's figure through the ebb and flow of dancers. The quality of that glance will always linger with me. Why, indeed, should it not? For here she was—young, beautiful, an idol of the screen—and she was surveying this sister only a few years younger with the fond, admiring glance which some dowager might bestow on one of the younger generation.

My interest was so piqued by this manner of the self-appointed wallflower that I asked a close friend of the Talmadges if this were a habitual attitude of Norma's.

"Oh, dear, yes!" replied she. "Norma's always like that. Very seldom do you find her dancing more than a few times an evening. What she just loves is to think of Constance as the belle of the ball."

"And how about Natalie?" I asked.

"Indeed, yes. Norma and Constance are as devoted to her as they are to each other, and they all three unite in worshiping their mother."

"A close corporation," I commented. "Yet Buster Keaton and Joe Schenck seem to come in for almost as high dividends as the original stockholders."

"Of course," assented my informer, "a Talmadge in-law is all right so long as he is also an in-picture. For you've got to remember that pictures are the leading interest of the whole family. In fact, I think that was largely the trouble between Constance and her husband. He was not only outside the profession, but I understand that he objected to Constance going on with her work on the screen."

GLORIA SWANSON AT HER FOLDING WRITING-DESK. A CHRISTMAS GIFT. HER RÔLE IN AN ELINOR GLYN PLAY BROUGHT HER WIDE AND ENVIABLE FAME

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I have been told by those who have worked with Miss Norma Talmadge on the set that, in contrast to her sister Constance, who is exceedingly even-tempered, she displays many of the characteristics popularly associated with a great emotional actress. Gusts of impatience followed immediately by the most radiant, sunshiny laughter; flurries of annoyance; ripples of amusement—these are the manifestations of a nature which, in the words of one admirer, is "as big and sweet as all outdoors."

Thoroughly consistent with such a nature is Miss Talmadge's type of generosity. This functions more conspicuously through some concrete human appeal than through official solicitation. Testimony to this is offered by a letter from Joe Schenck to a friend of mine.

The letter, written by Schenck while he and Miss Talmadge were on a recent visit to Germany, records how Norma was followed by a beggar in the streets of Berlin.

Old and emaciated and dirty, he fell on his knees before the radiant young American and begged her for help. Miss Talmadge thereupon emptied the entire contents of her purse into his hands. "It was a nice little gift," commented Miss Talmadge in reporting the incident to her husband, "but it made me happy to do it, for I never saw a human being so grateful as he was."

"And how much did you happen to have in your bag?" questioned her husband.

"Oh, it was all of a thousand marks," answered she.

Her husband rocked with merriment. "And do you realize that you gave him all of twenty-five cents?" he said.

Miss Talmadge, so Schenck wrote, was aghast at this disclosure of her cramped style in benevolence.

"And, pressed as she was for time," he concluded, "nothing would do but that she should go out early the next morning and hunt the fellow she had wronged by her twenty-five-cent donation. When she did find him—believe me, he got something real."

From a being so swayed by the claim of the moment—being, too, so young and beautiful—you would predict perhaps a less stable domestic situation. Mr. Schenck, one of the finest men I have ever known, is some years older than his wife and, in addition to this, he is what is known as a practical type. Yet Miss Talmadge's devotion to him is one of the salients in her life. The evening when she could hardly wait to tell him of her triumph over Clara Kimball Young is, indeed, indicative of her whole attitude. Everything, both in pictures and out, is talked over with Mr. Schenck, and her manner when she is with him reflects always that deep content which an emotional nature feels often in stability.

Yet Mr. Schenck represents much more than a mooring for this brilliant personality. Remembering his efforts in her professional behalf from the moment when he so proudly showed me that bracelet on his office desk; acquainted, too, with the absolute devotion which he has subsequently given to her career, I often wonder how it would have fared with Miss Talmadge had this element in her life been lacking. Certainly she would have risen by sheer force of her talent and her beauty and her enthusiasm without any such concentrated interest. But I very much doubt if her ascent would have been either so swift or so dazzling had this one great constructive force been absent.

It is a far cry from the greatest emotional actress of the films to one of the world's most infectious comedians. Yet I have set aside chronological considerations in order to save for last my recollections of a man whose comedy touches brightened the Goldwyn lot almost as much as they did the Goldwyn screen.

It was Rex Beach and I who brought Will Rogers into pictures. After our approach he confided to us that he had been somewhat mystified by the delayed recognition of his talents on the part of the picture world.

"I used to think it was funny," said he in his own inimitable way. "Here motion-pictures were booming along. They were getting all trained dogs and trained cats and grand-opera singers and everybody in the world but me. I couldn't make it out, and now after all these years you fellows have come to."

Rogers still loves to dwell on these fictitious pangs of a slighted talent, and he always adds:

"Well, there was a movement on foot for making fewer and worse pictures and so they hired me."

NAZIMOVA EXPRESSED THE HOPE THAT "THE GREAT ACTRESS MAY FIND GREAT STORIES"

MADGE KENNEDY, "THAN WHOM WE HAVE NO SWEETER CHARACTER OF STAGE OR SCREEN"

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

ONE OF THE EARLIER SCREEN BEAUTIES —CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Certainly if his coming into picture activities was the result of any such urge, we were wofully misled. For his "Jubilo" was one of the best pictures ever produced by the Goldwyn Company.

Around his selection for the chief character of this story Will weaves one of his choicest monologs. "Sam had bought a tramp story," he relates, "and he was looking around the lot one day for somebody who could play the tramp. Well, he happened to see me in my street clothes and he said, 'There is the very fellow to play the tramp!' Of course," he adds, "I love to play a tramp—you can act so natural and never have to dress for it."

Whether this story is historically correct or not it does bring out one of Will's claims to distinction in the Hollywood community. An old slouch hat pulled down over his eyes and some kind of nondescript trousers uncreased as a child's brow—this is his inveterate costume. Clad in this wise, he used to stand around the Goldwyn lawn and, surrounded by a crowd of cowboys and extras, would amuse himself by throwing the lariat at our "Keep off the Grass" signs.

The reader may imagine what a personality like this did for a studio somewhat overcharged with the artistic temperament. Temperament itself seemed to find relief in those droll remarks with which Rogers meets almost every issue of the day. Numerous times I saw Miss Farrar and Miss Frederick talking with the comedian, and both gave every sign of an unshadowed enjoyment in his conversation. It was one of the two, I think, who asked Will one day whether he liked pictures as well as he did the stage.

"Oh, sure," drawled he with the unsmiling face which always makes his verbal twist the more irresistible. "Why, up to the time I went into pictures I had never annoyed more than one audience at a time. This is the only business in the world where you can sit out front and applaud yourself. Now I was getting to that place on the stage where that feature appealed to me."

Incidentally, one of Rogers's most amusing memories of the stage implicates Miss Farrar. I shall let him sketch this with his own pungency of style. "I made one picture 'Doubling for Romeo,'" he relates. "The reason we made it was that we could use the same costumes that Miss Geraldine Farrar and a friend of hers (at that time) had worn in some costume pictures—all these Shakespearian tights and everything. I don't say this egotistically, but I wore Geraldine's."

There may be those in the screen world who are overridden by emotions, who are played upon by gusts of alternate personal attraction and repulsion. Not so, Rogers. He is essentially a home man, and the first thing he did when he came to Hollywood was to invest the savings of years in a house for his family. This residence of Bill's is on Beverly Hills, and its location imposed upon its owner a heavy social responsibility.

"You know," I heard him telling somebody the other day, "my principal occupation in California is not making pictures—it is official guide. I live on the same hill as Uncle Doug and Aunt Mary—only I live much lower down the hill than they do—in fact, I live at the foot of the hill in a swamp. It's right at the fork of two streets, and all I do all day long is to tell tourists where Mary Pickford lives. I will be out in the yard going through my daily work—maybe licking my second leg—when some Iowa car will drive up and say, 'Can you tell us where Mary Pickford lives?' So I stand and point it out—just point and say, 'Mary Pickford lives right up there.'

"You want to know why I came back to the stage for a while—why, just to get a rest. I was so tired pointing. Now, I have played for every charity affair that was ever held in Los Angeles and their people are very appreciative, so when I die they are going to give me a benefit and take the money and erect a statue of me with the arm pointing toward Mary's and a sign on it, 'Mary Pickford lives right up there.'"

There is nothing waspish about Rogers's fun-making. Such a quality of humor as his implies, in fact, a true sense of life's values, a very wise and mellow spirit. Nothing shows this more clearly than a communication I received from him not very long ago.

"Dear Sam," it read, "when you first announced that you were going to write this book of memoirs I must say it didn't create much of a stir in movie circles till they learned what memoirs were. Then when they found it meant truths, everybody, including myself, commenced to get leery and wondered if you were going to remember *everything*. Now, I don't know what you are going to put into this catalog of yours, but I do hope for the salvation of the Infant Industry you don't tell all—especially not what some of my pictures grossed.

"But if you've got to say something about me, say this—they were the two happiest years of my life that I spent on the old Goldwyn lot. We

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WILL ROGERS, A FOUNTAIN OF DROLLERY

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, IN HER SISTER NORMA'S EYES "THE BELLE OF THE BALL"

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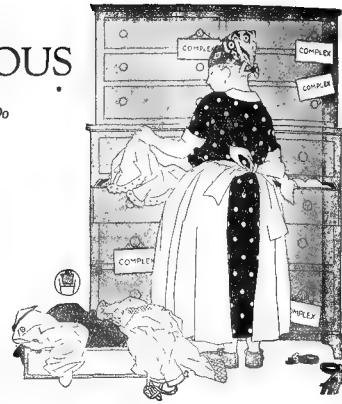
The FASHIONABLE SUBCONSCIOUS

What This Strange Side of Our Mind, That Never Sleeps, Has to Do with Our Nerves, Our Happiness—Our Character Itself

BY ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

CARTOONS BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE



"THE SUBCONSCIOUS LOVES TO TRANSFER A COMPLEX FROM ONE DRAWER TO ANOTHER"

EDITOR'S NOTE—In sparkling vein, yet with all reverence toward the momentous issues of character and life involved, Mrs. Kelly here opens to the novice the significance of the more important phases of the subconscious mind as taught by the foremost authorities. The beginner will find this a "painless" and thoroughly enjoyable approach to the study of psychoanalysis.

IT WOULD be impossible, of course, for a mere amateur with her pen in hand and her note-book open to do more than barely introduce the tremendous, the immemorial subject of the subconscious mind. But when people ask, as a devoted young mother of my acquaintance did ask recently, "Oh, do you think it is wicked for me to let my baby boy love me so much?"—then one does yearn to voice a protest against this fad of misguided dabbling in a science which should be entered soberly, reverently, in the fear of God, and with the aid of the soundest, sanest, healthiest minds that ever devoted themselves to the cause of learning—say, William James, Boris Sidis, Baudoin, Bergson, a dozen others, rather than the opportunists who seize this wide-spread interest in matters psychological to appeal to the pornographic latent in many decent natures—thereby, incidentally, revealing not a few morbid complexes of their own.

Freud himself, whose contribution to science has been tremendous, would doubtless admit that his erotic, neurotic delvings into the pathological brain are strong meat for any but very well-balanced and non-pathological students. I am not talking about real students, of course, or to them. They will and must seek what they want anywhere, taking their chances. I am talking about people like the majority of us, intelligent folk who flatter ourselves that we keep abreast of the thought of the day, and like to have the latest books on our library table, even if the leaves are not always cut.

Most of the amateurs who go in for psychology nowadays are in search of nerve-panaceas—for nerves at least are not, and alas! can not be, relegated to the scientists (who are usually too busy to bother with them); and the subconscious appears to have a great deal to do with nerves. In fact, everything.

Nerves have definite classifications, familiar enough nowadays: anxiety-neuroses, phobias, obsessions, compulsions, ordinary blues, also our old friend hysterics, an alteration of personality (according to William James) so close to insanity, by the way, that if temperamental persons realized it, they would be more careful about indulging themselves in this favorite sport. Each time we yield to one of these forms of nerves, we are beating down a track to follow the next time there is an emotion that wants to get out; and there are usually a few emotions tugging at the leash.

Of these tracks the subconscious is full, some beaten there by our ancestors, others being beaten now for our descendants — a terrific thought for mother-people! But non-mothers have a full share in the mischief, too, and in the good; for emotions are "catching" even more than they are inheritable—as witness a theater panic, also the never-to-be forgotten heroisms of the *Titanic*. I believe that one little Jewish woman who gave up her place in one of the boats and stood smiling hand in hand with her husband as the great ship went down, sent a courage-vibration through the world that has not been lost since, even in the cross-currents and counter currents of the late War.

The subconscious, particularly the young subconscious, registers everything, not only what we do ourselves, but what we see, hear, feel; so that altho we are literally self-made, one realizes also the almost terrible importance of early association, and of choosing one's ancestors wisely. A little late, you say, to be thinking of that? Yes—if we were not by way of becoming possible ancestors ourselves.

The suggestibility of the subconscious is a thing the amateur fails to take into account in his casual pseudo-study. Physicians do, of course. No wise physician suggests ailments to his patients by asking questions—he listens. He knows that medical books have caused many a thriving ailment. And his bedside manner is far more important than his medicines; that seems agreed. We do not need words to communicate with one another—in fact, words sometimes dull communication. Who is it that said language was given to us for the purpose of concealing thought?

As for suggestion—we practise this unawares every day. A good hostess, for instance, by her welcome, her cordiality, her own ease, persuades her guests that they are having so good a time that the quality of the food, service, etc., does not matter—an inestimable gift in these days of the domestic problem. But one has to enter into the part thoroughly. If you welcome your guests with the lips and not with the heart, be sure their subconsciouses know it and register it for future reference.

Certain psychologists (G. Stanley Hall and others) mention that the human mind is like an iceberg floating about with nine-tenths of it submerged—subject to the control of deep currents which often carry it counter to the obvious direction of the winds—and only one-tenth visible. Queer relics are to be found embedded in the unseen nine-tenths of that iceberg, incredible instincts left over from the days when we were thrown up out of the deep as jellyfish, and managed to roll ourselves a little farther out on the beach than our fellows, thus developing the limbs and antennæ of animals instead of the roots of the less energetic and enterprising vegetables; left over, too, I like to think, from an even older time, when we may have been merely little thoughts of God hovering about on wings, till it was time to take our part in the world of matter. For if you look into your own mind you find there God-instincts as well as protoplasm-instincts. Why dwell on one kind more than the other? Unless they trouble us—and then we begin to have "nerves." And then it is just as well to ask for help, more from psychologists than from physicians; tho the best physicians are very apt to be psychologists, too.

This subconscious we hear so much about nowadays has been well defined as "the place where we keep our instincts" (Jackson and Salisbury, "Outwitting Our Nerves"); and as character is simply a matter of what we do with our instincts, and health also is very largely a matter of what we do with our instincts, it is well to examine the instincts thoroughly, without fear or favor—above all, to give them a fighting chance.

We did not choose them—they have been thrust upon us; partly as race-memories, partly as back-door impressions, slipping in unawares, in sleep, perhaps (by the way, we can not be too careful what we say before sleeping children—the ears do not sleep necessarily because the consciousness does). Or we may have got certain impressions out of the tail of the eye. Have you ever tried the familiar experiment of looking straight in front of you and noting how much you are aware of that you do not quite see—the picture almost behind you, curtains at the rear of the room, and so forth?

These impressions appear on what is called "the fringe of consciousness," and it gives the subconscious much material to make into instincts. This physical fringe of consciousness has its mental counterpart, which makes it possible for us, as we often say, to "know a thing without being told," and to know it accurately. One may indeed wonder how in all this mass of impressions the subconscious is able to put its finger on what it needs, as it does constantly, without some sort of a card-index system. And that is where the "complexes" come in—a word indispensable to the vocabulary, now that we are herding ourselves together, after our naive American custom, to pursue this new form of culture in bands.

Association, brain-paths, nerve-ends, unite all our impressions and instincts into groups, which are called complexes.[1] We often deliberately make use of this trick of the subconscious when we try to recall some forgotten thing by recalling circumstances connected with it. More often the clue comes unsought. A whiff of lilac, for instance, may bring back complete some day out of our youth, some place or voice or touch long lost to us, yet never lost.

"A WHIFF OF LILAC MAY BRING BACK SOME PLACE OR VOICE OR TOUCH LONG LOST"

COMPLEXES make a lot of trouble in our lives, but they are great conservers of happiness as well. I once watched a man on his death-bed—a very painful death-bed it should have been, yet was not, because he took us in his long delirium through many scenes of what must have been rather a wonderful inner life; beyond all human aid, he was buoyed up and carried over the very edge, as on strong wings, by the memories and sympathies and appreciations he had accumulated during his life-journey.

I realized then as never before the true value of those much-abused words, good birth and good breeding. That man was a gentleman; his very instincts were gently born, he had chosen his emotions finely. For tho this subconscious of ours takes in and retains everything, no matter how indigestible, there is nevertheless in each of us a certain selective entity, call it the soul, the ego, the will, or merely the taste, as you choose, that decides which of our complexes and instincts shall be allowed to dictate our conduct, and which shall not. If it is true that "as a man thinks, so is he," it is equally true that as a man acts, so becomes he, even unto the third or fourth generation. God is not mocked.

The struggle between conscience and complexes, however, is sometimes a sharp one, and thereby hangs a tale. Of course there are healthy complexes—Doctors Jackson and Salisbury, in their fine major key, remind us that all education is a matter of forming healthy complexes. But usually when people talk guardedly about their complexes, they mean the inhibiting, abnormal ones, which they are both ashamed of and pleased with; like symptoms. Who is so strong-minded as not to enjoy his symptoms? As in the negro song, these complex-collectors are "so bad they're scared of themselves." The wholesome, constructive complexes are quite ignored while they go paddling about in this fascinating new-found subconscious like children in a mud-puddle, excited and horrified by their own exceeding muddiness.

One young bride who was about to have a baby said to me recently, "Do you know, I'm afraid to go to sleep for fear I'll dream things?"

"What sort of things?" I asked, rather alarmed, for

[1] Frink's definition of the complex: "A complex is a system of connected ideas, having a strong emotional tone, and displaying a tendency to produce or influence thought and action in a definite and predetermined direction."

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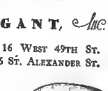

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

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"Yes'm, I guess the judge expected one."

By the blaze of the car's headlight she read the note. It was brief, and the hand which had written it was unsteady. The writing was a pathetic caricature of Daniel Copeland's usual dignified and precise chirography. He wished to see her for a few moments and preferred to do so alone.

"It is a private matter," he wrote, "and, for your sake as well as mine, I think no one except ourselves should know of it. Could you make it convenient to come to my house about eight-thirty this evening? If so I shall be glad to send my car and driver. I shall not keep you long. Please don't speak to any one of your coming."

She read this puzzling communication through. "Tell Judge Copeland that I expect to be at my own house this evening," she said. "I shall be glad to see him there, or, if he prefers and will send word by you, I will call on him."

The chauffeur nodded, said good night, and the limousine rolled away. Katherine continued her walk, the Copeland note crushed in her glove. For the time being this new riddle displaced the thoughts which had been hers, and was therefore welcome. She tried to imagine what the "private matter" might be, a matter which, for her sake as well as the judge's, was so great a secret that no one must know of their interview.

For her sake! Why for hers? She could think of nothing which she and Judge Copeland had in common—nothing except Faith's love-affair and the knowledge of Doctor Nye's sacrifice. Perhaps—it was possible—Copeland had repented of having told her the story of his sister's guilt, and wished to plead again for her silence concerning it. That might be. But what did he mean by "for your sake as well as mine"?

The cook, Margaret Brady, was still at the Nye house, but the other servants had remained at the little cottage during their mistress's absence. Her evening meal was ready when she arrived, but she ate little of it. By this time the mystery of the Copeland note was almost forgotten. She tried to center her thoughts upon other things, upon the packing which must be done, upon plans for the closing of the house, upon a program for the future. It was useless. She could think only of Ephraim Nye, his love, his sacrifice, and her own awakening and humiliation. What she should do, where she should go—these questions did not interest her. She did not care.

IT WAS only a few minutes after eight when the maid announced Judge Copeland. He came into the library and, at her invitation, sat wearily down. His wretchedness caused her to forget her own, for the moment. "Are you feeling worse?" she asked, quickly.

He shook his head. "No," he said. "No worse. I am very tired and my nerves are no better after this last shock. I am going away soon. At least, I suppose I must. I haven't given myself or my plans much thought as yet, Mrs. Powell, since your call—since I told you of—told you what Doctor Nye told me. I have had another—well, revelation. It was that which I came to speak to you about. I called it a private matter. It is, very private, and very personal—to me, and, I think, to you."

He stopped, and from his pocketbook took an envelop, bearing a name. She was silent, waiting. He went on.

"In our talk—it seems a year ago, but of course it was only this morning, you mentioned—I think you mentioned having known Ephraim Nye in Boston, before your marriage, when he was at the hospital there. You said that, didn't you?"

She nodded. "Yes," she said.

"Your name then was Katherine Minot, wasn't it?"

"Yes. But I don't remember telling you that."

"Perhaps not. I am not sure. But it was Katherine Minot? Yes. Mrs. Powell, when Doctor Nye was at my house last night he left this letter. It is a letter to me from his wife—my sister."

He told, briefly, of Nye's finding the letter in his wife's desk after her death, of his leaving it for thirteen years in charge of a friend, of his final delivery of it into his—Copeland's—hands.

"A part of the letter," he continued, "is—is—well, no one must see it but myself. It is—perhaps you can imagine what it is. She thought—she expected to die, and she wrote me the whole truth. She was weak and sick and in terrible trouble and she told me everything. She and I were very dear to each other, perhaps even more so than most brothers and sisters, and so—Excuse me, I can't talk about that."

She turned away, as much to hide her own emotion as to avoid seeing his. After an interval he went on. "That part of her letter is for me only. But there is another part that concerns you."

"Concerns *me*?"

"Yes. And I have reached the conclusion that you should see it. I don't know, of course—I am not presuming to—I— But I feel that you should see it. Here it is. No, don't read it until I have gone. After you have read it I should like you to return it to me. You have my permission to show it to one other person, if you think best. If you don't, I probably shall, for she wished me to. I think that is all, Mrs. Powell. Good night."

"But, Judge Copeland, I can't see—I don't know what you mean."

"Perhaps you will understand when you read it. Good night."

She accompanied him to the door, but neither spoke again. She came back to the library. The envelop lay upon the table where he had left it. It contained a number of closely written sheets of notepaper. She sat down and began to read.

She read on to the end, not to the end of the letter itself—that the judge had not left with her—but to the foot of the last page. Then she leaned back in her chair, the sheets of paper in her lap, and sat very still. After a time she took them up and reread them, slowly and carefully. At the end of this second reading she could not have told all she had read—her brain seemed to be incapable of comprehending clearly just then—but certain paragraphs stood out in her memory.

These were some of them:

"I love him dearly, but he doesn't really love me. I have always known it, altho he does not know I know and would feel dreadfully if he thought I did. No husband could have been kinder or more faithful or devoted than he has been. He is wonderfully good to me, so very much better than I deserve, but it is because he thinks it his duty, not because he really loves me. He loves that other woman; Katherine Minot her name was when he knew her. She married a man named Powell afterward. . . . .

"I knew he loved her when we first met there at the hospital. They were engaged, I am sure, altho it was not announced, and he has never said so. I made up my mind she shouldn't have him and that I would. I planned for that. I made her think he and I had always been very fond of each other. I wrote her a letter and told her so. I told her a lot of things; lies they were, but I didn't care. I meant to have him and that she shouldn't. I am sorry now, but I guess I should do it all over again if I were going to live and she came between us. But I am going to tell myself rather than go to prison, and I want him to know. And if he still wants her and she wants him I shan't be in the way. I can't bear to think of any one else having him, but I do want him to be happy. I owe him that, and ever and ever so much more. This isn't the first time I have taken things, and he has forgiven me and paid for them, and gone on being good to me." . . . .

"But he doesn't love me and he does love her even yet. I know it. Once, when he was away, I was going through that old-fashioned desk in his study and I found a secret drawer. He had never told me it was there. And in it were a lot of her letters to him and her photograph. I wanted to burn them, but I was afraid to. It was just after one of those times when I had been in trouble, the same kind as this but not as hopeless, and he had paid the bill even tho it took everything he had saved. I was afraid if he found I had burned the letters and the photograph he would stop pretending and tell me what he really thought of me. So I said nothing, and we both went on pretending." . . . .

"It is no use pretending now, for I am going to die and get away from it all. But I want him to know. And, if it were possible, I should want her to know, too. Then they might marry, if they wanted to, I suppose. Of course they can't, for she is married to that Powell man. Perhaps she could get a divorce, tho that is ridiculous to think of. I am saying a lot of silly things, but I am almost crazy, and when you read this I shall be dead."

"But I want him to know and, if possible, I want her to know. He doesn't love me and he never has loved me. He loves her and always will. I don't deserve his love, for I lied and schemed to get him from her and I am a thief and a wicked woman. Now perhaps she will have him, after all. No, she won't, because she is married already. I am glad of that, too. But I want you to tell about it, Dan, and I want them to know. *I want you to tell them.*" . . . .

"Perhaps it is because I have spoiled his life and know that he must *hate* me, altho he is always so good to me, and never hints at such a feeling—perhaps that has helped to make me wicked and careless. I wish I could think that, but I am afraid it isn't true. I always was reckless and wanted things and didn't care very much how I got them. Well, I wanted him and I got him. He mustn't hate me because she had thrown him over and he was reckless, himself, just then. I practically made him marry me. Yes, I did. This is the *truth.*" . . . .

"But he loves her still and he has never, *never* loved me." . . . .

KATHERINE read the letter for the third time. It was so weak and childish and pitiable. It was like an uncompromising photograph revealing frivolous, shallow, unbalanced Fanny Copeland as she was. All feelings of hatred and jealousy vanished, and pity took their place. She was as she read. But her tears were not all sad ones; she was crying, too, from sheer happiness.

For a long time she sat there in the

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

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library, thinking. When she rose from the chair it was with a fixed determination. She knew what she should do. Her own life and his had been wrecked—yes; but not beyond salvage.

DOWN at the Dillingham place breakfast was over. Mrs. Hopkins had come the night before and she was now in the kitchen, helping Mrs. Brady by washing the dishes. Not that help was needed, nor even expected nor desired, but because wherever dishes were to be washed Matilda automatically took charge.

"You've got your dinner to think about," she told the cook. "Go ahead down-town and do your marketin' or whatever else you want to do. I'll attend to things here. Yes, I will, too. Land sakes! I've got to do *something*, and I'm precious sure I ain't wanted in the sittin'-room. I stayed in there for ten minutes and neither Tom Stone nor Faith Copeland spoke a word to me except when I spoke to them. All they did was sit and look at each other. I don't know how they felt, but I know how they looked, and I came to the conclusion that two idiots in one room was enough. They don't need me. Mercy on us! I doubt if they even knew when I came out."

Doctor Nye was in the dining-room, reading the *Evening Transcript*. Pressure upon him had relaxed a bit, and it was no longer necessary for him to rush from the house at daylight and remain away until after nightfall. He was reading, or trying to read, and finding it hard work. Thinking, however, was an unprofitable game, and he had played it until he knew he must play it no longer. His thoughts interfered with his sleep and his meals, and he was sufficiently skilled in his profession to realize that brain and nerves must rest. They must. So he tried to rest them by reading the news, but he found himself arriving at the foot of a column with very slight comprehension of the lines his eyes had followed.

Henry Ward Beecher Payson entered at the side door. He had a bottle in his hand and a broad grin upon his face.

"Here's them bitters from the drug-store," announced Henry Payson. "That stuff for Tom, I mean. I frogged it up town and back just as easy as slidin' downhill, Doctor Eph. The old leg's just as good as it ever was. Them Boston folks you sent it to done a good job. Never'd know it had been busted, hardly, you wouldn't. I wish Bluey would heave in sight so's I could show it to him. Don't know's I won't go to meetin' Sunday so's folks can see how spry I get along on it. Don't squeak nuther, the way it used to. I wish Bluey *could* see it."

The doctor looked up. "You don't expect to find him by going to church, do you?" he inquired.

No-o, not scurcely. I've heard tell where he is, tho. I see Bill Everdean t'other day. I ain't run across him afore since the night of the water-works time. He's been shovelin' sand along with the gang that's deepenin' Stone's Crick and layin' them new big pipes for the Improvement Company. Bill tells me Bluey's in what you might call a little mite of trouble. Seems he made some new kind of—of—temperance drink, made it out of feed-corn and raisins and yeast and molasses and—or essence of peppermint and bay rum and one thing or 'nother, and——"

"Temperance drink, did you call it?" broke in Nye.

"Well, I don't hardly cal'late Bluey intended it to be that, but it turned out kind of disapp'intin', so Bill says. Anyhow, Bluey got so much of it tryin' to get results that it made him sick. He's over to the hospital at Wapatomac, and all he eats is milk toast. Ain't that awful? Milk! For Bluey Batchelder!"

"Was that what you were laughing about when you came in just now?"

"No. I was laughin' on account of Althy Bemis. She spotted me comin' by with that bottle of bitters and she looked at it so everlastin' suspicious that I had to stop and tell her about it. He, he! Oh, dear!"

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her she mustn't say nothin' about it to anybody, but 'twas a little drop of somethin' I was gettin' on the sly for Mr. Drew—the minister, you know. I told her Mr. Drew had been kind of disapp'inted with the last couple of sociables they'd had at the meetin'-house—they'd been kind of dull, you understand—and 'twas his notion that if what was in that bottle was poured into the lemonade 'twould sort of liven things up, so you might say. He, he, he! That's what I told her."

"I see. Well, what did she say?"

"She said consider'ble many things. Wanted to know if I knew where folks that told such wicked, scandalous stories as that went to. I told her that if the yarn was true one of 'em would go to the next sociable. She bounced into the house then with all her feathers on end. She's a kind of a comfort to me sometimes, Althy is. And then there's other times when she ain't."

He put the bottle on the table and lingered a moment by the door. "Goin' out pretty soon, Doctor Eph?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"I see. Yes, yes. Well, I'll have the car ready. Where you goin'? Up to see that new Portygee baby, that Rose bud, I presume likely, eh? Heard tell 'twas pretty puny fust along. Is it all right again?"

"Yes. Firmly grafted to the family tree now, I should say."

Henry seemed to ponder. "They didn't say nothin', none of 'em, about payin' your bill, did they?" he asked, with sarcastic emphasis.

"No."

"I thought not. 'Grafted to the family tree.' Huh! I guess 'grafted' is the right word. Well, I'll be out to the barn, Doctor Eph. Sing out when you want me."

He departed. The doctor, left alone, relighted his pipe and, finding further perusal of the paper unalluring, gazed absently through the narrow, wavy-glassed panes of the north window.

The outer door opened. "Why—Mrs. Powell!" he exclaimed, rising. And then, as he saw her face, he added, quickly, "Katherine, what is it? Why have you come back?"

She closed the door carefully behind her. Then she glanced at the other doors of the room.

"I came to see you, Ephraim," she said, in a low tone. "I want to speak with you alone. May I?"

He nodded. "Yes," he said. "No one will interrupt us here, I think. Mrs. Hopkins is busy in the kitchen and Faith is with Tom. But what is wrong? Why have you come back?"

She smiled. She was a little pale and her eyes looked as if she had slept but little. But her smile was bright.

"Nothing is wrong," she replied. "That is why I have come back—because I hope everything is to be right at last. Ephraim, I want to talk seriously with you. Very seriously and very frankly and, I think, very sensibly. Will you be just as frank and sensible in your part of our talk?"

He did not answer on the instant. He was studying her expression, the light in her eyes and the odd quiver at the corners of her lips. She seemed excited, and a little fearful, and yet very determined.

"Will you?" she repeated.

"Ye-es. I will try to be. But——"

"Wait. It isn't your turn to speak. You must hear me now. First, Ephraim, I am going to hurt you. I am."

He shrugged. "You sound like the dentist," he observed.

She was too much in earnest to heed the pleasantry. "Ephraim," she went on, "last evening after I reached home I had another call from Judge Copeland. He brought me a letter—a part of a letter—which he wished me to read. He said you had left it with him the night before. It is the letter you kept hidden so long, the one your wife wrote to him just before she died."

He could scarcely believe it. "He brought that letter to you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Not the whole, but a part of it. The part which concerned me. He felt that I should read it. Ephraim——"

"Wait! You say—The part which concerned you? Why should her letter concern you?"

"It did. It concerned me deeply. It concerns both of us. He told me I might show it to you, if I thought best. Here it is. When you read it you will understand what I mean."

SHE handed him the envelop bearing Judge Copeland's name. He opened it. She rose and walked hurriedly to the window looking upon the yard. She heard the sheets of paper rustle as he read them, one after the other. It was a long time—or it seemed very long to her—before he spoke. "Well?" he said at last.

She came back to her chair by the table. He was sitting there, the letter in his hand. He, too, was pale now, but his face was calm and expressionless. Her own eyes were wet and her voice shook as she leaned toward him and began the plea she had come there to make.

"You have read it?" she asked. "All of it?"

He nodded.

"Then you understand why Judge Copeland wished me to read it. You see why it concerns me. When I read it I—I can't tell you what my feelings were. Perhaps you can imagine them. At first I cried. It was so pitiful. I was so sorry for her. Then I began to think of myself—and I was very happy."

He did not speak. She went on. "When I first heard—when the judge told me of what she did, and of what you did, I—I was miserable. I was glad to know it, of course. Wonderfully glad, and happy for you. But I was wretched when I thought of my own weakness and lack of faith. I told you that yesterday. But the thing which made me most wretched I did not tell you. That was the conviction which came with it, the thought that you had sacrificed your name and honor and future because of your great love for her. You see—you see, it made it plain—or I thought it did—that you must always have loved her and never really loved me at all. And now I know, Ephraim, is what she has written true? Is it?"

He was silent.

"Is it?" she repeated. "I must know. I have a right to know. You must answer me."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

So much in favor during these August days

For the lighter repasts, which now so often suggest themselves, the woman of fine discernment turns quite naturally and frequently to Libby's Meat Delicacies and Condiments.

Libby's Corned Beef, for instance, chilled and served sliced with a salad of Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple and cucumbers; or Libby's Vienna Sausages, baked quickly in scooped-out tomatoes, are to the summer table delightfully appropriate.

While Libby's Mustard, she finds, gives a piquant accent to a great variety of simple dishes; and Libby's Sweet Pickles, crisp and of refreshing flavor, intrigue the most jaded summer appetite.

Here, indeed, is such surpassing goodness as one discerns in all the other Libby foods—meat delicacies, fruits, vegetables and condiments.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 308 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

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Send for interesting free recipe booklet, "Meats Prepared While the Kettle Boils."

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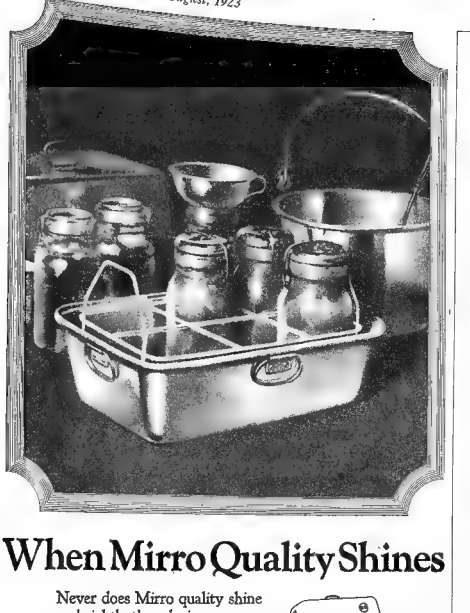

When Mirro Quality Shines

Never does Mirro quality shine more brightly than during preserving time. Then aluminum is ideal and Mirro is the ideal aluminum.

Heating with even intensity all over, Mirro speeds evaporation and prevents loss of flavor from too-long cooking. Unaffected by acids, it insures bright jellies and vegetables free from discoloration.

The versatile Mirro Roaster does the cold-pack canning in the most approved manner. The big kettle which has made the soups and tendered the pot roasts proves that Mirro designers knew preserving when they named it a preserving kettle. The Mirro accessories —measuring cup, ladle, funnel—do their work with equal expertness.

Every day in the year Mirro quality is ready to serve you just as well. Mirro has the unmatched durability of pure, *thick* aluminum, toughened and hardened by rolling under eight tons' pressure. Mirro utensils hold shape, resist scratching and denting, and retain a hard, smooth polish that means easy cleaning.

You will not think beautiful Mirro expensive when you price it and you will know it is economical before you have used it long.

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Canner and Roaster in One

These features make the Mirro Roaster ideal for the various uses to which roasters are being put by up-to-date housewives.

1 Easily holds six one-quart jars. Ample depth for any roast.

2 Cover fits snugly, retaining steam pressure as demanded in cold-pack canning. This saves fuel, too.

3 Depressed cover condenses steam at center so drippings fall directly on roast.

4 Perforated tray has cut-out corner for gravy basting with spoon.

5 Extra side handle, convenient when roaster is placed in oven sideways.

6 Air vents in side and front.

7 Rounded corners and tightly rolled edges make cleaning easy.

Note: The Mirro cold-pack canning rack fits the Mirro roaster (see small illustration). It is sold separately, not being a regular part of the roaster.

Send for Complimentary Booklet—

"Modern Canning and Preserving"

A post card request will bring you, free, a useful Mirro booklet, "Modern Canning and Preserving," containing valuable suggestions and recipes for canning and preserving.

MIRRO

The Finest Aluminum

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

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He frowned. And when he answered he did not meet her look.

"It makes no difference, that part of it," he said. "Copeland should never have shown you the letter. I shall have some things to say to him when we meet."

"No. And he did right. You know he did. It was my letter, as well as his, and yours. She asked him to tell me. She understood. And it does make a difference, all the difference on earth. You must tell me whether or not what she says is true, *Hare* you always loved me and no one else? I ask it because—because I have always loved you. And no one else—really—at all."

She could not see his face; he kept it turned from her. She waited. Then he heard her sob.

He looked at her now, and, reaching across the table, laid his hand on hers. "Don't, Katherine," he begged. "For both our sakes—don't. I wish all this had not happened. Oh, I don't mean that I wish you had not said—what you did say just then. I—I am glad and proud and—all that. It seems quite unbelievable that you should still care for a fellow like me—"

"Care! I have always cared. Always!"

"Yes, I know you wouldn't say it if it weren't true. But that doesn't make it less unbelievable. And, it it is a satisfaction to you —altho it seems as if you could need no assurance from me—I will say yes to your question. What this letter says is true enough. Indeed it is!"

"Oh! And all those years you had not forgotten—"

"Forgotten! But there, my dear, what difference does it make? Our lives—mine, at any rate—are ruined."

"No, they are not."

"Mine is. You have yours left—or the larger part of it, and there is no reason why you should not be happy. But I must go on as I am. No one, except you and Dan, will ever know the true story. That is absolutely settled. I shall insist on Copeland's burning this letter. I shall continue my fight here in Ostable. Nothing can be a great comfort to me—and—yes, I suppose to you. But that is all. All!"

She shook her head. "No," she cried, "it is not all. Ephraim, you and I made up our minds when we discussed Faith and Tom that their love-story should not be spoiled. We said—I heard you say—that it should not be. Nothing else matter ed beside their happiness, you said. But what about our own love-story? Should that *be* wrecked?"

"It is wrecked already, long ago."

"It isn't. You are not old. Neither am I. We have—you just said so—the greater part of our lives to live. Why shouldn't we live them together?"

He gazed at her. Then he sighed. "Katherine," he said, "I think I must be— Do I understand that you—"

"I am proposing marriage," she broke in. Then, with a faint smile, she added, "Oh, yes, I am aware that it is unusual, the woman's doing the proposing, but we should grow accustomed to unusual happenings, you and I. I have been considering this for hours and hours. And I have made up my mind that I will *not* permit my happiness to be taken from me again. I won't. We are both sensible people. You love me—and I love you. You are going to marry me, Ephraim."

HE SIGHED again. "Truly, Katherine," he said, "I think you must be dreaming. Have you really considered at all? Can't you see that I have I care for you more than anything on earth—or elsewhere —that I must not marry you? Think for a minute. I am the town jailbird. I always shall be. I am poor. I always shall be. I mean to live my life here in this village. You are rich and highly respected—"

"Wait! Then it is again a question of names—and trifles like that. You want to sacrifice yourself once more to save a woman's name. It is becoming a habit with you, Ephraim. Suppose I were poor, what then?"

"But you are not, you see."

"I could give my money away. That would be difficult, even in North Ostable. And I should be merely taking my turn at sacrificing. But I am not going to be so foolish. And you are going to be foolish again. I am willing—more than willing—to live here as the wife of Doctor Nye. It will make me happy—very happy indeed. Forget yourself and think of me. Don't you want me to be happy?"

"It is because I want you to be happy that I will not consider such a thing."

"Will you marry me, Ephraim?"

"No."

"You are not very polite. This is the first time I ever proposed. You won't—even tho I beg you to?"

"No, Katherine."

She rose. "Then I am going to tell every one the truth," she declared. "I shall tell them the whole story. That you are not a—a thief, that you never were, that you are just a stubborn, unreasonable man who pretended to be guilty for the sake of a wife he did not love. That's what I shall tell them."

"What! You'll do nothing of the kind, Katherine, where— For Heaven's sake!"

He started toward her, but it was too late. She was at the door of the sitting-room and she opened it.

"Faith," she called, "will you come out here a moment? I have something to tell you."

He stared at her aghast. She merely smiled. Then she crossed to the door of the kitchen and called Mrs. Hopkins. The latter entered the dining-room, broom in hand. Faith was already there

"Faith," said Katherine, calmly, "I want you and Mrs Hopkins to hear something I have to tell. It is important—very."

Doctor Nye's face was white. He stretched a shaking hand toward her.

"Katherine," he pleaded, "if you have any regard—"

"Hush! Oh, here is Henry! He can hear it, too. Faith, and Mrs Hopkins, and Henry, I am going to surprize you Doctor Nye and I are engaged to be married. Congratulate us, please."

MISS ALTHEA BEMIS had grown thin. No, that statement should not be permitted to stand. It is not adequate. To those acquainted with the lady it would convey little meaning. It is like saying that the overalls worn, while at work, by Henry Ward Beecher Payson were not new. So far as that goes, they were not new when he bought them. Now, after their seventh season of wear, they were much less so. It is, you see, a question of degree. So with Miss Althea's face and figure; this they had always been, but now they were thinner.

It was one excitement after another which had worn Miss Bemis down. North Ostable had for long borne the reputation of a hamlet where nothing happened. Beginning with the fateful day three and a half years before, when Doctor Ephraim Bassett Nye rode up to the gate of the old Dillingham place in the seat of Zeke Cahoon's buggy, North Ostable had become the community where many things had already happened and more might be expected.

And through it all Althea had been privileged to occupy a seat in the front row, center. Doctor Nye, her pastor, her neighbor, had fluttered back to settle directly across the road. Faith Copeland's new car had gone to smash under her very eyes. Tom Stone had begun his courtship there. She had seen Judge Copeland stride with angry importance up the Dillingham walk and stride forth again angrier than ever. She had watched Mrs. Christopher Powell's calls and visits. She had witnessed Henry Ward Beecher Payson's disgraceful horse-comings.

And she had enjoyed it all. Even in the midst of the typhoid epidemic, when there was at least a chance that she, too, might contract the disease, she had found a thrill in occupying that front seat, and in leaving it to carry reports of each day's performance to the eager ears at sewing-circle, prayer-meeting, or post-office. The curtains of her parlor windows were shabby now, and she was thinner, but she had had, and was still having, a glorious time. And the end was not yet.

So, on the morning when, so rumor said, Tom Stone—able to be up and to walk a very little—was to leave the Nye house and be taken to his father's home, Miss Bemis was early in her orchestra chair. This must not be taken as meaning that she was idling. She distinctly was not. Mr. Payson once scornfully observed that he call'ated Althy must have worn a path from her kitchen to her parlor window. This morning she had trodden that path many times. When she saw Mr. Shubal Bush saunter up Bayberry Lane and linger by her front fence, she hurriedly donned coat and hat and went out to chat fence.

They exchanged good mornings. Shubal explained that he was just goin' along down street to see about a job that he was thinkin' o' takin' and he just stopped a minute to light his pipe. Althea countered with the excuse that she was just goin' to run over to the bakery to ask the time, because her clock had stopped and she had set it by guess. She ran no farther, nor did Mr. Bush continue down street. Instead they remained where they were and talked.

"I understand the doctor's goin' to lose his steady boarder some time this forenoon," suggested Shubal.

"Guess I'm to lose one of 'em, I guess," agreed Althea.

"Humph! I presume likely the others won't stay very long after he goes. Tain't likely Faith'll be hangin' round, not with her beau somewheres else. Don't think she loves her uncle Eph so much as that comes to. I guess the judge'll have her out of *that* shanty afore the day's over. I should think he would. Has he been down to see her lately?"

"He was down last night. He looks pretty feeble and sore, the judge does. And no wonder. After all that dreadful disappointment about his water company, then comes this."

"They tell me the water's all right now. It ought to be; the company's spent money enough."

"Yes. But it isn't that. I guess Judge Copeland would have bore up under that, no matter what it cost. It's his daughter's takin' up with Cyrenus Stone's son that's

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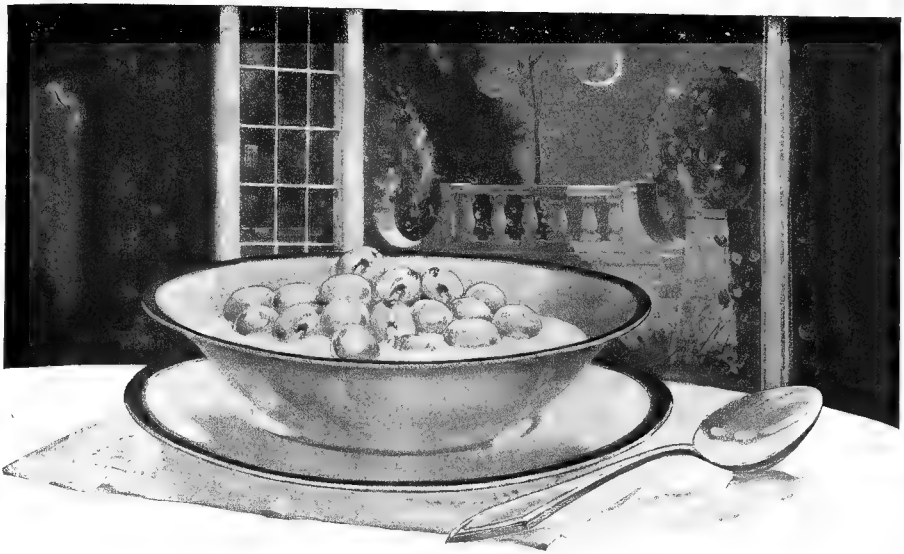

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which millions now enjoy—invented by Professor Anderson

Consider how much Puffed Wheat means to you and yours in summer.

Here are wheat grains steam exploded. They are puffed to airy globules, 8 times normal size. Each grain is a food confection, flaky, crisp and flavory.

They make the milk dish so delightful that children eat milk in abundance. And they should.

Steam exploded grains

These grains are steam exploded. They are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot, over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus the food cells are broken for easy digestion. This is the best-cooked wheat food in existence. That's why Puffed Wheat is so ideal at night.

Minerals—vitamines—bran

Puffed Wheat supplies 12 needed minerals, including calcium, iron and phosphorus. Countless children suffer for too little of some.

It supplies the bran, so essential to good health. The milk and wheat supply the vitamines—all three. Whole wheat and milk are two foods children should eat in plenty. Here they are made more inviting than they ever were before.

Think how tempting

Think of wheat grains puffed to gigantic size, as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

Have them ever handy. Serve for luncheons and suppers, between meals and at bedtime. If you think whole wheat and whole milk good for children, make them tempting in this ideal way.

They Add to Berries
what crust adds to pie

Mix Puffed Rice in every dish of fruit. It will make the dish doubly delightful. It adds as much as a flaky crust adds to a berry shortcake.

Quaker
Puffed Wheat

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Quaker
Puffed Rice

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It wasn't easy to tell him

BARTON faced an unpleasant job that morning. As sales manager it became his duty to speak to one of his men—an ambitious man, yet unsuccessful on a subject almost universally avoided by everyone.

There was something about this man that was holding him back—some invisible something that became a silent indictment against him and seemed to offset every other admirable quality he had in his favor.

Repeatedly it stood between him and an excellent order. And the pity of it all was that the man himself was utterly unaware of what his handicap was.

Of course, it wasn't an easy thing for Barton to tell him. But the sales manager had studied and observed his man, had found the cause and then, fortunately, had the courage to tell him.

Almost immediately the results showed. Within sixty days this salesman's orders doubled—then tripled!

It had been a hard jolt at the time but it did him a lot of good.

* * * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

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broke him down. Poor soul! I declare if it doesn't seem wicked! A fine, rich, Christian man like him havin' this piled on his head. What is it the Bible says? Somethin' about an ungrateful child bein' sharper than a snake's teeth. And it's so, too."

Mr. Bush leaned a bit more heavily upon the fence rail. "They tell me," he said, "that Judge Copeland says he is perfectly satisfied with her marryin' Tom."

Miss Bemis sniffed. "What else can he do?" she demanded. "When you've got to take bitters you might as well make believe it's lemonade. But it's bitters for him, just the same. If I was he I'd never forgive Ephraim Nye in *this* world. First he drives his sister to her grave and then he marries his daughter to a Stone. It's all that Nye man's fault; no use tellin' me it isn't."

Shubal nodded. "What makes me tired," he declared, "is the way a whole passel of folks around Ostable are standin' up for Eph Nye these days. And not just Portygees and them neither. Fine folks, some of the best in town, just as good as you and I be. They make out to pretend that if it hadn't been for him the typhoid would have been ten times as bad as 'twas. Angle—my wife—she's gone soft in the head over him, like the rest of 'em. Praises him up all the time. 'Well, he's a thief just the same as he ever was,' I says to her. 'Nothin' can change that, can it?'"

"What did she say to that?"

"She said enough. Talk, talk, talk! I have to go outdoors to get away from it. Her and that Aunt Lindy Pepper of hers!"

"Hush! Mrs. Pepper gone home *yet?*"

"Gone home! I swan I don't believe she'll *ever* go home. She's stayed at my house so long she's grown fast, like a—like a barnacle onto a clam-shell. It may be all right to have sick relations that's goin' to die some time or other and leave you money, but what if they don't die? What if they talk you to death first? You know what she said to me this mornin'? 'Where you goin'?' says she. 'I'm goin' down street to see about some work,' I told her. 'Don't you want to borrer my spectacles?' she says. What d'ye think of that? In a feller's own house, too!"

Miss Bemis expressed sympathy. Also she made mental note of Mrs. Pepper's remark in order to repeat it at circle-meeting. Her next speech had to do with another victim.

"DON'T it seem strange to you," she asked, "the way Mrs. Powell hangs around over across the road there? Oh, I know it's all account of her thinkin' so much of Faith and Judge Copeland. But, all the same, it's a risky thing to do. You can't be too careful of your reputation. Folks will talk. Course we know why she's there, but then people remember how she's always stood up for Doctor Nye, and had him in when her hired help was sick, and— But of *course* that doesn't mean anything, only—well, *I* wouldn't be seen in a jail-bird's house. Faith or no Faith. Who is this comin'? It is Mr. Hammond, isn't it? All dressed up in new clothes, and his wife in the cemetery only four or five months. Have you heard what they're sayin' about him and that Lavinia Burgess over to Chatham? Good mornin', Mr. Hammond. I'm real glad to see you. You haven't been down this way for a long spell. Been too busy, maybe?"

Frankie-George may or may not have suspected that innuendo lurked in the lady's question. At any rate he did not answer it. Instead he jerked his head in the general direction of the Dillingham place, and observed:

"Somethin' doin' over yonder this mornin', I hear tell, Althy?"

"I should say there was! Mr. Bush and I was just talkin' about it."

"Have you heard about Cyrenus?" asked Hammond. "What he said when they broke the news to him that his boy was figurin' to marry Judge Copeland's daughter?"

Shubal grinned. "No, I ain't," he answered. "I'll bet 'twas lively."

"I knew it must have been somethin' terrible," vowed Miss Bemis. "I'm glad *I* wasn't where I could hear it. What was it, Mr. Hammond?"

Frankie-George laughed. "Course I don't know what he said when he heard it the first time," he confessed. "I don't know who told him then. Some say 'twas Doctor Eph and some say 'twas Faith herself that went up there and saw him. Don't hardly seem if that could be, does it?"

Mr. Bush said no. Althea lifted her sharp shoulders. "I don't know," she observed. "You can expect most anything from the girls nowadays. 'Tisn't much as 'twas when I was young. When a young man asked *me* to marry him he had to tell his father himself."

So far as Miss Bemis was aware, no man—old or young—had ever asked Miss Bemis's hand in marriage. Mr. Bush and Mr. Hammond were, of course, much too polite to show surprize or to comment—in the lady's presence. They merely looked at each other. Frankie-George went on with his story.

"No," he repeated, "I don't know what Cyrenus said to whoever told him first. But I know what he said to Mark Bearse, because Marietta Lamb heard him say it, and told me. Cyrenus was in the settin'-room. He's up and around the house now, you know. And the settin'-room door was open a little ways, so Marietta says. Cap'n Mark must have said somethin' about Tom and Faith because Cyrenus kind of laughed. 'Well, Mark,' he says, 'what can't be cured's got to be endured, I suppose. She's a nice girl enough, from all I hear, but I'd never have picked a Copeland; you can bet on that! There's one thing sort of comforts me, tho—he, he, he!—the Honorable Dan'l don't like it a bit better than I do. We've both got to swaller our dose, but I guess mine ain't any sourer than his.' That's what Marietta said he said, and Cap'n Mark— Eh? Hello! Here comes Cap'n Mark now."

The Bearse "coop" rolled along Bayberry Lane and, as its owner would have expressed it, "cast anchor" by the Nye gate.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Miss Bemis. "I declare if he hasn't fetched Matilda with him. Regular party, isn't it? They didn't invite the neighbors, did they? I know *one* neighbor that doesn't feel slighted on *that* account. I should say so!"

MEANWHILE, in the house over the way, preparations for the "party" had been going on for some time. Tom, wrapped and overcoated and muffled until he looked, as Henry Paysen said, "pesky nigh as fleshy as a fat man," was in the rocker in the dining-room awaiting the arrival of the Copeland limousine, which was to take him to his father's home. Faith and Katherine were going with him to see him safely delivered. Then Faith was to go to her own home, and Katherine, a little later, to hers, taking Mrs. Brady with her. For as Doctor Phineas had agreed, Henry were again to have the old Dillingham place to themselves.

Judge Copeland was not to be one of the party accompanying his prospective son-in-law to the Stone residence. The judge had subdued his prejudices and chastened his dignity amazingly in the fortnight past must, but they were not yet sufficiently subdued nor chastened for him to go to the point of crossing Cyrenus's threshold. He might come to that point later on, but not yet. And, as he considered an extended tour abroad, there was at least a six months' interval before he could be called upon to face such a possibility. He tried to comfort himself with the thought that almost anything might happen in six months. Tom was an engineer, and an engineer's work was likely to call one far afield. Judge Copeland would wish to visit his daughter, and to do that he would be obliged to visit Tom. But he was not yet obliged to visit Cyrenus, and he sincerely hoped he never would be. Needless to say, Cyrenus's hope was similar and quite as devout.

Faith was not going abroad with her father. She was going to remain with him for the few weeks of his stay in Ostable. She would accompany him to Boston and see him safely aboard the steamer. And before he sailed she and Tom were to marry. There would be no elaborate wedding. Considering everything, a simple and very private ceremony seemed best.

Doctor Parker was to accompany his friend Tom parson on the six months' tour. They were sure to be congenial companions. Parker bowed down and worshiped before the Copeland shrine, and the Eph was accustomed to and expected worship. So both should be reasonably happy. The Parker person was to be left in charge of Doctor Nye and Doctor Hayes, on a sort of catch-as-catch-can basis. Those who preferred unimpeachable respectability and unsmirched personal reputation to professional skill would undoubtedly choose Hayes. But the majority preferred to take their chance with skill—well, that certainly could not be accounted Doctor Parker's fault. A very satisfactory and diplomatic arrangement.

The arrival of Captain Bearse and his sister was almost immediately followed by that of the Copeland limousine. The time had come for the breaking up of the group which, for an extended series of weeks, had occupied the old Dillingham house. Henry announced that the car was at the gate.

"Tell the chauffeur to drive into the yard," ordered Nye. "Well, Tom, my boy, you're off. I won't say that I'm altogether glad, for I shall miss you a lot. But I am glad you're going home safe and out of danger and fairly fit. I'll drop in this afternoon. Good luck to you."

Tom rose from the rocker and grasped the hand which his friend offered. "And good luck to you, Doctor Nye," he said. "I can't thank you. I couldn't begin to do it as it ought to be done, so I won't try. For what you have done for me—and for Faith—not to mention dad, I—I——"

He was still weak and his voice trembled as he spoke. Nye hastened to interrupt. "That's all right, Tom," he declared, heartily. "We're quits, I guess. You and Faith between you have done a few things for me. Just one favor I am going to ask. You won't tell a word of—of what you know concerning this lady and myself, not until we are ready to have it told? Oh, I know you won't, but I am asking the same favor of everybody here. Which means you, Mark, and Mrs. Hopkins. I am speaking professionally now. I am a little tired

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

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and I want to rest. When Ostable hears that its most respectable citizenese intends marrying its most horrible example then there will be another epidemic—of heart-failure this time. I am not on to taking care of so many patients. You have all kept the secret so far. Keep it a little longer, please—until I get back into condition."

Faith and Henry went out with Tom to see him safely stowed in the car. Captain Mark and Matilda accompanied them. Katherine lingered, momentarily, at the door.

"I am coming back, you know," she said. "I have some packing to do before I go home. You will be here for a little while, Ephraim?"

He nodded. "I will wait until you come," he told her.

SHE went out. Faith came running back. "I haven't said my 'Thank you' yet," she panted. "Shut the door, please."

The doctor closed it. "But you haven't anything to thank me for, Faith," he said. "I should thank you. You know it."

She dismissed this idea with an impatient shake of the head. Coming close to him, she stood looking up into his face.

"You will come to Boston and see us married, won't you?" she urged. "You promise?"

"How do you think your father will like it if I do?"

"He expects you. I told him I intended making you promise to come."

"Oh, I see! Well, in that case, perhaps I may."

"*May?* You must! Why!" indignantly, "neither Tom nor I would let the ceremony begin if you and Mrs. Powell weren't there. We should simply sit down on—on the church steps and wait until you came."

"Dear me! I mustn't let anything like that happen. How about Tom's father; will he be there?"

"We hope so. I don't know what he and dad will do or say when they meet, but we are hoping for the best. Mr. Stone certainly wouldn't have come to our house and father wouldn't have gone to his. Up there, in neutral territory, they may behave like good children for a little while. But goodness knows!"

She paused a moment and then went on. "I—I am sorry, Tom," she blurted. "I can't say what I want to say to you. Perhaps I can say it better some other time. For this isn't good-by. I shall see you every day, she'n't I?"

"I hope so, Faith."

"Yes. And—and you do know how I feel—how Tom and I both feel? Oh, I—" she paused once more. Then she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Thank you, Uncle Eph," she whispered, and ran out to the car.

The limousine turned ponderously and rolled down the rutted driveway. Captain Mark and Mrs. Hopkins reentered the house. Henry remained in the yard.

The doctor held out his hand. "Well, so long, Eph," he said. "We've got to be on our way. Just stopped in to see the young folks set sail. And Mrs. Powell is goin', too. Humph! you and Henry will be left in charge of the ship again for a little while. Seem kind of lonesome, won't it?"

"It will seem strange at first. But I shall be busy—and it is possible that my friends may call occasionally."

"Yes," dryly, "I shouldn't wonder. And it won't be very long, then you'll be movin' up to more high-toned quarters. Won't speak to common folks after you're married and got your single hung out in the Powell front yard. I presume likely, eh? No checker games up there, I suppose."

"Come around and see."

"Oh, I shall come; you can't get away from me. But what'll your wife say if I speak my feelin's right out in meetin' same as I'm liable to if you beat me too easy? Can't say anything stronger than 'My glory!' up in *that* sittin'-room. No, no! Well, I'll have to prescribe runnin' under half-steam."

"Why not practice down here for a little while? I expect to be at home this evening."

Mrs. Hopkins put in a word. "There, Doctor Nye!" she exclaimed. "You've done it now. He's as lonesome without those checker games as the last chicken in the hayard. He'll come till you tell him to stop."

"Then he'll be coming a long while."

They left a few minutes later, Captain Mark paused at the door. "Well, Eph," he observed, with a broad smile, "I've decided that if ever I go to work again it won't be in the prophesyin' line. As a prophet I miss on all six cylinders. When you came back here to live I was mighty glad to see you on my own account and sorry on yours. I cal'lated you was makin' a dreadful mistake. Don't look much like it now, does it?"

Doctor Ephraim shook his head. "I am not sure, Mark," he answered. "I may be about to make the biggest mistake of all. Or, if I am not, some one else may be."

The captain caught his meaning. "Don't you believe it!" he declared, emphatically. "She isn't makin' any mistake, either. You've made good in this town, Eph Nye. Remember that talk you and I had that first night in this house? I said I knew why you'd come. Ostable had put a label on you, I said, and you'd come back to make it take that label off. You've done it. Yes, you have. You're goin' to be one of our leadin' citizens, my boy; you can't help yourself."

"Good Heavens! What would Judge Copeland say to that statement?"

"I don't know what he'd say out loud, but inside him he'd say, 'Amen.' And when you marry the other leadin' citizen and move up-town all hands'll be sayin' it."

The doctor looked across the road at the Bemis gate. "Even—those?" he queried.

Captain Bearse snorted contemptuously. "To the devil with *them!*" he exclaimed. His sister seized his arm.

"My sakes alive!" Matilda protested. "That's enough. You better come straight home and do some of that practisin' you were talkin' about. That don't sound much like half-steam to *me*. Come right along."

After the Bearse car was well on its way Henry Ward Beecher Payson stumped into the house.

"Well, Doctor Eph," he observed, "here we be again, just you and me; eh?"

"Here we are, Henry."

"Yes, but what we sha'n't be here long. Say, Doc, are you *sure* that Mrs. Powell really cal'lates to have me move up to her place along with you after you're married?"

"Perfectly sure, Henry."

"Don't seem possible, scurcely. How'll I fit in up there along with all them high-toned fixin's? And what'll I do?"

"There will be enough to do. That is a good-sized place."

"Um-hum. But what will folks say when they see me there?"

"For the matter of that, what will they say when they see me? We'll have to do our best to live up to our new jobs, Henry."

"Um-hum. You'll be all right. That's where you belong, among them kind of folks. But it's going to be some consider'ble strain on me, I tell you. Have to wear my best clothes and my Sunday leg all the time, I cal'late. And suppose Bluey comes hangin' around by daylight with a little somethin' in his after pocket, what then?"

Nye smiled. "I read somewhere—I have forgotten where—" he said, "that the only way to get rid of a temptation was to yield to it. You have yielded to yours pretty often, so you should be rid of it by this time."

Mr. Payson seemed skeptical. "Huh!" he muttered. "That's all right for Shakespeare to talk, but I sha'n't have to live in a prohibition country. Well, I'll try hard, but I would like to be tempted just once more. Yes, sir, on the day when the news comes out that you and Mrs. Chris Powell are married I'd like to have Bluey come along and tempt me—hard."

"Why?"

"Cause I'd like to borrow his bottle of temptations and—and—and give Abby Bemis a drink. She's goin' to need it *that* day."

LEFT alone in the dining-room, Doctor Ephraim took a book from the shelf and sat down in his favorite rocker by the north window. There were calls which should be made, but he had promised Katherine to stay until her return. The house was oddly quiet and the volume he had selected very dull. The strangeness of his own life as he sat and its still stranger and more unbelievable future made the musings of fiction seem tame enough. After a little he dropped the book in his lap and sat gazing out of the window, as he had gazed from it so many times before.

Then he heard the door open and her step upon the threshold. He rose and spoke her name. She came to him and put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Still looking out of this miserable window," she said, reproachfully. "It is the dreariest outlook in the house, yet you always choose it. Why?"

"I don't know. Habit, I suppose. There is nothing out there to disturb thought. This is a good place to sit and think, and I have been thinking."

"As usual."

"Yes. Katherine, are you quite sure that you want to be the jailbird's wife?"

"Ephraim, don't. How many times have you asked me that?"

"Well, it comes over me every few minutes that that is what you are going to be. My secret must always be a secret, and it seems hardly fair to have you take my name and all that goes with it. You shouldn't; you know you shouldn't."

She stooped and pressed her cheek against his hair. "Ephraim," she said, "that scene out there looks wintry, doesn't it?"

"It surely does."

"Yes. It is bleak and barren and hopeless enough. That is your life—so far. But do you see that little spot down in the corner of the ell? There is a tiny, tiny patch of green—just a dot. Do you see it?"

"Ye-es, perhaps I do."

"Well, dearest, that means that Spring—our Spring—is almost here at last."

THE END

Leaving Cape Cod, and brave Doctor Nye, turn now to page 5 and "The Excitement-Eaters," by Dorothy Speare, an absorbing tale of smart young society—a story which carries a big moral.

Dainty-Meals for Summer Days

By Mrs. Emly Blake

BEFORE I discovered the secret to dainty summer meals, which I am going to tell you about, hot weather menus were a bug-bear to me, as they are to every woman who cares about her family's health. They always put me in a quandary like that of "Alice in the Looking Glass."

You will remember she ate of one cake which shrunk her almost out of existence. Another made her uncomfortably large. Only a happy blending of the two kept her in her own comfortable, natural size.

The Diet Problem of Summer

Summer diet offers the housewife just such another problem of balance. Too many "heavy" foods are distasteful, if not absolutely harmful, while the light foods become insipid and tiresome for a whole season's serving. They are never wholly satisfying in themselves, anyway —especially to the American palate, accustomed to meat at least once a day.

The Fillip to Summer Appetite

So when, by chance, I discovered the "fillip" which turns these healthful light foods into dishes that one can serve day after day without becoming tiresome, I was as pleased as Alice was when she solved her problem.

Being a woman, naturally I couldn't keep the secret.

Briefly, my discovery is this: use mustard in cooking; use it in almost every third dish you make. And be sure it's French's.

Not any mustard will do, as I found when I used other kinds. My magic flavoring is French's Mustard—just a tablespoonful. French's, you know, is made here in America by experts who have been making mustard and condiments for over three-quarters of a century. I soon learned how to use it in my cooking as well as on the foods I serve. And there, too, French's does duty.

Be sure it's French's

You can well realize that when you put mustard into food, it must indeed, be of a rare quality. And French's alone, I found, has the rich, creamy blend that is essential to the results I sought in this method of cooking. For French's Mustard, alone, has the piquancy that goes deep into foods and brings out their best flavors so that the tongue can taste them to best advantage. I often think when I have concocted some new and rarely good dish by using French's Mustard in this fashion, how like French's is to a magnet. That is, all the good flavors in other foods instantly respond to it, and taste their very best.

Endless Variety Possible

I learned that by using French's Mustard in preparing foods, you can juggle vegetables, salads, fruits, greens, things left over, or foods you happen to have in the icebox, into a wonderful variety of satisfying, wholesome dishes. These are not limited merely to luncheon dishes, or picnic lunches and light refreshments.

Savories, sauces, entrees, salads, sandwiches, and hot dishes, without number, can be made so appetizing that the family will never miss the meat you do not serve at breakfast, dinner or supper.

Solves the Summer Problem

And that is how French's Mustard solves your summer meal problem. It makes the "light foods" delightfully different. It does away with monotony of dishes and of flavors. It puts into meals a zest and sparkle that tempts the lagging hot-weather appetite.

But I hear you say—"Well, I don't believe you can make any breakfast dishes with mustard—no matter how wonderful the blend may be." I have quite a surprise for you on this score, but I am going to reserve it to test your interest in my method of preparing better summer meals.

If you are interested and if you would like to have recipes for enough dishes to last you all summer, write to me today. I will send you a helpful little book of recipes.

You Will Want This Book

It is a handy guide that you can use in your kitchen each day, and you will welcome the helpful suggestions. They will surprise you by their unique ways to make foods more tasty when you use French's Mustard.

However, I must confess that all the recipes are not mine, proud as I am of my own discoveries. They have been sent me by famous chefs and expert home cooks in various sections of the country—professionals and housewives, who have also discovered the wonderful results of French's Mustard *when used* in cooking and the preparation of foods.

Won't you write to me today?

I am sorry I haven't space here to give you at least a few actual recipes, but when you get French's Prepared Mustard at your Grocer's today, there will be a leaflet of recipes in the carton along with the handy wooden paddle. Try these, and meanwhile, I will mail you "Made Dishes, Salads, and Savories" if you will send me your name and address, and enclose four cents for postage and mailing expense on the book. It is beautifully illustrated, and I am sure you will thank me all summer long for telling you about French's Prepared Mustard and this wonderful method of adding flavor to foods. (By the way, when you order from your Grocer—be sure to insist on French's.) Please don't forget to write me.

Address: Mrs. Emly Blake, 219 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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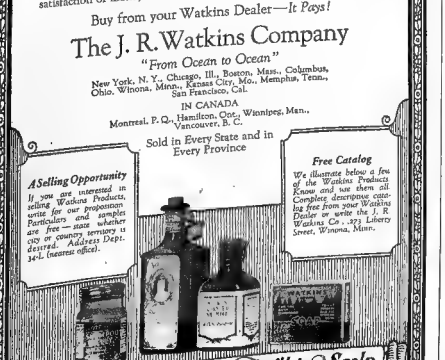

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

had some great troops there in those days—all of them good fellows. There was Miss Frederick, whom everybody that ever met her liked; Miss Madge Kennedy, than whom we have no sweeter character of stage or screen; Mabel Normand, the 'kidder' and good fellow, friend of every soul on earth, whose quiet and not-seen charity has helped many a poor soul in need; Tom Moore, as good an Irishman as ever lived, and not stuck on his looks either.

"Also say this: I made in the two years I was on the lot twelve consecutive pictures—all with one director, Clarence Badger. That, I think, is a record to be with the same director. And if there is anything worth while in any of them, it was certainly due to his efforts, as I am no actor. But he is patient, capable, and the finest man I ever met."

I have saved this communication because nothing else could reveal more forcibly the tolerance, the modesty, and the quick appreciation of anything good in us frail mortals which form the source of Will Rogers's ever-welling humor.

FROM previous chapters of mine it is evident that Mr. Emerson's suggestion about hitching your wagon to a star is fraught with certain dangers. I had harnessed the Goldwyn Company to that steed, and my ride had been anything but a smooth one. Is it any wonder, indeed, that after the various disappointments attending my association of "big names", I began to distrust the wisdom of my course? Gradually there grew up within me a belief that the public was tiring of the star and a corresponding conviction that the emphasis of production should be placed upon the story rather than upon the player. In the poverty of screen drama lay, so I felt, the weakness of our industry, and the one question of this weakness which suggested itself to me was a closer co-operation between author and picture-producer.

In 1919 this idea eventuated in an organization for which I must claim the virtue of absolute novelty, this organization, under the name of "The Eminent Authors," included such popular American writers as Rex Beach, who assisted me in the development of my literary fusion; Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rupert Hughes, Basil King, Gouverneur Morris, and Le Roy Scott. Under the terms of my contract with each individual of the group the author was to come to Hollywood to write in direct co-operation with the Goldwyn studios.

So great was the publicity attending this movement for the production of more inspired screen dramas that the Famous Players-Lasky Company followed our lead by organizing a similar literary service. Whereas, however, we had been content with local talent, our competitors imported their authors from Europe. Elinor Glyn, Sir Gilbert Parker, Edward Knoblock, Arnold Bennett—these were the high spots in the rival camp. When you consider that Gene Stratton-Porter and Zane Grey had both been signed up by other California producers and that ultimately Kathleen Norris, Rita Weiman, and Somerset Maugham joined the ranks of the pen, you will see why Hollywood was temporarily transformed from a picture colony to a literary colony.

Among all the literary names which have impressed Hollywood tradition that of Elinor Glyn is undoubtedly the most spectacular. One evening before dining at the Fairbanks home Douglas took me out for a walk through his beautiful grounds.

As we came to the famous swimming-pool I caught sight of a woman seated on one of the garden benches and gazing pensively into the water. The evening sun caught in reddish hair—whether these tresses are a gift or an enrichment is often a theme of speculation—and in girlish folds of sea-green chiffon. And as the woman lifted her eyes I saw that these, too, were sea-green.

"That's Elinor Glyn," whispered Fairbanks; "she's dining with us to-night."

In a spirit of great curiosity I began my conversation with the Circe-looking woman to whom rain and pool and sea-green chiffon lent an atmosphere of which she herself was perhaps not altogether unconscious. She was exceedingly gracious and cordial, but as she talked I could not help making a few inward observations on her manner of speaking. She has a cleft stick, so I found, of convincing you that her voice is some far-away, mysterious visitant of which she herself supplies only a humble and temporary instrument of escape.

For example, when she remarked, "Isn't this pool beautiful?" it sounded like some lonely Buddha's prayer echoing down through the ages from the far heights of Tibet.

After the dinner was over our host and hostess offered their customary method of release from the ennui that infest the day." Pictures were turned on, and in this case the selection happened to be Mrs. Glyn's story, "Her Great Moment," in which Gloria Swanson took the leading rôle. I can truthfully say that never in my life have I enjoyed a picture so heartily. This was due, not to the character of the performance, but to the remarks which garnished its entire unfolding.

"See that frock," whispered the author eagerly as, sitting beside me, she pointed to one of Gloria's creations; "I designed that gown."

Another second and she was calling attention to the finish of a certain setting. "Do you see that? An exact copy of my rooms in London. Do you suppose they would have known how to arrange a gentlewoman's rooms if it hadn't been for me?"

But there were other times when this robust major of self-congratulation shifted to a minor chord. "Ah, how terrible, how shocking!" I heard her moan several times. "All wrong, all wrong—they've ruined that scene. I might have known it. I was away that day, you see."

Verily that evening the "silent drama" renounced its salient characteristic!

Apropos of this incident, it may be interesting to learn that Mrs. Glyn took the greatest personal interest in Miss Swanson. True, her first comment upon this screen celebrity, a comment quoted unpersonally by many of the picture colony, indicated that she found Gloria lacking in that subtlety which she considered essential for the portrayal of her heroines. If that comment were made by and not merely attributed to the author, her later attitude to Miss Swanson would seem to reflect the joy of any creator in the challenge offered by apparent intractability of material. Be that as it may, I am informed that Mrs. Glyn started in with a right good-will upon the task of guiding the young actress in her literary taste, her clothes, and her deportment.

During that Summer when I first met Mrs. Glyn I had a house on the beach in California. Here I did a great deal of entertaining, and among these entertainments a dinner which I gave for Nina Wilcox Putnam represents the enthusiasm with which Hollywood took up the game of authors. For Elinor was only one of the many writers who mingled that evening with the luminaries of screen and stage. That she was not the most retiring of her craft is a statement bound to be accepted immediately by those familiar with her talent for being a dinner-guest. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Glyn is one of the greatest social assets I ever knew. Not only may she be relied upon always to wear the most exquisite of gowns, but her narratives and her comments usually keep a whole roomful of people in an uproar of mirth.

THAT evening I discovered that she is an ardent believer in the transmigration of souls, and her theories regarding the former bodily tenements of some of the individuals present caused constant flurries of laughter. I think her psychic experiments began with Mrs. Kathleen Norris. For a long time she fixed upon this celebrated author a gaze which informed the rest of us how completely she had retired into realms where we could never follow her. Then abruptly, with the familiar chirp of a voice which had journeyed far, far before it chose Elinor Glyn for its channel, she said:

"Now I know—centuries ago you were a man—strong, valiant, resolute. I see you leading your armies—and how you led a forlorn hope. Perhaps at the last they turned against you—they stabbed you, who had brought them to the heights of victory."

We had hardly convalesced from this revelation of Mrs Norris's masculine and unfortunate past when the psychic Boy Scout began to turn up old trails in Charlie Chaplin's consciousness.

"An old, old soul," she pronounced, emerging from the same east of trance which had acclaimed Mrs. Norris's former earthly abode from the mists of obscurity. "You—you were a princess. Thousands of years ago you lived in a palace many in some far Eastern land. You loved the music played by your slaves on their stringed instruments, the sweet scent of flowers brought to you by the winds, the moonlight as it fell on the oars of your galleys—"

Charlie may have had a number of similar tastes back in that remote incarnation of his, but I doubt if they ever brought to light. For the roars of merriment which greeted this presentment stilled the voice of the seer. To this laughter Charlie himself contributed most heartily in fact, I don't believe any one ever laughed at Chaplin quite so hard as Chaplin laughed that evening at Elinor Glyn.

Regarding the introduction of these two an amusing story is current in California. It is reported that on this occasion Mrs. Glyn said to the comedian, "Dear, dear, no this is terrible! Why, Charlie, you know you don't look nearly so funny as I thought you would!" To this reassuring message Chaplin is said to have responded promptly, "Neither do you."

To go back to my dinner. After Mrs. Glyn had consulted her report upon previous abodes of the ego, our conversation drifted toward the profession engrossing our present incarnations. Pictures! The topic was started, I believe, by Miss Elsie Ferguson, who at that time was working with the Famous Players-Lasky Company. To her announcement that she did not like her leading man of the moment,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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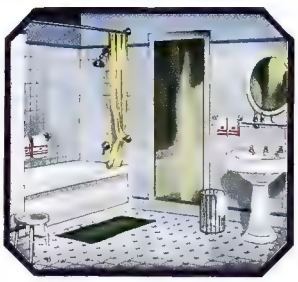

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Mrs. Glyn turned a swiftly sympathetic ear.

"My dear," said she, "what do they know about soul, about art, about poetry? Blind, absolutely blind! The other day I took the loveliest young man to see them—he had the most beautiful eyes—but they didn't see it—they didn't appreciate it."

This verdict regarding my competitors' callousness to the finer issues of life is not to be taken too seriously. For Mrs. Glyn was then in the midst of that period of disillusionment which seems almost inevitable in the career of the author who tries to adapt his manuscripts to the screen. Out of the depths of my own experience I can speak of the friction which arises among author, producer, star, and director.

I thought that I had encountered some eminent difficulties before I organized the Eminent Authors; but when the Goldwyn Company introduced this literary faction in the fold, I was to look back on other days as being comparatively placid. This fact does not reflect upon the personalities of those writers whom we engaged. Sociably, each one of them is a delightful being; but when the tradition of the pen ran athwart the tradition of the screen I am bound to say that I suffered considerably from the impact.

THE great trouble with the usual author is that he approaches the camera with some fixed literary ideal and he can not compromise with the motion-picture viewpoint. He does not realize that a page of Henry James prose, leading through the finest shades of human consciousness, is absolutely lost on the screen, a medium which demands first of all tangible drama, the elementary interplay between person and person or person and circumstance. This attitude brought many of the writers whom I had assembled into almost immediate conflict with our scenario department, and I was constantly being called upon to hear the tale of wo regarding some title that had been changed or some awfully important situation which had either been left out entirely or else altered in such a way as to rob the literary conception.

Nor did this end the difficulty. For often the author and the star became hopelessly involved in similar controversies. This latter situation is deftly suggested by Will Rogers when he says, "I was on the lot the last year of the reign of the Eminent Authors and, while I helped spoil none of their stories, I made various ones for the rear-Eminents and I bet the friendship of every living one of those whose stories I made. So now," adds Will, "I have made Washington Irving's *Ichabod Crane*. I am off all living authors' works—me for the dead ones!"

Undoubtedly the warfare which so frequently wages between star and author is to be attributed many times to the inflexibility and pretentions of the former. Thus I remember hearing Miss Rita Weiman tell of an interchange of thought between Nazimova and herself regarding the production of a certain story in which the one figured as author, the other as actress.

"I hope the time is coming," concluded Nazimova haughtily, "when the great actress may find great stories."

"Ah, yes," rejoined Miss Weiman, "I hope, too, the time is coming when the star may write her own stories."

In contrast to this attitude of the Russian actress is the humility which Norma Talmadge displayed in her interpretations of Sienkewicz's "The Passion Flower." I have been told that everybody, including her husband and her director, advised against the screen preservation of the drama's tragic end. They urged upon her the fact that the picture audience demands a happy ending and that she would lose thousands of dollars by adhering to the story. By all such practical arguments she was hopelessly unaffected.

"No," said she firmly, "this is the story of the greatest living playwright. He knew what he wanted to say and who am I to spoil a great man's story?"

Among the writers whom the Goldwyn Company brought to Hollywood Rupert Hughes was notably successful. His story of "The Old Nest" grossed our organization nearly a million dollars, and since the production of this tale he has been actively engaged on our lot as both author and director. For both Mr. Hughes and his wife I feel a warmth of friendship quite independent of the profitableness of our business association, and some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent in their home. They, together with Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach, represent two of my most valued associations.

Mr. Hughes's success in photoplays is to be ascribed to his prompt recognition of the gulf between these two channels of expression, literature and screen, and to his determination to master both the technicalities and spirit of the latter. In addition to this receptiveness of mind he has a capacity for work which I have never seen excelled. Many times I have known him to arrive in the studio early in the morning, direct all day, go home that evening to work on a scenario, and then, after perhaps a dinner or a dance, write several chapters of his new novel.

Mrs. Glyn showed much the same zeal in her co-operation with the Famous Players-Lasky Company. Unlike numerous authors who have invaded Hollywood, she was not easily diverted from the set. So excessively did she superintend every detail of production that "Grips" and "Props" longed, so they say, for a more casual type of literary lady.

"She ain't a bit like them other author-ees we've had around here," one of the manual assistants is reported to have grieved. "They'll go off and leave you alone. But she—sure an' it's twelve times this day she's had me move that one bloody bureau in the set and still she ain't satisfied."

I have quoted Mrs. Glyn's remark anent the "beautiful young man" in whose behalf she had made such unavailing efforts with the Famous Players-Lasky Company. From all I have heard this story represented with her a habitual type of altruism. I am told that every now and then while she was working in the studio she would approach some good-looking chap whom perhaps she had never seen before.

"My dear boy," she was likely to address him, "you're really very charming, you know. Now I want you to take the leading part in my new story."

"Thank you, Mrs. Glyn," the other would falter, "but you see So-and-so is already cast for that part."

"Oh, what a shame!" would rejoin the author. "But surely you'll take the second part—in *my* play?"

Torn between pleasure at this avidity of interest and the pang inflicted upon any handsome actor by the supposition that he could possibly appear in a secondary rôle, the Adonis of the hour would then probably retreat to some lonely grotto where he could wrestle upon the embarrassment of great beauty.

In one of the most amazing encounters of beauty and the author, the late Wallace Reid was cast for the leading part. Friends of Reid report that one day while he was coming off the set he was hailed by Mrs. Glyn.

"My dear boy"—thus she is said to have greeted him—"you're really very wonderful to look at. And, besides, you know you have—*It*."

"*It*?" Reid murmured confusedly, wondering perhaps what his press-agents and admirers could possibly have overlooked. "What do you mean, Mrs. Glyn?"

"Oh, that is my word for it!" she repeated in that contralto voice which soughs through Mrs. Glyn like the lonely wind through the pine-trees. "Don't you see, that one syllable expresses everything—all the difference there is between people. You either have *It* or you haven't."

Reid was still considering himself in this new light of special privilege when he noticed that the writer's brows were puckered

"Yes," he heard her reflect after a moment of swift clock-watching, "you have It—but, ah, my dear boy—your boots and your hair! If I could only send you to my London bootmaker and have some one wise cut your hair!"

Altho I do not vouch for the authenticity of this tale, I do say Mrs. Glyn's part in it is thoroughly consistent with several other incidents of which I have first-hand knowledge. Does she really mean such things or does she say them for effect? I myself believe that she plans her personality quite as carefully as she does her stories. When, for instance, I arrayed in the most superb evening attire and accompanied by the handsomest man she has been able to find in the arrondisse, Mrs. Glyn sweeps slowly through a ballroom; when she murmurs soulfully, "Orange, orange, how I love you! I sit in a room by myself and think orange. I fill my whole soul with its beautiful, warm rays—I dream that orange is my heart—ah, orange!"—then she is showing her supreme ability, not only as the writer who can tell a good tale, but as the writer who knows how to get herself constantly before the popular mind. I once said of her that she was a great showman, and when she heard my comment she was exceedingly gratified.

But underneath all this pageantry of manner is a heart overflowing with the warmest interest in her fellow beings. One of the waitresses at the Hollywood Hotel, where Mrs. Glyn lived for some time, once said to me, "Of all the people I ever waited on Mrs. Glyn was the nicest and kindest and most considerate. I never knew her to be cross—not even at breakfast."

And, after all, the only trustworthy epitaph is composed by the person who serves us our breakfast.

IT WAS after this flock of authors had alighted in Hollywood that M. Maurice Maeterlinck came to America. He brought with him the pretty little wife who had supplanted in his affections Mlle. Georgette le Blanc. Also a lecture. Neither of these impedimenta prepossessed this country in his favor. Most Americans were ranged solidly with Mlle. le Blanc, abandoned at the peak of fame to which she had faithfully encouraged the Belgian author. As to his lecture, the delivery of this in English, a language of which M. Maeterlinck knew scarcely a word, still lives in the memory

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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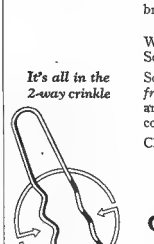

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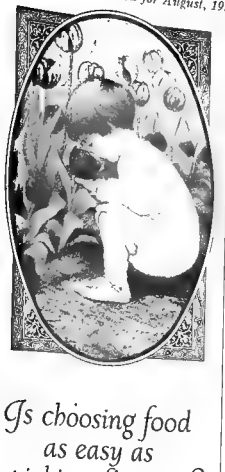

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

of many New-Yorkers who went to pray and stayed to laugh.

In spite of the criticism attached to Maeterlinck's visit to the United States, there was so much publicity inherent in this criticism that I felt the Goldwyn Company might benefit through a professional association with the distinguished foreigner. So, arranging an interview through M. Maeterlinck's American manager, I had my first talk with the vanishing author in the Goldwyn Company's New York offices.

As he entered I was struck by the placidity of that rather large face. It was round and calm as a lake on a still August day. All our conversation was conducted through an interpreter, and in this manner I gathered that M. Maeterlinck viewed the cinema with enthusiasm and was confident that he would be able to convert his art to its uses.

"Very well, M. Maeterlinck," responded I, "I am anxious that we should procure exclusive rights to your works, and I am willing to make the same contract with you that I have previously made with Mary Roberts Rinehart."

The Belgian lifted his eyebrows in childlike bewilderment. It was quite evident that the name of our American novelist aroused no slumbering chord of memory.

"The same then as Gertrude Atherton's," I ventured.

This effort at impressiveness failed as ignobly as my first. Indeed, mention of all the writers we had assembled called from him only that vacant smile, that politely gracious gaze of a man being addressed in a strange, unknown tongue.

IT IS and but it is true that the eminence of our Eminent Authors had never been detected by M. Maeterlinck. He had not heard of a single name on our list.

"Very well, then," I surrendered at last; "I mean I'll give you —— thousand dollars."

And then at last M. Maeterlinck's face beamed with intelligence. The dollar was one contemporary American word with which the works of which he seemed thoroughly familiar. Indeed, I am compelled to record that invariably in all our subsequent intercourse the utterance of this word dollar acted very much as a pebble thrown upon that lake-like expanse of countenance. It created widening circles of comprehension and cheer.

Apart from the work which we hoped M. Maeterlinck might do for us, we featured him in a brilliant publicity scheme We procured a special car for him and on this we sent him and his pretty wife while speeding to California. The verb used here is rather misleading. As a matter of fact the lingering elements in his journey was the essence of our calculation. For at every city and important town the special train stopped and the public was afforded a glimpse of the celebrated author. Needless to say, the advertising which we obtained through the newspaper columns of papers in visited localities was quite overwhelming.

When M. Maeterlinck finally arrived at his destination his train of thought proved even more halting than the one which had brought him. From this latter, indeed, he never landed at all—not even on screen. His first attempt at camera material revolved about a small boy with blue feathers and, as I remember, a feather bed. While exhibiting the importance of "trufles light as air," the scenario department rejected this absolutely.

"Write us a love-story, Monsieur," suggested my associate, Mr. Lehr. "You see for some reason or other the fairy-story has never been popular on the screen."

Mr. Lehr's information, I may interpolate, is rooted in professional fact. The screen adaptation of M. Maeterlinck's most popular fairy-tale was, for example, not a success. As for financial returns it was certainly not the "blue bird for happiness."

The foreign author thereupon set himself to a less fanciful theme. This time he submitted a love-story, but alas! the type was anything but conventional. When we was anything but conventional. When we called his attention to this flaw he looked at us with a pained, bewildered, almost shocked expression.

"You ask me to write a love-story," he remonstrated, "and then you object because my hero or my heroine is married. Yet how can you write about love when you have no triangle?"

And I don't think we were ever quite successful in shaking him from this Continental orthodoxy. I dare say he will always think of two parallel lines as exceedingly provincial.

WHILE he was in Hollywood M. Maeterlinck had a home with a tennis-court in the rear. To this court rings one of the most cherished memories of Hollywood, for on it frequently appeared Mme. Maeterlinck, and on Mme. Maeterlinck always appeared, not a skirt, but bloomers. She is a charming little dark thing, years younger than her husband, this Mme. Maeterlinck. The pair seemed always very happy together, but one day I heard something which opened up an inevitable vista before me. On that day the American manager of the foreign author came to my office and asked—him if there were not some employment in the studio for Mme. Maeterlinck.

"Why, no," responded Mr. Lehr; "I can't think of a thing she would do."

"Not some little job?—it really doesn't matter how small," urged the other.

"But, my dear fellow, why should the wife of M. Maeterlinck be wanting any kind of a job?" questioned my associate, still untouched by this new plea for Belgian relief. "Her husband is far from poor, you know. Hasn't he an estate and investments abroad—those and all the royalties he is getting? Besides, of course, we have given him an advance on his contract with us."

The manager shrugged and then he smiled—a sapient smile. "To be sure. But Madame—well, there are times perhaps when she longs for a little money of her own so she can snap her fingers at Monsieur."

This dialog, taken in connection with other phases of my association with Maeterlinck, persuades me that this creator of reverent prose and mystic drama is afflicted with the same economic fixation—I borrow the term from psychoanalysis—which manifests itself so often among those whom fame and success have enriched. Screen stars and actresses, comedians and tragedians, singers and writers—often in thinking over those whom I have met I have been struck by the number who would be capable of instructing Benjamin Franklin in the ways of thrift.

I remember that once I asked a man who had long been associated with Ben Turpin, the widely known cross-eyed comedian, what sort of chap Turpin really was.

"Well," said he laughingly, "he's this sort of a chap. He makes a lot of money and he keeps almost as much. He has an unpretentious little home manned with not more than one servant, and in the home there is a suite of parlor furniture. It's gilt, I think—anyway it's quite showy, and the Turpins are very much concerned over its welfare. They keep it covered up except when somebody calls, and even then they're not reckless. For they say that when the door-bell rings some one always peeps out of the window to see who is calling. If it's a stranger, they come the furniture-coverings. But if it's a friend, the insurance is kept on."

This amusing story is always linked in my mind with the one which Will Rogers is fond of telling on Chaplin. "A girl went riding up in the Hollywood mountains," says he, "and was thrown and lost for two days. When it was thought they weren't going to find her, Charlie offered a reward of a thousand dollars in all the papers. It looked at that time, mind you, as if they weren't going to find her. But they did, so the person that found her offered five hundred of the thousand for anybody that would find Charlie."

For me one of the most amazing revelations regarding M. Maeterlinck concerns his indifference to music. It was in this country and while he was with the Goldwyn Company that he heard for the first time a rendition of the opera "Pelléas et Mélisande." One of my publicity men sat near him in his box at this performance, and he reported that from the large placid face those deep-set eyes which Debussy wove about his own play drew not a sign of response.

It was quite evident that the Belgian author perhaps considered Dr. Johnson somewhat too broad-minded when he said that music was a sound more agreeable than other noises

WHEN I was in England several years after the formation of the Goldwyn Company I made a memorable call upon another playwright whose pen moves in a different tempo from that of Maeterlinck. I had long been an admirer of Mr. Bernard Shaw and, in spite of the fact that the quality of his plays rather repudiates the suggestion of screen adaptation, I was interested in conducting the experiment.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw entertained me at their London apartment with much brilliant talk and delightful tea. The playwright's wife, a very cordial hostess indeed, is one of those fresh-colored, vigorous types of womanhood which you meet at every turn of Hyde Park. She was deeply engrossed that day in the Irish question, and her eyes sometimes were brought into relief by a call from Sir Horace Plunkett, then just returned from a visit to the United States.

I recall that during the course of the talk Mrs. Shaw told a story of an Irish lad sentenced to be hanged in the Tower for his revolutionary activities. Before his execution they came to him and promised that if he would give the authorities information regarding certain leaders in the movement his life would be spared. To this the lad, only about eighteen years of age, replied, "Gentlemen, you are wasting your time and mine."

Mrs. Shaw quoted this speech with great fire. "However," she concluded, "can you conquer a people with a spirit like that?"

When we drifted away from the Irish situation Mr. Shaw and I had a chance for a talk about motion-pictures. To my surprise I learned then that he was a picture enthusiast. He told me that there

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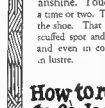
Conceals scuffs Restores faded spots

How to Care for Scuffed Shoes

Trim the rough edges until the surface is smooth. Saturate the dauber liberally with Dyanshine. Touch the scuffed spot a time or two. Then proceed to shine the shoe. That is all. The leather—scuffed spot and all—will be smooth and even in color, bright and clear in lustre.

How to restore Color to faded Shoes



Clean the shoe thoroughly of dirt and grease. Soap and water is good. But don't soak shoes, wash them only with a damp cloth or sponge. Then let them dry in the shade

Now apply Dyanshine liberally to all parts, giving special attention to the faded spots. Proceed to polish with a soft cloth. Clear, uniform color will result—faded spots will entirely disappear. Use Dyanshine consistently once a week and the leather will not fade again

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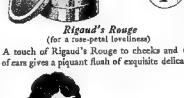
Rigaud's Tissue Cream
(for building firm tissues)
Pat this briskly into your skin, after cleansing. Firm, beautifully textured skin is your reward!

Rigaud's Vanishing Cream
(the ideal base for your powder)
For a radiant dinner appearance, or before applying your powder in the morning, use a thin layer of Rigaud's Vanishing Cream.

Rigaud's Rouge
(for a rose-petal loveliness)
A touch of Rigaud's Rouge to cheeks and tips of ears gives a piquant flush of exquisite delicacy.



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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

were two people whose pictures he never missed seeing—Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. Regarding the former, he was especially enthusiastic. I found, in fact, that he was as familiar with Chaplin's work as am I myself.

The affectionate courtesy displayed toward each other by the playwright and his wife is bound to impress any one familiar with some of Shaw's iconoclastic utterances upon the domestic situation. Certainly the atmosphere surprized me. The pair did not address each other as "Father" and "Mother," but, aside from this failure, they seemed to be as tolerant and contented and settled as a hardware merchant of Topeka and his wife.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon I saw Mr. Shaw look frequently at his wrist-watch. Ultimately he mentioned that he was due to deliver a lecture that evening.

"And have you decided yet what you are going to speak about?" queried Mrs. Shaw when at last her husband rose to depart for this engagement.

"Not yet," he retorted; "I dare say I shall decide on the platform."

I always think of Mr Shaw as he looked when he made this reply. His eyes, which are, I think, the clearest and most living blue I ever saw, so sparkled with merry perversity, his figure was so erect and spare and vigorous—there was so much spring in both face and physique—that he seemed to me—this man past middle age—the very embodiment of electric youth.

I suppose that he had that same expression of merry perversity when on the following day he, a newspaper reporter who called upon him to learn the outcome of his conversation with me. "Everything is all right. There is only one difference between Mr. Goldwyn and me Whereas he is after art I am after money."

WHATEVER the explanation, Mr. Shaw never came to America, nor did he do any work for the Goldwyn Company. I was no more fortunate in the result of my call upon Mr. H. G. Wells. He, like Mr. Shaw, had me at his home in London for tea. Here, however, the conversation focused, not upon Ireland, but upon India, a direction determined by the fact that a young East-Indian was calling upon the author that afternoon.

The foreigner was very earnest in his expressions of admiration for Mr. Wells's "Outlines of History," and it was indeed a privilege to me, who had just read this presentment of history, to hear such first-hand comments by both the author and a representative of that fellow civilization which Mr. Wells has compared so favorably with our Western achievements.

During the course of this conversation the Indian told the author that no other English writer held so high a place in his country as the one occupied by Mr. Wells. Altho the latter must have spent many hours of his life in listening to similar tributes, he responded to it as gratefully as if this were a fresh experience.

When we came to talk of pictures I suggested to Mr. Wells that he visit California and write some stories for our company.

"Oh," said he, "I should like to come, for I know I should enjoy the California sunshine and meeting Charlie Chaplin. The only trouble with me is that I never could write on order I haven't been able to do it for magazines or publishers and I should certainly fail abjectly when it came to doing it for the screen."

I thereupon urged him to come to California as my guest and look over the situation. But, altho I assured him that such a visit would leave him perfectly free to decide whether or not he cared to enter the picture lists, Mr. Wells did not accept my invitation.

As I left his home that day I remembered suddenly that twenty-five years before, I, who had just been entertained by the most celebrated of the younger English novelists, had wandered without home and without money through these very London streets. There was no self-congratulation in that swift contrast of present and future, but there was a deep wonder at the mysterious flux of life.

Another feeling dominated this wonder. It was my gratitude to the work which has so shaped and colored my destiny. To motion-pictures I owe all the wide range of contacts which have made up to me for a boyhood handicapped by so many unfavorable circumstances To it I owe also the greatest blessing which can befall any one of us—an impersonal interest so vivid and compelling that it survives any personal grief or maladjustment.

Almost every one who has been connected with picture-production understands the fascination which it exerts I always think, indeed, of the answer which Charlie Chaplin once made to somebody who asked him what he most wanted from the future

"More life," said Chaplin promptly. "Whether it comes through pictures or not—more life." And then he added half sadly, "Still I can't think of myself out of pictures. Whatever I do, I find myself wondering, 'Now, will that be good for my work or not?'"

Altho, in comparison with this great creative artist, my own sphere is so humble, my understanding of this one dominating interest is sufficiently complete to justify me in applying his words to myself. Like Chaplin, I can not think of myself out of pictures. For to do that would be to turn my back on the far horizon which has always called me to it.

In the ten years since I entered that little Broadway motion-picture theater with its static Western drama, its player-piano, and its far-flung peanut-shells, giant changes have taken place. Then film-production attracted few men and women of real intellectual capacity. Today we see a former member of the United States Cabinet presiding over its destinies. Then the motion-picture theater was as sporadic as it was stunted and disfigured. To-day the smallest hamlet puts up its first motion-picture theater at the same time that it erects its first church, and in the larger communities costly edifices have followed in the wake of the costly picture. Eight years ago the twenty thousand dollars which the Lasky Company expended upon "Carmen" was considered a vast sum. To-day the Goldwyn Company is investing over a million in its production of "Ben Hur"

WITH the development of our industry has come a corresponding development in the life of the country. Motion-pictures are, in truth, the magic traveling-carpet on which those in the most remote village may fly to distant lands, to other ages, to realms of romance hitherto denied them. No other agency, not even the automobile, has combined so successfully the isolation of the rural communities. When I think of the glow which pictures have brought to so many tasteless lives all through the world, I am tempted, indeed, to overlook all the defects of the industry and to dwell only upon its perfections.

Yet defects there certainly are. Undoubtedly the ten years to come will do much to remove them. My own faith in the next decade is a firm one, and to this new era of expansion I wish to dedicate whatever of ability, whatever of judgment I have gained from the experiences set down in these chapters.

UNCERTAIN SEAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

scattering dazzling brightness over the whitecaps, but, mounting up to it like the smoke of a burning petroleum lake, a mass of black clouds rolled from the northwest, rapidly wiping out the mainland and blotting up the water.

Under this canopy the water seethed with oily colors, slimy brown, glimmering blue, an unfathomable green, and intense black. The waves curled and snapped their crests like sprats leaping in a pot. As the storm swept toward us, it seemed as tho the whole Sound were in a huge basin and wewere being poured into an abyss.

Temple, unrightened after a moment's rapt attention, once more rose to sing.

All at once the sun was swallowed up. Temple disappeared from view in the arms of a gray wraith. We were smothered in blackness Blow after blow struck us like the concussion of big guns. Thrown off my balance I would have gone overboard, but I clutched a cleat and held to it, buried under water one instant, lifted clear and shaken like a rat the next.

For a couple of minutes my mind was a chaos. The wind soared and the waves hissed as they leaped at us in the darkness. The terrific cannonading of the thunder pounded our eardrums till they quivered at every peal. The lightning, stabbing the tossing seas with sharp, blinding flashes, stupefied us.

But after a while I was able to see the mast, straining like a longbow, with the tiny patch of canvas serving as a jib balled out like a white fist in the storm. A stinging charge of hail struck me with a reviving shock.

With an effort I drew myself erect beside the mast, and caught one fleeting glimpse of Temple through veils of rain and scud, well forward, with the wheel firmly grasped, his mouth opening and closing as tho still bellowing his wild song.

At that moment we swept by the *Sting Ray*, weltering in tumbling water, illumined by a flash of lightning like a submarine "blowing" at night, beneath the flash of a "five-point-seven." I saw only a pair of startled drenched white faces turned toward us as we leaped out of the storm and into the blackness again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

HEINZ
PURE
Vinegars

4 Kinds
CIDER
MALT
WHITE
TARRAGON

57

The purpose of HEINZ Vinegar is to impart flavor and develop flavor—not simply to make things sour. That is why salads made with HEINZ Vinegar taste better. All the care in selection of materials, the skill in preparation, the long aging in wood, are to create that rich, mellow tang and aroma.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

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To Children—A new dental era

To Women—New beauty

This New Way

of teeth cleaning—what it means

Millions of careful people, all the world over, have adopted a new way of teeth cleaning. And largely by dental advice.

The results are seen everywhere. Teeth glisten which once were dull. In every circle users tell others the benefits it brings.

If you have not yet found that method, this offers you a ten-day test.

Fighting film

One object is to fight the film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old brushing methods left much of that film intact. Teeth were kept clouded by it. And night and day it threatened serious damage.

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, for most of them are due to film.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few escaped those troubles, despite their daily care.

New methods now

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

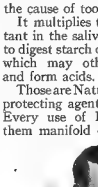
The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Fights acid too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect.



What men see

Tobacco particularly stains that film. So men who smoke see conspicuous results. But most people's teeth, under old methods, are clouded more or less. And most of them suffered film troubles.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a revelation. You will know when you make it that this new method means much to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

10-Day Tube Free 1108

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 1110, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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UNCERTAIN SEAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

I crept back to Temple, and we sat there side by side, with oilskins pulled over our flimsy uppers, caring nothing for anything beyond a radius of fifty feet, while the *Norseman* leaned, yawed, danced upon the dark, tumbling waters, and the cold rain and hail dashed furiously down upon us.

We continued on for hours, it seemed, until at last through a ragged rift in the west the sinking sun glared sullenly like a dying coal in a grate—and the first black squall blew itself out.

By this time there was no turning back for Temple.

WHEN we grew hungry we ate tins of sardines and crackers, pickles and fruit, and quenched our thirst with water and a little whisky that remained in a flask and kept us from any disagreeable chill. We had plenty of tobacco, and we smoked as we drove through the night.

When the wind began to fall we shook out the reefs in the jib and kept up the pace till dawn, when the wind fell flat beneath the warmth of approaching day.

Then we hove to and went to sleep.

The heavy sea was running, there was no dangerous snap to it, and we slept off our exhaustion, lulled by the easy rocking.

We awoke early in the afternoon with Long Island uncertainly defined to the southward and many steamers observing the mainland. We swam for an hour in the cold sea; then raised the mainsail and sailed away to the eastward.

We sailed on without plan or purpose, soaked with salt, freshened with rain, aglow with the benediction of the sun, until the following afternoon, when a chance remark of mine brought us about, headed back into Newport.

"Well, we ended the season with a flourish, anyway," I remarked reflectively.

Temple looked up with a slightly startled expression.

"By Jove!" he said, "I hadn't thought of that. That just about does it! I suppose I've been making a fool of myself, loafing around here."

"Loafing?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

He looked at me with a defiant glance, then out across the water with increasing uneasiness. Finally he said, shrugging his shoulders, with the expression of a man who is forced to a confidence but resents the necessity:

"Do you remember my yarn about the girl at Tutuila? Well, the truth of the matter is I've been chasing that blasted boat around the world ever since!

"Of course, I found out its name and the owner's name, I think. I'm a lump of mud? When I finished my business at Melbourne I heard the boat was returning to Portsmouth. Well, I'm a member of the Royal Yacht Club; so I figured I had a good chance of catching up with it there.

"Then when I reached Portsmouth I heard it had returned through the Panama Canal. I remembered the owner flew the Larchmont flag; so I came over here with letters—and I've been waiting ever since. Now—well, the season's ended—and—the Lord only knows where the girl is!"

Watching the play of expression on Temple's tanned countenance, I suddenly realized that he was remarkably handsome—tho I had long known he was a prince among men.

"What was the yacht?" I asked.

"The *Albatross*."

I suppose every one knows the *Albatross*—that nomad of the seas which Sydney Reading has poked into almost every harbor of the world. But I was specially qualified to know! My uncle, John Wyman, was Reading's lawyer. I almost choked, blurting out, "But she must be Reading's daughter! I've heard of her—Grace Reading."

"Certainly," said Temple morosely, looking into the shadows that were turning Point Judith purple.

"But, Temple," I added impulsively, as a light suddenly flared in my mind—"you could have bit my tongue off for saying it—"don't you know she's engaged to Harman?"

"Of course, I know," he said, angry and unhappy. "Otherwise, why do you suppose I'd show such interest in the beggar?"

I thought this over in silence as we sailed into the gathering night.

With the setting of the sun the sea dropped down. The dark-blue sky was clean and fresh, and sparkled with stars.

The *Norseman* progressed sluggishly through the yachts at anchor in the harbor.

Eight bells struck, and the silver notes rang dreamily across the water, followed with startling distinctness by the sound of low voices and sudden bursts of laughter. Lost in thought, we had drifted under the quarter of a steam-yacht that rose like a dim chalk cliff before us.

"Sheer off!" called a truculent voice over our heads. "Damn you, where are you going?"

Temple and I came out of our trance with a jerk

"Don't you damn me—damn you!" shouted Temple furiously.

This bright gem brought forth a smothered snort. Then a milder voice called:

"Ahoy, there! What boat's that, anyway?"

"*Norseman*," I answered defiantly, "from Larchmont."

There was a sudden running murmur of voices, a scampering of feet along the deck, and several hearty calls.

"Are you all right? We've dragged the Sound for you. Is LeGrand there? How's LeGrand? Oh, Bob!"

This pointed and startling interest in myself brought me to my feet. I ran to one of the halyards, and stood there looking up, my heart pounding heavily. I let Temple at the wheel rapt in his own thoughts, still angry and inclined to be resentful.

"LeGrand speaking," I said. "What's up? Who are you?"

An outburst of excited men's and women's voices responded, and all at once I felt a sneaking sense of guilt. My uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs. Wyman, were on board!

They had scoured the Sound for some trace of us until firmly convinced we had gone down in the storm. This amazing solicitude on the part of my relatives filled me with apologetic and confusing thoughts.

"I'm fine, Uncle Jack," I said lamely, feeling very young and very foolish in Temple's smoldering presence at the thought of having my elders out searching for me to bring me home when I had taken so grandly of sailing away to the South Seas. "I'm awfully sorry we gave you any trouble. Pretty decent to look for us—but you shouldn't have bothered——"

"Bob!" a mixed chorus exploded, and I winced. "A bother—and after what happened Saturday?"

"What—what happened Saturday?" I echoed feebly.

The quavering voice of my aunt—a woman of determination—suddenly dominated the chorus, and shrilled dramatically across the darkness of the deep.

"You saved us. Oh, Bob—you saved us!—saved us!"

"Oh, my shirt!" I whispered in horror to Temple, feeling an utterly incomprehensible sensation of guilt. "It was my aunt!"

By this time boat-hooks were thrust out to catch us.

"Go on up," grunted Temple.

I WENT swaying up the gangway and collided with a sobbing aunt who violently embraced me. Uncle Jack pricked my hand grimly, and clapped me an appreciative blow on the back. A very beautiful young lady who had approached me with an impulsive rush held back and gazed at me instead with an expression of alarm. A choleric sort of man with crow's-feet of mirth at the corners of his eyes threw a heavy arm over my shoulder and shook me.

I wasn't quite certain whether I was being beaten or blessed; but in the confusion of greetings a phrase suddenly set fire to my brain.

"—and Mr. Harmon said he heard you screaming, and then in a flash of lightning it looked as tho you were going down."

"Harmon's a liar," I blurted excitedly. "It was only Temple singing. Did Harmon get in all right?"

"Oh, *he* would," said the beautiful young lady in a tone of such contemptuous scorn that I couldn't misunderstand its significance.

I leaned heavily against the railing, aching with a spasm of suppressed laughter. In this attitude I found myself hanging over the railing face to face with Temple.

Bathed in the wavering light of a large ship's lantern, he looked up at me, speechless with indignation.

His dirty white, torn bathing-upper hung from one shoulder, leaving him half naked, and his pure tanned skin gleamed in the shifting glare with the golden gleam of a sun-drenched Kanaka. Moved by the expression on my countenance, no doubt, he commenced to laugh.

The next instant a look of bewilderment—then blank insanity—swept all intelligent expression from his face.

The beautiful young lady was standing beside me, her fingers gripping into my arms.

"Oh, who is he?" she whispered breathlessly. "Who is he? Dad, look! Quick!"

The commodore was at her side in two strides, looking wildly at Temple.

"Well, I'm drunk," he said hoarsely. "I'm drunk! Or that's the blankest thing I ever saw in my life. I'll bet five thousand dollars gold——"

"I *know* it's he," breathed the daughter softly.

"I'll bet ten thousand dollars I saw him knife a shark in the bay at Tutuila——"

"That tiny Samoan baby" mused the girl, her eyes swimming with light—"and he—he sailed away cursing at us as tho it was our fault—cursing awfully——"

"Hi, there, Kanaka!" called the commodore tentatively, thrusting his chin out at Temple.

But I also was leaning over the railing—far over the railing, whispering hoarsely in tones I'm afraid all the harbor could hear, as I jerked my thumb at the commodore and his daughter:

"Temple, old boy, it's the *Albatross*. Here they are. Here's your girl, right here! Oh, come aboard, you blinking idiot!"

THE PRIMITIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

were visible. She stopped suddenly at the bottom of a new incline. Still warm, she felt nevertheless a cold within.

Roger was staring into her eyes with silent questioning.

"What is it?" she answered. "I don't know, myself."

"I thought you were startled, Becky," said he. "At first startled, and then suddenly a look of astounding beauty. It's that thing in your face—not prettiness, not being handsome, or any of that—but real beauty. No, not real beauty. It's unreal. It's not always there. It just came then."

"I suppose it was the wind. The trees appear frightened. They are like things which would like to run driven by the wind or some great fear—some instinct of self-preservation. Aren't they? Look at them!"

They gazed together at the bending, writhing tree-tops, and suddenly across a patch of the sky a vast flock of screaming birds went toward the sea in a panic flight. It was a stream of birds, little birds tossed in the wind flying frantically, birds with wide wings spread, flapping and sailing. The whole visible sky was scattered with them, and as they were gone new ones came.

"Migration," Roger said without much assurance.

"In any case I'm not so sure that I want to look further for the dragons and giants, the monsters and the mysteries I talked about so much. The forest has suddenly lost all its peace of mind."

AS IF she regretted her words she pressed her lips together and walked on. She began to sing a low tune, and Bricken, recognizing it, joined her until the few bars of song were ended. Before them a new ridge lifted its rocky incline, a difficult ascent over much fallen débris and rotting trunks, through tangles of ferns and brakes, up the narrow, half-exhausted trail of a tiny brook.

The brook might have been something of a torrent at times of full water. It had cut a path down the long slope, as if in the strength of its Springtime rages it had swept all the last year seedlings away and bared the rocks of all nourishing soil.

Standing in its bed, Roger suddenly uttered an exclamation and pointed upward to the top of the ridge. They were no longer alone. Another human being had appeared at the crest outlined against the sky.

The figure waved its arms as if at the two who were down at the bottom of the ravine. It was a frantic little figure; it had come into being as if created by the girl's imagination. At that distant view it appeared twisted and misshapen, poised for a moment against the wild sky and then descending toward them, half running, half sliding, half tumbling over the rocks, and finally disappearing into the maze of the trees.

"Listen!" Roger had exclaimed. "It was a man. Listen!"

The wind, lifted by the crest of the ridge, was no longer blowing in their faces. It went off onward far above them in a coppery, streaky haze. But down the path of the breeze as it dropped into the ravine, came the faint sounds of a voice.

"*Ooee! Ooee!*"

"An Indian," said Roger. "It's all right, Becky." He sat down on a low hummock and clasped his knees. He looked again at his watch. "Four," he said. "But how dark it is! Doesn't it seem dark to you?"

"Yes, a curiously powdery dark, hazy like an eclipse of the sun."

"*Ooee! Ooee!*"

The call came startlingly from a near thicket, and a moment later this stranger in the wilderness stepped forth into the brook-bed. His bronzed face was dripping with sweat and scarred. His head was immense in comparison to his thick-set body. His skin, the color of old russet apples, was furrowed by deep lines radiating everywhere from a long nose on which the hide, stretched taut, appeared to cover the horny beak of some prehistoric bird. He held up calloused, crooked-fingered hands like claws turned inward toward the wet, tan-colored woolen shirt as if he were about to tear out his own vitals. In his lacquer eyes was the glassy inscrutability of the Indian. Something about his lips, however, indicated that he was a half-breed. He pointed westward.

"Run!" said he. "I go this way for my woman. Run like the devil!"

"Why?"

"Fire! Timber, ten, forty miles, come burning! Big wind. Over ridge. Him big fire never knew before! I see from mountain. I throw rifle down after while. Must run. Fire in big circle. Never stop this side water. Big fire like fish-net. Catchum everything! Run!"

"Fire?" Roger gasped.

"Look top!"

The girl and Bricken gazed at the crest toward which his gnarled forefinger pointed. A great rolling cloud of smoke had lifted over the ridge, where the wind was now tearing it into shreds and then driving it like powder across the sky. And as they looked the under side of this dense cloud suddenly glowed as if beyond the ridge some vast door had been opened into the furnace of the earth's interior.

Becky found when she turned to him that Bricken's eyes were now filled with terror. They both looked instinctively for the Indian, but he had disappeared. There was a memory of cracking twigs and parted bushes snapping together again, but it was hard to realize that his figure had been there, that they had looked upon that grotesque face the color of the bottom of a copper kettle. It was as if he had been a creature of their imaginations.

The girl felt Roger's hands upon her two shoulders, pressed down heavily there.

"Look at me!" he said.

She met his eyes.

"I know these timber lands," he went on gravely. "And I want to stop to tell you this. I figure the miles before us. In this wind and this draft nothing will stop the rush of the flame and it will come like an express-train. Thank God you're in training, Becky! We may reach the sea. We may win. We may not. If we lose, a death by fire— Well, Becky, if you don't say *no* I will——"

"I know what you are going to say. You will kill me" She never flinched.

"You first," he said. "You're brave and fine."

"You need not worry about me," she said. "I understand."

She had begun to unloosen the belt of her skirt at the back.

"No," said he. "I know. You want full room for the stride. Don't do that. You'll need the woolen fabric to shield you from the everlasting tearing and ripping of fallen branches in all that. Let me!"

With his knife he ripped from belt to hem the homespun fabric.

"And now—a dog-trot! I'd carry you if I could help that way—I can't. Wait! I'll just lift you over that windfall. There you are!"

She laughed. "You're strong!"

"Don't talk! You need all your breath. Every last ounce!"

After a few minutes she turned. They had come to another ridge, and for a moment the sun, like a silver disk, peered back at them from behind the thin blanket of smoke now stretched far, even across the western sky. And now on a rise of ground the wind which blew on the back of their hot necks was laden with the pungent, nose-stinging smell of burning, resinous wood. The whole semicircle of world behind them was marked by a pulsing red glow.

They ran on. The forest was awake; it shuddered as if it shared the terror. The wind-whipped tree-tops had joined in a chorus of agony drifting away toward the sea wailing and the roaring of countless regiments of distant, frightened trees.

"The north and south ends of the wall of fire have traveled fastest!" Roger shouted to her. "Look! Our one way out of the circle is to go to the sea. And we'll do it, Becky! Keep your nerve! Look out there!"

She had caught her foot and had fallen sprawling into the undergrowth.

"I'm all right," she insisted, scrambling to her feet. "Go on!"

She drew her hair behind her on the path and wiped from her moist face the bits of dead leaves and dry riffraff of the woods. Her body, all pins having been loosened by the flight, the wind, and her fall, came down in a barbaric abandon and covered her shoulders.

Out of the cool ravine, where some slight sense of moisture filled the air, they came up into a thick growth of tall-masted spruces, and there for the first time, mingled with the roaring of the forest and the aromatic sting of the smoke, they felt the breath of the nearness of the end. It came and went on their skins like a flushing of fever from within.

Tanning now already with the intensity of their effort, under the flicking of a whip of terror, they went running, stumbling, climbing over great fallen trunks, scrambling through fields of ferns, fleeing across red-brown floors of springy, slippery, dry evergreen needles. Bricken held her when he could, but he knew as well as she herself that it was to be her courage, her endurance, the fiber of her own body which would save her.

THE seal The seal The sea with its cool foam! The sea with its protecting arms! The sea in which a body could fling itself and find a cool, protecting embrace! The sea with all its agonies but—pray to God!—the sea! It was so far! And yet the whole universe except the sea was doomed to annihilation.

The hunger for the sight of that leaden expanse of Pacific they had left a few hours before became like the yearnings of a nightmare; the blood pounding in their heads seemed to be hammering out the delusion that beyond the next rise of ground suddenly there would open the sight of the beloved sea.

They ran on, hot, dripping, panting, grim of face, muscles aching, lungs in agony.

And suddenly they knew that they were not the only ones in desperate fear. As the circle of fire-wall closed in and the strange purring of the conflagration behind them rose into a roar, as the tops of the red glow lifted on yellow flying tongues of flame when the fire had climbed madly on the wind to the crest of a ridge, the aisles of the trees began to be alive with fleeing living things.

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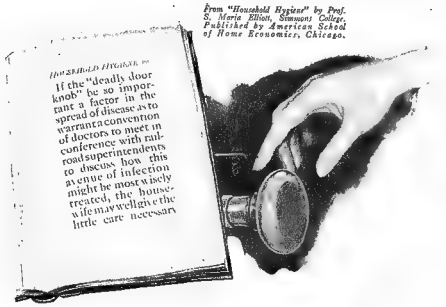
From "Household Hygiene" by Prof. S. Marie Elliott, Simmons College. Published by American School of Home Economics, Chicago.


HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE
If the "deadly door knob" be so important a factor in the spread of disease as to warrant a convention of doctors to meet in conference with railroad superintendents to discuss how this avenue of infection might be most widely treated, the housewife may well give the little care necessary

The deadly door knob

IF THE innocent-looking door knobs in railway cars and stations are such dangerous carriers of disease, what about the places in your home that micro-organisms really prefer—the dark, damp spots where they flourish?

The wash-basin and kitchen sink drain? The refrigerator pipe? The toilet bowl? Musty closets? The dark, hard-to-get-at, out-of-the-way nooks and corners?

Those tiny micro-organisms (germs or bacteria as they are more commonly known) are invisible to the naked eye, yet their dangers are none the less existent. They are a constant menace to health—the source to which most illness can be traced.

The healthful home requires repeated use of a disinfectant—a completely effective disinfectant that *actually destroys* germ life.

The effectiveness of "Lysol" Disinfectant is indicated by its use in leading hospitals everywhere. "Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. Tests made by pouring "Lysol" Disinfectant in water, stirring well and then examining this solution under the microscope show that every single drop is clear and transparent; there are no undissolved globules.

Be sure of the disinfectant you use

THIS means that "Lysol" Disinfectant solution (in proper proportions as given in the directions) is 100 per cent. effective, *completely* destroying and killing germ life.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is neutral as well as completely soluble. It contains no free acid nor free alkali. Diluted, in the correct proportion, "Lysol" Disinfectant is non-caustic.

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant.

As an antiseptic for feminine hygiene

(One-half teaspoonful to one quart of water)

"Lysol" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene because it is safe as well as thoroughly effective. In proper solution, it does not irritate. In fact, it is soothing as well as cleansing.

The use of "Lysol" for this purpose is due to the enthusiasm of women everywhere that *antiseptic* personal cleanliness is a safeguard of health.

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Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

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Sold everywhere

THE PRIMITIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

A hare, loping along, passed them, scuttling through the underbrush. Two foxes sped by, turning no glance at these strange beings who, driven by the same panic of fear, were fleeing for a common purpose. All the population of the forest, driven by wind, smoke, the terror of the red glow, and by irresistible instincts of the wild, were on the move. The instincts of prey, of all the usual reserves and fears of the deep, wild places, were gone now. Hunger was gone.

Before another half-mile, a she bear, lumbering hulk, trotting its great weight on huge padded feet, crossed their way just in front of them. She turned, not to look at them, but with hurried eyes and wet nostrils sensing the distance of the peril.

"Gad!" Bricken exclaimed hoarsely. "Look! She's got two cubs! She's driving 'em. She won't go on alone!"

They ran on. It was possible to see now in the gathering murk of the smoke that the southern end of the fire had driven forward like a great red arm which would gather into its curve all that was living in reach of its embrace. The unburnt center, upon which the walls of the fire were closing in, grew smaller and smaller.

There was still a funnel leading out to the sea, and into this narrowing funnel a whole living, fugitive world of animal life poured its individuals. Squirrels, red and gray, scampered over the ground westward. Fat muskrats and stodgy beavers on short legs waddled forward with incredible speed. Man and girl found themselves in an ever-swelling stream of living things. Wolves in a pack, red tongues hanging out, swerved around them and were gone. The soft flight of dazed owls, awakened and driven by the hot breath of the fire, went over their heads, and were nearly trampled under legs.

The wind was tossing brands into the sky now. The roar of that wind could no longer drown the roar of the fire itself, and the dusk in the zenith of the sky above them was spotted with bright sparks spit up at the heavens in an ever-increasing fiery spray. Before the menace, long snake-like weasels, martens, sleek of coat, and little running mice were in stampede. Moths and beetles touched by the blasting breath of the fire came fluttering and buzzing down from the green tree-tops, and dragon-flies on gauzy, rustling wings piloted them toward the sea. The air was filled with insect life.

Two other bears, crashing through the undergrowth, came lumbering down the new slope, and one of them, stopping, threw back his woolly head and, out of his red throat, sent forth a bellow through the echoing trees. His voice awakened a whole chorus of fear. Yapping of foxes, wolves, and coyotes, the wrathful barks of smaller mammals, the screams of belated birds. Then all died away, leaving the roar and thrash and crackle of wind and fire, the voices of the elements gone mad.

The girl was running now in agony. The heat, the desperation, the blood pounding in her temples had filled her with dizziness; she plunged and stumbled, reached forward with her outstretched hands as if to grasp some saving life-line which would draw her from the horrors of the land across terrible interlaying space, over the needles, the ferns, and the brushwood, into the comforting, cool bosom of the sea.

"Keep on!" commanded Roger. "Nerve now! Nerve!"

"I can't," she gasped through dry, parched lips out of a dry, parched throat. The leaden fatigue had loaded her feet, her ankles, her calves, and now her thighs with weight almost impossible to lift. In her lungs claws of pain were tearing at tender unused tissues; her head was rocked by a surging agony.

Bricken, who had made the pace till now, fell behind her. "Go on!" came his voice.

"I can't," she breathed. "I want to rest again—a minute! One minute!"

"No! Go on!"

She closed her fists, and then tearing open her waist at the throat, ran forward. In her confused mind was the thought that death and obliteration might have no worse horrors than this desperate fight for life. Well, there was Roger, too. What of him? He could go on alone.

SHE flung herself against a tree-trunk, clawed at its rough bark, supporting her swaying body. He was staring at her out of a face nearly purple. She wondered whether her own was like this. But something in his eyes gave them a beauty she had never seen in them before.

"Leave me here!" she gasped.

"No, if you can't go on I'll take you." He was panting, but he tore off his shirt and flung it aside. "I'll see you through, Becky! I won't leave you! You hear?"

"I hear!" she whispered hoarsely. "I understand. You can't carry me. I'm—no—quitter, Roger!"

She pushed the tree away from her and ran on. The fire was gaining on them now. The wind had picked up burning brands and whirled them hundreds of yards in advance to light new outposts of destruction. The silt from a river of soot and burned-out sparks which now flowed above them across the sky came drifting down.

It was all like a river now. A flow of torrential wind; a flow of animal life, thicker and thicker. Even the snakes were wriggling their flight up the incline of a new ridge over the stones and the brown carpet of the forest. A gray timber-wolf and a deer ran side by side. Elk and does sped toward the sea, their moist noses pointing into the open lanes of the trees. It was a flow narrowing into the one funnel of escape—a flow of wind, sparks, roaring, a flow of living things, a flow of terror, too strong now to be opposed. Breath was drawn, legs moved, eyes stared wildly ahead for a single monomaniac purpose.

Roger caught her shoulder. He shouted, "To the left! To the left!"

The skirmish-line of the fire had leaped suddenly over their heads. The darkness of night drawn over them by the smoke had yielded little by little to a red glow which covered the heavens and touched with bright-red light the trunks of the trees awaiting martyrdom.

NOW suddenly there sprang up in front of them a patch of new yellow flame. Some burning thing, thrown up out of the sea-bed of the furnace, had been tossed far ahead and had ignited the tinder undergrowth. The flame reached out, extending long arms and talons to seize upon the lower branches, and then scrambled up until the towering trees were fiery, with their fire licking the low sky. The crackle and roar of this new outpost turned the whole flood of fugitive animals as it had turned Bricken and as it had turned her southward.

They had been climbing toward a new crest through a water-course, but now it was necessary to strike off into the thicker growth, turning their backs upon the voice of the new enemy which they had seen leap into being. Showers of insects blasted by the hot breath of the fire fell like rain into a thicket where in every direction were the sounds of distended animal nostrils, of panting, of thousands of little feet pattering and of hoofs and paws crashing through the brush.

"I must stop!"

"No! Becky! On! On!"

He seized her in the crook of his arm; on her soft chest, now half bare, he laid the palm of his other hand.

"On!" he said grimly. He caught her up and staggered forward.

But of a sudden she began to protest. "Put me down! I will go! Put me down!"

At the top of the incline, having clambered onto a great rocky ledge, bare of trees, their starving eyes beheld the sea! There it was! There it was like a thing which, imagined enough, comes into reality. There was its cool, flat expanse, beyond a mile of furry tree-tops. Behind them the world was all aglow and aflame; before them was the sea, dark, mysterious under the heavy shadows of the coming night and the great black clouds of smoke driven over the wind-whipped waters.

The girl threw her arms toward the Pacific and gave forth a long exulting cry.

"Not yet, Becky! Not yet! The fire is coming like lightning! Look! It has already reached the cliff, edge down the coast. And up here, too! It's closing like jaws. One last try for it, girl!"

He pulled her down the declivity leading into the dark gorge. They went slipping and sliding with rocks and earth loosened by their feet, hurtling into the dry ravine below. It was this ravine which was the final narrowing of the funnel of escape to the sea, and into it from all slopes poured the hordes of living things. Standing on a rocky crag above the stream-bed, they could see, in the half light, the stream of animals' backs, the gray wolves and brown backs of leaping deer and trundling bears.

Suddenly the fire leaping upon the ridge they had just deserted threw its dancing light down into the gorge and up to the heavens. The panic-stricken stream hastened its pace; the living river, showered now with stinging sparks, gave forth the screams and shrieks of trampled victims.

"Stay up here!" Bricken commanded. "Stay up out of the press!"

A mountain-lion with one kitten held in her jaws came and stood on the crag they had just left. Her eyes shone in the firelight; her tail switched to and fro as she studied the way to safety.

"It is a thing of dreams!"

Bricken knocked a spark from her hair. "Yes!" he shouted thickly. "Keep on, Becky! Keep on!"

She looked at him before she ran forward. His face was covered now by blotches of soot. She knew her own was covered like that and was twisted and contorted by pain. But now there was the sea. It was so near—just down at the bottom of this gorge!

Suddenly the wind, rising again and roaring through the spruces, beat the heat down and enveloped them. She could feel the sting of it on her bare skin. She writhed and drew a corroded breath which seemed to wither everything within her.

She looked around. Roger was staggering about. He had recovered more of this blighting heat than she; he swayed, clutching at branches, as one who has drawn into his lungs a deadly gas. His eyes were closed. He seized her outstretched hand. "On! On!" he said huskily. "I'm all right, but the next one—God help us!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

He was waiting

AS she skipped down the stairs to meet him, she was confident she looked her best.

Her hair was delightfully soft, fluffy and charmingly arranged, and it had that dainty fragrance she had so often envied.

Men wondered at her loveliness, and women envied her popularity. But best of all—*he* knew that somehow she was different from any other girl.

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THE PRIMITIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

They plunged forward through the smoke; with eyes smarting and half blinded they bumped into tree-trunks and sprawled over unseen obstacles in their path. The drunkenness of pain, desperation, and exhaustion was upon them.

And then suddenly they were among the gnarled, wind-twisted pines. From Bricken's throat at last came a growl of victory. The open places! The sea!

EVEN above the roar of wind and fire they could now hear the roar of waters. In lulls of the wind they could imagine that salt spray touched their burning skin. There was the sea! It was pouring its tides, its waves, its white foam into a cove. Two points of headland held this inlet in its arms, and the fire was ahead, galloping out on one of these tree-covered promontories. Its leaping, onrushing blaze lighted the heavy swell breaking at the mouth of this natural harbor. It showed the wind-whipped waters of the inlet, the shapes of rocks crouching in the harbor like ocean monsters sleeping in their lairs. It showed the rocky shores and precipitate beaches swarming with the animals which had been driven into the last space left undevastated by the jaws of the conflagration.

Behind Bricken and the girl, standing at the top of the little cliff, awed, dazed by the magnificence of the wind and the sea, suddenly there rose with a roar of hunger a great maw of fire with gigantic teeth of yellow flame.

They could hear a chorus of death, the shrieks and screams of animals caught by the pounce of the fire. Black smoke enveloped them. They were jostled by heavy bulks. The last bush had begun. Hairy bodies pressed against their legs. They were swept on toward the drop below. Stifled, struggling in vain to seize, in the darkness, some immovable object, they were helpless. Their feet, planted in front of them, were torn loose. A welter of living, struggling, panting hot animal life bore them forward like chips in a torrent. They could hear the rush, the dislodged rocks rolling down, the falling of heavy bodies, the splash of deer and wolves, of cats and snarling things in the waters below. And then, like flotsam of a river carried over the brink of a waterfall, they were torn apart and hurtled down.

The girl found herself sitting armpit-deep in the shallows. She thrust her pounding head under the water, and, shaking the brine and her tangled hair from her eyes, found that her sight had cleared as by a miracle. Roger was crawling toward her.

His voice was all one with the voices of the forest. He barked, "All right?"

"Yes!"

"I struck my head a little. We must swim for it—for that island. It's bare rock. There'll be no living on this shore."

The vast semicircle of fire above and running out now on each arm enclosing the inlet had responded once more to the anger of the wind. A great blinding light showed that the waters were already alive with swimming things. Burning brands, dropped out of the hands of the blast, fell among them and went under the surface with a hiss of defeat. Showers of sparks rose into the sky and fell, like the million stars of heaven, into the caldron of the bay.

The girl pulled off the woolen shirt and tore from her shoulders the remaining shreds of her silk blouse. The water had revived her. She tore at the laces of her stout walking-shoes with fingers and arms agile with new energy.

"You're sure you are all right? It's rather far!" Bricken's hoarse whisper was almost in her ear, but it was thick and full of effort. She wondered whether he had come more quickly to the end of his resources than she.

"No, I'm all right. I can make it."

She plunged forward into the black waters. Their caress was a kind of heaven, cooling the blood, taking away the pounding heat from the brain and the tearing agony from the lungs and muscles. She even turned her head to be sure that Bricken was swimming near her. There he was, his head half buried under the surface, stroking, it appeared, a little frantically.

It was not until she put her feet down upon a slippery bed of rock-weed that she saw he had gone. Only a mountain-lion head was visible moving about in circles, dismayed, perhaps blinded. No, there was something!

She struck out again, feeling about with every stroke, searching with her eyes for a sign of him.

"Roger!" she called. "Roger!"

There was no answer in that swirl of noise, of water and fire, the roar of the sea, the roar of the land, the roar of the sky.

Then suddenly she saw a glint of white. She swam nearer. It was a man. It was Roger. He was floating face down. He was unconscious. She caught him under the bare armpits and turned him over; she dragged him toward the rocky shores of the island, kicking her feet with desperate strokes. She wallowed under and almost sucked water into her tired lungs. Finally she felt once more the touch of bottom under her bare feet. She caught his limp hand and, holding it, stumbled forward across a wet rock.

He came up across the slippery rock-weed with extraordinary ease. She had never realized that she could be so strong. She lifted him now out of the water and she managed to drag him across a smooth boulder.

She listened, pressing her ear against the bare muscles of his back. It was there —the beating—the sound of his heart. He had struck his head when they had been swept over the little cliff. That was it! No man could do more. Suppose he died—now!

She pressed his trunk down and released the pressure. Again! For her there was now no fire, no bay alive with swimming fugitives, no roar of wind. If he would only speak!

Suddenly he drew a great breath.

Her head swam. She saw again the picture of the mountain-lioness with its kitten in its jaws.

BEFORE midnight the wind had gone howling off to sea, as if having done its work it could laugh a farewell. Roger had lain across her knees, protesting in hoarse whispers, calling in a half delirium for water. She had felt over every part of his head, and tho she found a great swelling on his forehead, her fingers were intelligent enough to assure her that there had been no fracture.

And the rain had come in torrents. With the wind gone, it had fallen as it falls in a cloudburst. Pools of it! Water to drink. Water to bathe Roger's head. Water to pour in handfuls into his upturned parted lips! Water to bring a burned-over territory from a field of red glow to a field of misty, whining, hissing black.

When the day came the rain was still falling. The sky was one flat sheet of lead, and out of it came the eternal downpour.

Like the sky, the sea was now flat and leaden. Only the land was black.

Dead things floated by on the incoming tide. The forest had gone. Not a stalk of green remained. A few charred tree-trunks stuck up on top of ridges against the leaden horizon. They were black. Everything was black, and gray, and dead.

"All dead!" said Roger.

"No," she replied. "I've been looking. The living sunk away before dawn. There are some left."

She pointed. A bear clambering up the rocks picked his way across the waste, his head bowed down.

"You must be nearly dead yourself," Bricken said.

"No. I'm just beginning to learn to live, Roger."

Down one of her shins a little trickle of blood was still running from an open wound.

"What can I say to you?" She motioned aside his interest in her injuries. "How can I tell you, Roger? How can I tell you that it took a miracle to show me what I am—what all of us, at bottom, are?"

"Tell me?" he inquired, astounded. He felt suddenly that he knew little about women.

She went on, staring out at the leaden sea. "I'm a primitive, too, Roger—thank God!"

And long after they had been taken off their rock by those who came searching for them with doubting hearts he could not fully believe that she had thrown those cool arms about his neck, and, bending his head back, had pressed his lips so long with her own, saying nothing, saying all.

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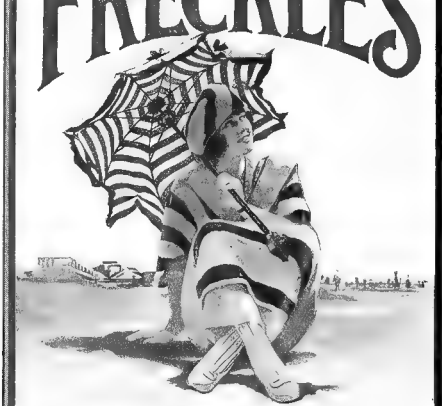

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THE WOMAN OF CHARM

BY CLAUDIA M. FITZGERALD

IF I had not seen the most unattractive girl in my acquaintance become, through sheer determination, the most charming, I might not believe that any woman who really wants to be charming can learn to be.

When I knew her at twenty-seven she had no charm, no friends, and a dreary future confronted her. We all thought her hopeless because she seemed not to know or care that her face, her figure, her hair, her whole personality were utterly without any sort of beauty. The climax came when she lost her position. I found her in bitter tears on her bed, protesting her ugliness.

"But you are *not* really ugly," I said, "and it is your own fault that your are miserable."

She looked at me incredulously. "Do you mean that?" she asked.

For answer I brought her a mirror. "Look at yourself," I said. "Your features aren't ugly. It is only your expression. Your hair, your skin, your body are not good to look at because you give them no care. You do not eat properly and you do not exercise enough. You are miserable and inefficient because you think only of yourself and brood over your shortcomings. What you need is to study the people you know to find out what makes them charming. Most of them aren't beautiful at all. Then take stock of yourself and see what you lack. But be fair with yourself and take credit for your good qualities. You have it in you to become charming if you want to."

Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

LINA CAVALIERI

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BEAUTIFUL GRAND-OPERA SINGER

A suggestion was all she needed. Once she had become awakened and interested in cultivating herself the change in her was astonishing. Her mind and body responded to the care she now gave them. In less than six months she was a delightful person with a splendid position. To-day she is one of the most charming girls in her circle of friends.

"But," protests one woman, "we *must* be beautiful to be charming, or at least pretty!" "Or rich," says another. "Or happy," "or beloved," "or young!"

Beautiful? Perhaps. But not in the way you mean. You say beautiful when you mean only pretty. Beauty is more than prettiness. It is a spiritual something that is greater and more enduring than prettiness. And charm is greater even than beauty. One charming woman I know never takes a good photograph because her beauty lies not in her features, but in the spirit that animates them.

Rich? No. Riches can buy a soft skin, or a beautiful gown, but they can not buy all of charm. I sat near a woman at a free concert recently whose charm was the sort that drew eyes to her again and again. Yet her rough hands and broken nails showed that she did menial work as a cook perhaps or even a scrub-woman.

Happy? Of course. Why not be happy? Happiness is a lesson to be learned just as we learn patience, or courage, or self-control.

Beloved? Yes. Why aren't you beloved? Here is a world full of children and men and women wanting to love some one. What is it you do or don't do that forces you to live on unloved?

Young? We laugh at this last, for charm is ageless! That is the most precious and hopeful thing about it. The most charming woman I know is fifty. She lost her husband and alone put three children through college. Until ten years ago her entire life had been spent on a ranch, doing the heart-breaking work that ranchwomen do. Yet to-day she is infinitely more charming than either of her two daughters in spite of their youth and advantages.

You can not be altogether charming unless your physical self is the strong, beautiful instrument nature intended. We all know people who are charming despite physical handicaps and afflictions, but they have greater, more courageous souls than most of us have.

I am going to tell you in four words what will make of your body anything you like provided you will listen to these words as if you had never heard them before, and practise what they preach. They are exercise, bathing, rest, diet. They form the foundation for beauty.

I am not going to recommend any certain set of exercises. You can buy good ones by the dozen or more with music to give them pep, or you can even get them by radio now. All I am going to say is do them systematically, regularly, thoughtfully, and not too strenuously at first, before your mirror in the early morning when it is still cool. Then take your bath, a warm one with a handful of salt in it, followed by a zippy cold shower or a rub, with water into which toilet vinegar or bath tablets have been dissolved to give an elusive fragrance. Dry with a rough towel used with gentle friction that sets you atingle.

Then, if it is possible, when you've put on the fewest clothes permissible, a cool Summer frock that makes you feel as fresh and delightful as a daisy field, and comfortable shoes, get out-of-doors. If you are at the seashore, take a solitary walk on the beach. Breathe deeply and rhythmically, filling your lungs with the keen, salt tang, and your eyes with the most thrilling thing in sight—the sea with its never-old beauty. Forget everything except that you are alive and young and glad! Commune with your own thoughts and walk up an appetite.

If you are near the mountains or woods or a lake, walk to the highest spot you can find where your spirit can touch the sky if your fingers can not, and learn the lesson of peace and beauty that only the early morning in such places can teach you.

But if you can have none of these inspirational scenes and must stay in the city or in town, surely there is somewhere apart that you can walk, in a park or your own vegetable garden, even if you have to sacrifice a few minutes' sleep to get this time to yourself before the family clamors for its breakfast or before you have to go to work. Early morning is wonderful wherever you find it, and somehow you should manage to enjoy its solitude.

The Importance of Relaxation

THE siesta belongs to these hot days. The women of warmer climates are among the world's most charming, and the siesta is their invention. They know its value as a beautifier. But you can do more than just sleep during your midday nap.

First find the coolest spot in the house where the air circulates freely, and, taking off your outer clothes, put on a negligée. Let your hair down completely to have its rest. Then cleanse every bit of powder and dust off your face with little puffs of absorbent cotton soaked in some heavenly scented face-tonic, patting it on with an upward motion. Or use a cleansing-cream applied the same way, giving special attention to the skin about the eyes. Wipe all the cream off with the softest cloth you can find, and finish off with a soothing skin-lotion and astringent that will help to counteract the ravages of the Summer sun.

If your muscles need tightening up put the white of an egg all over the face and throat, spreading it upward and outward with the finger-tips. Leave it on to dry and rinse it off with very cold water, followed by an ice-rub. When your face feels in need of boosting, put on one of the vegetable or clay masks that are so excellent, taking care to follow directions exactly.

Perhaps you won't sleep while this is on, but you can lie flat on your back on a comfortable couch or bed, with no pillow under your head, and relax, relax, relax, until there isn't will-power enough in your little finger to lift it. Lie as limp as a rag doll and think a smile so all the lines of your face will mold happily upward. Think calmness, think beauty, think cool, green woods and wind-stirred moonlight. If there ever was a supreme moment in your life when you triumphed now is the time to relive it. Or if there never has been there is going to be, and now is the moment to visualize it. See yourself as you want to be—lovely, radiant, happy, charming.

Then when you've washed the mask off and applied cold water and some astringent lotion, and your face feels all cheered up, take squares of absorbent cotton and saturate them in witch-hazel to which a few drops of camphor have been added, a boric-acid solution, or one of the good eye-lotions you can buy. Now put a pad over each eye, lie down in the perfectly relaxed condition, and drift off into a refreshing sleep or into that borderland where you do not think but float in delightful languor.

"This is all very well for the woman who has nothing else to do," one business woman said, "but what about me? I work from nine to five, with only an hour at noon." Perhaps her problem is yours too. Then you can't take a nap in the middle of the day, but must get more "beauty sleep" at night.

Make Walking a Recreation

INSTEAD of taking your walk before breakfast, eat earlier and walk part or all the way to work. Or walk at noon. Have you ever tried the roof of your office-building as your noon recreation spot? Here you are above the crowd and the noise, and the air is clearer. A few minutes' exercise here, an interesting book, a sun-bath, or a comfortable seat and complete relaxation will rest you.

Eat your lunch in a restful place if you can afford to, and remember that your stomach is a workshop, not a gastronomical museum. Don't go on a special diet unless you are much over- or under-weight. Drink eight glasses of cool, pure water every day. Eat plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables.

Wear the most becoming clothes you can buy. A whole story could be written on the charm of clothes. Protect your skin from the sun as much as possible with powder applied over a good vanishing-cream, and with a hat, and you will spend less time beautifying it later.

Then there is that wonderful beautifier and time-saver, the permanent wave for straight hair. Permanent waving has been so perfected by its original inventor that borax is no longer used as a waving agent, and the extreme heat once necessary is not applied now. You can get a home waver to use yourself that duplicates the method used by the professional waver. If you follow exactly the directions that accompany it you will not harm your hair. But be sure to wave a single lock of it first to determine just how it will take the wave.

Do you know what makes the difference between straight and curly hair? Curly hair absorbs moisture, which makes it more curly, as every curly-haired person knows, and straight hair absorbs no moisture, getting straighter when it is damp. Your permanently waved hair will be curlier when damp. This is why women find it such a convenience at the seashore or in the moist Summer days.

Enjoy the people you meet. Enter into their play and their conversation. Indifference is not charming, and timidity is only the result of too great interest in self.

Find the hidden spring of your own laughter. Perhaps it has been choked with weeds and débris like a neglected spring on a hillside, and when you clean it out it will bubble up crystal-clear and refreshing. Laughter is the great stimulator of health and beauty.

When you are ready to retire at night take a warm tub-bath lasting about ten minutes. Beware of very hot water. This removes too much oil from the skin.

There are last-minute rites to be performed on face, hair, and hands every night, of course, and you've learned from experience to remove all make-up with a good cleansing-cream so the pores can breathe; to take the hair down and brush it well; to cleanse the teeth and mouth; and to rub a softening-lotion well into the hands. Let the last waking thought be that to-morrow you are going to be more charming than ever—and you will be!

Altho the business woman's whole beauty program must be carried out at night, it need not take any longer time than that of her leisurely sister. If she will devote one evening every week or two to a thorough going-over from head to toe, and if she will take care to have always on hand the beauty equipment she needs, half an hour or less every night will suffice to keep her in trim.

The home-maker with children must learn to dovetail her pursuit of charm into her house-work. One woman uses her pursuit of charm into her house-work. One woman uses her bath-time and also manicures while she is in the bath-tub. Another manicures after the dish-water has softened the cuticle on her nails. A third takes her relaxation while the baby has his daily nap. Still another sees the children take turns in brushing her hair while she mends or sews. Sweeping, mopping floors, making beds can be made real beauty exercises if the motions are rightly done. Try doing them to music with your windows wide open.

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"Some skins are especially susceptible to blackheads; if your skin belongs to this type you need to use a special method of cleansing."

Blackheads are a Confession

Blackheads are a confession that your skin is not getting the care it needs.

Some skins are especially susceptible to blackheads; perhaps your skin belongs to this type.

If so, you must use a special method of cleansing to overcome this trouble.

Blackheads are caused by excessive oil collecting dirt in the pores of your skin. If your skin has a tendency to be large-pored or oily, or if it is very much exposed to dust and soft coal smoke—then you must take special measures to prevent blackheads.

This treatment has benefited thousands

Thousands of girls and women, by using this special treatment, have found that they can keep their skin absolutely free from blackheads—fresh and smooth and clear as a child's in this respect—

> Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Use this treatment persistently, and within even a week or ten days you will see a decided improvement. In time this disfiguring trouble will vanish altogether.

This treatment for blackheads is only one of the famous treatments given in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. You will find a special treatment for each different type of skin in this booklet.

Each one of these famous skin treatments has been tested through years of study and experience. By using them regularly, thousands of girls and women have overcome the faults in their complexion, and have gained the lovely clear skin they longed for. Begin, today, to give *your* skin the treatment that will make it fresh, radiant, flawless as every woman's skin should be.

Why skin disturbances often occur on the face

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For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

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Just what big and little folks need for summer time breakfast and lunch—easy to digest and sustaining! Kellogg's give the stomach chance to do its work and let you feel keen and work or play comfortably all the day long!

Such flavor, such crackly-crispness, and such all-around wholesome goodness as Kellogg's lavishly provide never before have been put into Corn Flakes or any other cereal! Your taste will prove that better than words ever can—and what a wonderful time you and all will have!

This summer free the children, as well as older folks, from heavy breakfasts and help them retain good health. Kellogg's are so wonderful to eat, so satisfying—and so easy to prepare because they're ready to serve—that you will immediately give them first place on the family menu!

And, don't forget the fresh fruit—berries, peaches, bananas, etc.—any one with Kellogg's Corn Flakes will thrill the most finicky hot-day appetite when no other food appeals! Start with to-morrow's breakfast! Your grocer sells Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

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DOLLIE DINGLE LEARNS SOME NICE RULES

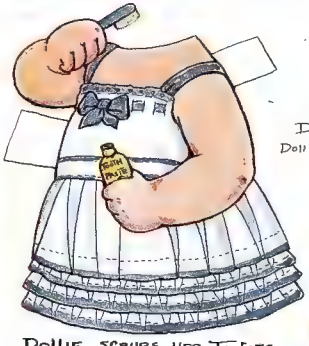
FIE! Oh, fie! our Bob in tears,
He will not let nurse wash his ears.
And Dollie is the worst of girls;
She will not let nurse wash her curls.
They ran away all soaking wet—

I think they might be running yet—
But Bob fell down and bumped his nose,
And Dollie spoiled her pretty clothes
They both were put into a tub.

And, my! how nurse did scrub and scrub!

And then to add to Bobby's woes,
They put a plaster on his nose.
And, oh! dear me! his ears did grow,
All long and fuzzy, white as snow.
While Dollie's curls all fell away
And left her bald. Oh! sad to say.

Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON



DOLLIE SCRUBS HER TOOFIES

DOLLY DINGLE'S
DOLL KITTY CUTIE

DOLLIE BRUSHES HER CURLS

KITTY'S PARTY DRESS

KITTY'S ROMPERS

KITTY'S HAT.

DOLLIE DRINKS LOTS OF MILK

G. G. DRAYTON ©

A PRETTY DRESS FOR A GOOD LITTLE GIRL

SOME OF THE REASONS OUR DOLLIE IS SO ROSY AND PLUMP AND SWEET AND HAPPY

WHEN they bath looked into the glass,
And saw what things had come to pass,
They heard somebody laugh with glee.

And what you s'pose those two did see?
A fairy—all in pinky white,
All shining like a 'lectric light.
"My, what an ugly boy and girl,
With such long ears and not one curl!

The silly things, they think 'twill hurt—
Just to remove a little dirt."
"Oh! good, kind fairy, please, oh! please,
We beg you on our dimpled knees
Please make us as we were before,
And we'll be good forevermore."
She waved her wand and, one, two, three,
They're just as sweet as they can be.
They both love soap and water now;
They smile at you and make a bow.

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"Oh Susanna"

Pioneers aid

Fording the river

A friendly warning

Jim Bridger

LOIS WILSON

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC AND ROMANTIC CHAPTERS OF AMERICAN HISTORY—THE STORY OF THE SWEEP ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN THE DAYS OF '49, THAT BLAZED THE NEW TRAIL TO THE GOLDEN WEST, IS THRILLINGLY TOLD IN THE MOVING PICTURE "THE COVERED WAGON," AN ADAPTATION OF EMERSON HOUGH'S STORY OF THE SAME NAME THAT HAS BEEN A BOOK OF THE MONTH IN AMERICA. LOIS WILSON IS CHARMING AS THE HEROINE OF THIS GRIPPING PICTURE AND GIVES A SWEET HUMAN INTEREST TO THE MELODRAMATIC SCENES THAT INCLUDE PRAIRIE FIRES, ATTACKS BY INDIANS, FLOODS, AND A REMARKABLE SHOWING OF 300 WAGONS FORDING A RIVER

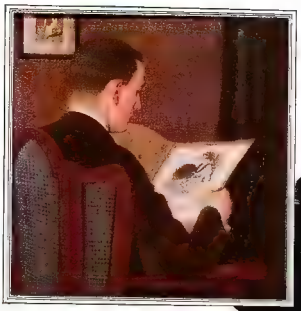
Ernest Torrence and [illegible]

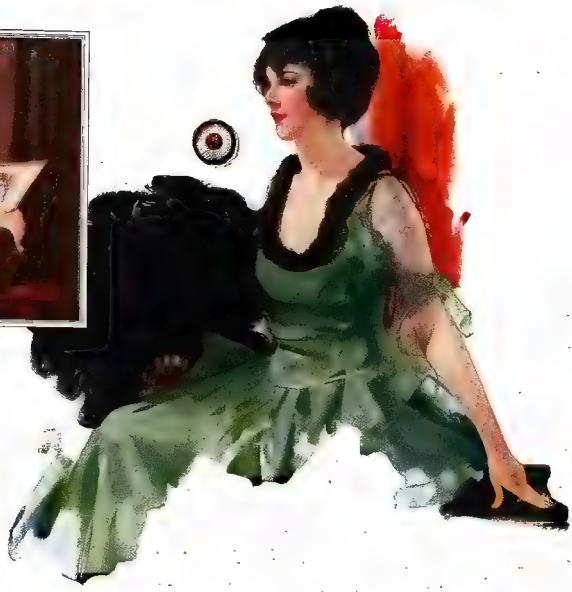
J. A. Fitzgerald and [illegible]

Alan Hale as Jim Bridger

The happy couple

Google





Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

She looks as young as ever

How often does one hear this said of some fortunate woman whom the passing years seem to leave untouched. She rivals her own daughters in freshness and beauty, and other women marvel at this eternal charm.

Keep that schoolgirl complexion —this is the secret, and every woman should share it. Don't let the passing years write their record on your face when simple care will prevent it.

Begin today the beautifying, restoring treatment which will help renew youth and charm. It will put becoming, natural color into your cheeks, revive fineness of texture and make your face look firm and young.

Simple, but effective

This restorative, beautifying treatment may seem almost too simple, but it is based upon the foundation of skin hygiene.

Dirt, oil and perspiration accumulate every day, and must, every day, be removed. Otherwise the pores enlarge and become irritated, blackheads and blotches result.

Wash your face every day with pure, mild soap and you needn't fear such complexion troubles. Your skin will remain firm, with a smooth, satiny texture which makes maturity as attractive as early youth.

All soaps won't do this

The mild, beautifying cleansing is the most effective of all skin treatments, but you mustn't be careless in the soap you use.

Facial soap must be mild, so mild that it soothes while it cleanses. It must be lotion-like in its action, with never a trace of harshness. Such a soap is yours in Palmolive, blended with the palm and olive oils which are the most perfect of all soap ingredients. They are nature's cleansers and so valued since the days of ancient Egypt.

Apply the profuse, creamy lather freely, massaging it thoroughly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry gently with a soft towel.

Bedtime is the best time for such cosmetic cleansing, that your skin may be renewed and refreshed while you sleep. In the morning rinse with cold water and then look in the mirror. Your reflection will delight you by its radiant freshness and charm.

Luxury soap for 10c

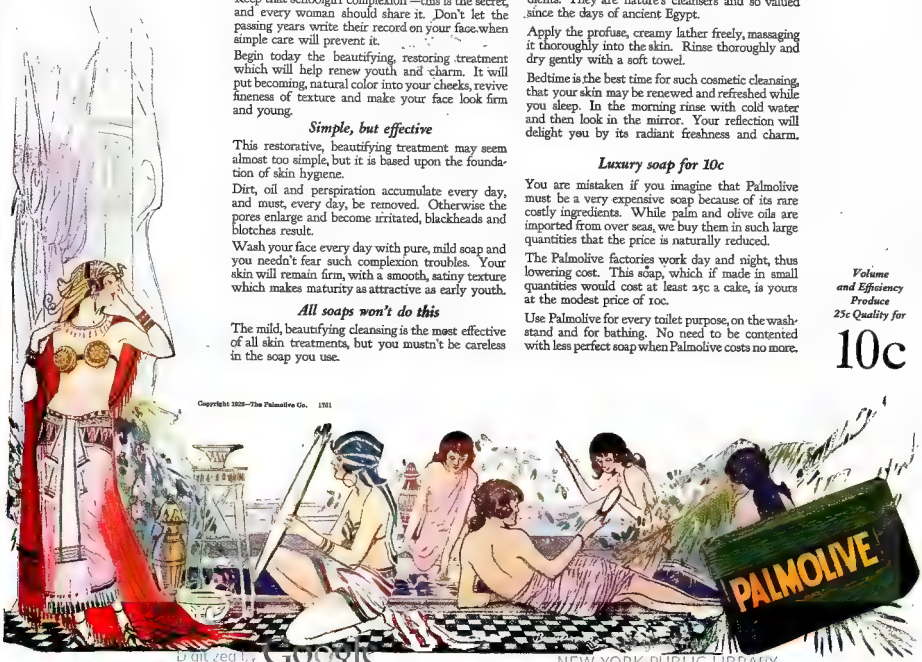
You are mistaken if you imagine that Palmolive must be a very expensive soap because of its rare costly ingredients. While palm and olive oils are imported from over seas, we buy them in such large quantities that the price is naturally reduced.

The Palmolive factories work day and night, thus lowering cost. This soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25c a cake, is yours at the modest price of 10c.

Use Palmolive for every toilet purpose, on the washstand and for bathing. No need to be contented with less perfect soap when Palmolive costs no more.

Volume and Efficiency Produce 25c Quality for

10c



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The Promise of a Happy Breakfast —

Here's the treasure from Nature's store of goodness, perfected into a golden reward for appetite.

Post Toasties—crisp, flavory flakes of toasted corn, so delicious they fairly melt in the mouth, and with that wonderful charm of natural corn flavor developed in the toasting process. *And they retain their crispness after cream or milk is added.*

All ready to serve direct from the package—a builder of energy for work or play.

Post Toasties make a joyous occasion of breakfast, lunch or supper for every member of the family.

The way to get the Post Toasties quality is to order Post Toasties by name, and look for the distinctive Yellow and Red package.

Post Toasties

improved CORN FLAKES

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

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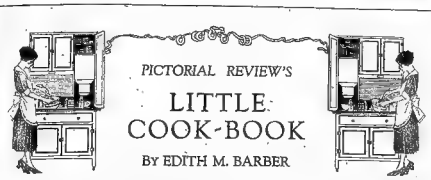

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

WHAT household is there that does not serve potatoes just as regularly as the sun rises and sets? Breakfast, luncheon, or dinner—it makes no difference at what meal they appear, they are sure of a welcome, altho members of the "Friendly Fat Fraternity" should not indulge more than once a day.

VEGETABLES—POTATOES

POTATOES—the standby of the cook—may justly appear at least once a day upon the table. They lend themselves to so many different ways of preparation that there is no excuse for overdoing the three ever popular but often overworked kinds—mashed, boiled, and baked.

Mashed Potatoes

PARE the potatoes. Place in boiling salted water, boil until soft, drain, and dry by shaking over the fire. Put through a potato-ricer and add hot milk, butter, and seasoning. Beat until light and serve at once.

Baked Potatoes

SELECT medium-sized potatoes. Bake on the grate (450 degrees F.) of a hot oven ten minutes. Lower the temperature (350 degrees F.) and bake until soft when pressed with a towel. Remove from the oven and break open at once to let out the steam. This will prevent sogginess.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

INSTEAD of breaking, cut baked potatoes in halves. Take out the contents and mash with milk, butter, and seasoning. Return to the shells and bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until brown.

Scalloped Potatoes

1 Quart Sliced Raw Potatoes
1 Teaspoonful or More of Salt
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
Pepper
1 Tablespoonful Butter
2 Cupfuls Milk

SLICE the potatoes one-fourth inch thick. Arrange them in a buttered baking-dish in layers, sprinkling each layer with flour, butter, salt, and pepper. Add the milk and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until the potatoes are soft.

French Fried Potatoes

WASH and pare as many potatoes as desired. Cut in narrow, lengthwise pieces about one-fourth inch wide and soak in cold water an hour. Dry with a towel, fry in instalments in very hot deep fat, drain on paper, and season with salt and pepper. Let the fat heat between each frying, as crispness depends upon very hot fat. A wire frying-basket is a convenience, or a wire egg-whisk may be used to place and remove the potatoes.

Saratoga Potatoes

PARE and slice the potatoes thinly with a vegetable-cutter and follow the directions for French fried potatoes.

Toasted Potato Fluff

3 Cupfuls Mashed Potatoes
½ Cupful Whipped Cream
Seasoning
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
Hot Milk

THE mashed potatoes should be well-seasoned and beaten with milk until creamy. Spread on a deep plate, cover with whipped cream and cheese, and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until light brown.

Stewed Potatoes

3 Cupfuls Diced Potatoes
Salt
2 Cupfuls Milk
Pepper
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter

MELT the butter in a frying-pan, add the potatoes and seasoning, and stir over the fire until the fat is absorbed. Add the milk and cook slowly about half an hour. More milk may be added if needed.

Parsley Potatoes

New Potatoes
Parsley
Butter

SCRUB new potatoes and cook in boiling salted water until soft. Drain, place in a serving-dish, and pour over them melted butter and minced parsley.

Potatoes au Gratin

2 Cupfuls Diced Boiled Potatoes
¾ Cupful Grated Cheese
1½ Cupful Thin White Sauce
¾ Cupful Buttered Crums

ARRANGE potatoes, sauce, and cheese in layers in a baking-dish. Cover with crums and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.).

POTATOES (Continued)

Hashed Brown Potatoes

¼ Cupful Salt Pork or Bacon Fat
3 Cupfuls Chopped Boiled Potatoes
Pepper
Salt

HEAT the fat in a heavy frying-pan and add the potatoes, finely chopped. Stir until the fat is well mixed, season to taste, and let brown underneath. Fold like an omelet.

Potato Croquettes

2 Cupfuls Hot Riced Potatoes
Paprika
1 Teaspoonful Onion-Juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
Yolk of 1 Egg
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Bread-crums
¼ Teaspoonful Celery Salt
1 Egg (Diluted with Water) for Dipping
1 Tablespoonful Finely Chopped Parsley

MIX the ingredients in the order given and beat thoroughly. Shape, dip in crums, egg, and crums again, fry one minute in deep fat, and drain on brown paper.

Potatoes with Sausage

PARE medium-sized potatoes, make a hole in the center of each with an apple-corer, and place in it a cased sausage, or fill the cavity with sausage-meat. Place in a greased baking-pan and bake until soft in a hot oven (450 degrees F.), basting occasionally with the fat from the sausage.

Potatoes with Bacon

PARE potatoes and cook in salted water fifteen minutes. Cut in lengthwise slices, place in a dripping-pan, sprinkle with pepper, and lay across slices of bacon. Cook in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until the bacon is crisp and the potatoes soft.

Fried Raw Potatoes

6 to 8 Small Potatoes
¼ Cupful Fat
Seasoning

PARE and slice the potatoes very thinly. Place about two tablespoonfuls of the fat, which may be bacon drippings or whatever fat desired, in a heavy frying pan, and heat until smoking. Add the potatoes, stir well, cover, and cook about fifteen minutes. Remove the cover and cook until brown, stirring as necessary to prevent the potatoes sticking. Add more fat if necessary. One or two chopped onions may be added during the last portion of the cooking.

Creamed Sweet Potatoes

2 Cupfuls Boiled Sweet Potatoes, Cut in Cubes
Pepper
Paprika
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
Salt
2 Cupfuls Milk

COOK the cubed potatoes slowly in the butter about three minutes, season, and sprinkle with the flour. Stir well, add the milk, and cook until the sauce is thick.

Sweet Potatoes with Marshmallows

5 Sweet Potatoes
Butter
Hot Milk
Marshmallows
Seasoning

COOK the sweet potatoes until soft. Pare, press through the ricer, and add seasoning and hot milk, enough to make a soft consistency. Add a tablespoonful of butter to each pint of potatoes and place in a greased baking-dish. Cover with marshmallows and bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until brown.

Glacéd Sweet Potatoes

PARBOIL ten minutes six medium-sized potatoes. Pare and cut in strips or in rounds. Place in a greased baking-dish. Add one-half cupful of dark-brown corn-sirup or three-fourths cupful of brown sugar, one-fourth cupful of water, and one tablespoonful of butter. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) until the potatoes are tender, basting occasionally. Add water if the sirup gets too thick.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

SELECT eight small potatoes and pare and cut in strips as for French fried potatoes. Place in a casserole and sprinkle with one cupful of brown sugar, one-quarter cupful of water, and one tablespoonful of butter. Cover and bake in a slow oven (250 degrees F.) one hour or more until soft.

For Perfect Peach Jam Use CERTO (Surejell)

An expert's recipe book you will be glad to have —

FOLLOW the CERTO recipe shown here and you will make easily, quickly and economically the most delicious peach jam you ever tasted. Only one minute's boiling is required—thus saving the color and flavor of ripe fruit and making one-half more than the old, uncertain method.

CERTO never fails because it is the actual "jell" property of fruit, concentrated. CERTO is not a gelatine and contains no preservative. With CERTO you can make jam or jelly with any fruit or fruit juice any time.

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Written by Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery of Boston. This book is illustrated, contains many useful hints, and will be welcomed in any home. Send for your free copy. A postal will do.

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In Canada send 40 cts. for trial bottle with *Recipe Book* to Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont., Canada.

Peach Jam

Peel, remove pits and crush well about 5 lbs. peaches. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit into large kettle. Add 7½ level cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in 1 bottle (scant cup) Certo. Skim and pour quickly.

Plum Jam

Slice, pit and crush well about 3¼ lbs. plums. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit into large kettle. Add ¼ cup water, stir until boiling, cover kettle and simmer ¼ hour. Add 7½ level cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) Certo. Skim and pour quickly.

One of the rooms in the Sanitas exhibit at Atlantic City

Your walls express your real self

Decorating a room is almost like making a confession. The selection of the wall covering, especially, indicates pretty well what sort of people live here.

An appropriate use of Sanitas Modern Wall Covering is a beautiful expression of the good taste of the inmates of a home. And it is so easy to use good taste with Sanitas—every pattern and coloring seems to have a distinctive place all its own.

Sanitas comes in styles for every room in the house. It is made on cloth, sturdy and durable, and machine-painted with oil colors. It does not fade, crack, tear, or peel. Wiping with a damp cloth keeps it clean and fresh. Sanitas is not an expense, but an investment.

Enamel-Finish in plain colors, striped, mottled, tile and mosaic effects, for kitchens, bathrooms, laundries, etc.

Flat-Finish plain colors, for flat tones that can be paneled, stenciled, frescoed, stippled or blended.

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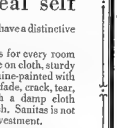

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Use this Mustard in Cooking as well as on foods

YOU can make ever so many *cooked dishes*, salads and savories more tempting when you use *French's Mustard* in preparing meals as well as on foods you serve. Breakfast sausage, bacon and eggs, grilled chops, dinner meats and numerous entrees, all have more piquant taste when *French's Mustard* is added.

In this famous, prepared mustard you enjoy the results of 87 years' experience. The fine, creamy smoothness of *French's Mustard* and its appealing taste make it the choice of housewives who take pride in cooking and in making menus more varied and inviting.

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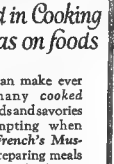

CEREAL STANDBYS

The Eleventh Article in Our Marketing Series

By JENOISE BROWN SHORT and GLADYS BECKETT JONES

EVERYBODY remembers Oliver Twist's pathetic appeal to Mr. Bumble when, holding out his porringer, he said, "Please, sir, I want some more." It must have been a grave offense indeed! For instead of "more" of that thin oatmeal gruel you recall that poor little Oliver was ordered into confinement and "a reward of five pounds offered to any one who would take Oliver Twist off the parish." The board which governed the workhouse did not know how great a return some "boy-sized portions" of real oatmeal porridge would have made.

If you are a wise provider you will give your family plenty of the cereal foods. Nutrition experts tell us that from one-fifth to one-third of the calories should be supplied in this form, as a liberal use of cereals makes for economy and balance in your menus. There is so wide a choice that it is not particularly difficult to do this when one remembers that by cereal foods is meant flours, meals, breakfast foods, and starches made from the kernels of wheat, rice, corn, rye, etc., as well as bread, crackers, cakes, and pastry, of which they form a large part.

It is well to buy plenty of the grain products which are not too highly refined, because the removal of the outer coatings reduces the food value. Do not take the cost of a package of cereal as an indication of the amount of nourishment supplied, but always note the net weight on the package and then estimate the cost per pound. There is considerable difference in the price per pound of the cereals in the market.

The cereal-pot is a valiant ally! Next to their use in breads, crackers, and other baked food, the so-called breakfast foods are the most common way of using cereals. We find these uncooked, like oatmeal, which requires a long cooking at home, but has a low initial cost; partly cooked, like rolled oats; and the cooked cereals, which are particularly good for this time of year.

Most of the cereals on the market to-day are at least partially cooked before we buy them. These are cleaned, steamed, and while still moist are passed between heated rollers which flatten them into flakes. Much time in cooking is saved by this preliminary process, the amount depending entirely on how long a cereal has been steamed in the factory. Some cereals require only from twenty to thirty minutes, while others take longer.

The majority of package breakfast foods are partially or wholly cooked preparations. The cooked cereals (and by these we mean cereals that are ready to serve as they come from the package) may be had in wide variety. Some are prepared from the whole grain; others from broken or degermed cereals (these are flaked, puffed, and shredded); and still others are made from the crums of a specially prepared bread. These are especially good in Summer, to give variety to the menu, and as a supper cereal for children.

What's What in Rice

ONE of the best of the Summer cereals is rice, for it is a light grain, largely starch, with but little fat and protein. We find brown or unpolished, polished, coated and uncoated, puffed, and even wild rice in the market—so our choice is wide. There was a time when only the pearly-white kind was "considered," but after the value of the whole cereal became recognized, brown rice found a place on the grocer's shelves. It has a rich, nutty flavor. Only the outer hulls have been removed. Because of the fat in the bran layers and germ, brown rice tends to become rancid, and so it should be purchased in small amounts and used quickly.

Polished rice, with which most of us are familiar, keeps almost indefinitely. It has been put through a series of machines which scour and polish, and sometimes coat it. The bran, gluten layer, and germ are removed by this process. Polishing improves the keeping qualities, and many people think rice which has undergone this process has a better appearance, but nutritive value and flavor have been sacrificed.

There are several grades of polished rice. The large perfect grains, which usually come in package form and cost more than other grades, are called head rice. Second head rice is generally sold in bulk, and altho there are many broken grains it is quite satisfactory for "made dishes." Broken rice, or screenings, is just as good as any other for soup and combination dishes, and cost only about half as much as head rice.

You may have seen a statement on your package that the contents have been "coated" or perhaps the words "head rice uncoated," or "whole uncoated rice." The difference between coated and uncoated rice is a matter of treatment with talc or glucose. Coated rice is given a covering to protect it from insects, to give a luster, and sometimes to cover imperfections. The presence of talc or glucose must be declared on package rice. This coating does not add anything to the food value and must be washed off if the rice is to be kept in distinct kernels when cooked. Uncoated rice costs about five cents a pound more, and many people think it is worth the extra money.

Wild rice is rather new. It is found along the lakes and streams of the United States and Canada, and is enjoyed by sportsmen, but it has only recently been seen in the markets. It is particularly fine with game, and many clubs serve it with wild duck.

Properly cooked, rice is delicious in place of potatoes, in combination dishes, or as a breakfast cereal. It goes well with cheese, tomatoes, and small amounts of meat. Combined with milk, rice will make almost a balanced meal. It makes delicious puddings—try it with baked bananas. Rice ice-cream is also a pleasing change.

When You Buy Corn

TRAVELING east or west, north or south during the late Summer months, you pass through waving corn-fields and ask yourself what becomes of all this corn, how is it all used?

Have you ever tried freshly popped corn with milk and a little maple or brown sugar, instead of the conventional morning cereal? A generous amount of pop-corn, an open fire, and a popper help to while away many an evening. It is safe to buy a heavy supply of pop-corn in the Fall, for, properly dried, it keeps indefinitely. Store your pop-corn in a damp place where it will gradually absorb moisture. If corn does not pop readily it is usually too dry, so just before popping sprinkle it with water or dip in water and drain.

In the early days the grain was parched before an open fire and crushed in a crude stone mortar. Finally the method was improved, and two stones, turned by water-power, did the work of crushing. This made what was known as water-ground meal, and the same method of grinding is still used in the Southern States.

There are two kinds of corn-meal, the granular and the so-called water-ground. Granular meal is made from kiln-dried, degermed corn that is put between rollers and bolted. In the process of bolting the bran and germ are both removed, so that the keeping qualities are very good. Water-ground meal is usually made from white germ corn; it is not kiln-dried, and contains the germ. It is more flour-like in texture than the granular, and when freshly ground is thought by some to have a better flavor, but because the germ is left the water-ground meal tends to become rancid, especially in Summer.

A marketing question which often puzzles the housewife is whether she shall buy yellow or white meal. Color has no bearing on the nutritive value, but depends entirely on the color of the corn from which the meal is ground, yellow corn making a yellow meal and white corn a white meal. In different sections of the country there are decided opinions on the relative values, many excellent Southern cooks using absolutely refusing to use anything but white corn-meal, and the good New England housewives demanding the yellow.

During the Summer months buy only a few pounds of corn-meal at a time, as it deteriorates more readily in hot weather. Put a generous supply in the pantry for the Winter months and store it in closely covered cans, in a cool, dry place.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

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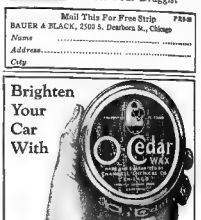

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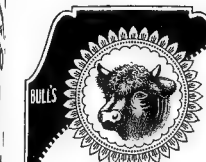

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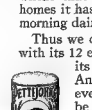

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

CEREAL STANDBYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

Hulled corn, or lye-hominy, which was used by the pioneers in this country, is typically a New England food. In today's market we can buy hulled corn which is practically the whole kernel without the hull or germ) in cans, ready to heat and serve, or dry hulled corn in packages.

We also find a coarse hominy called samp or pearl-hominy. The grain has been split, hulled, and polished. When the coarse hominy is ground it is known as fine hominy or hominy-grits.

YOUNG Mary and Johnnie of to-day learn in their food classes what a wonderful cereal oatmeal really *is*. It ranks second to none in the scale of grain products. We may buy oatmeal in several forms, varying from groats (the whole grain, which has been cleaned, kiln-dried, and the outer husk removed) to rolled oats, a product of modern manufacture.

Your grocer talks about oatmeal and rolled oats. Do you know the difference? Oatmeal, or steel-cut oats, as it is sometimes called, is made from the groats which have been cracked or steel-cut without further preparation. Rolled oats are treated with steam, and while still wet passed between heated rollers, which flatten each grain into a flake. This steaming cuts down the time of cooking required at home.

IF YOU can find brown barley in the market, buy some, cook it as you would rice, and serve as a vegetable. Your family will appreciate the innovation.

Barley is supposed to have been one of the first cereals used. It is eaten in great quantities by the peasants of northern Europe, and it was barley-meal that went into the goose pies and plum puddings of early England. To-day it comes mainly in the form of pearl-barley, which is barley without the germ and from which most of the bran has been removed. It is served mainly in soups. Patent barley flour is used for infant-feeding.

WHAT should the housekeeper know about buying flours? It is a problem, because there are so many kinds on the market, each suited to a special purpose.

Flours are generally divided into patent, Graham, whole-wheat, prepared, and bran. The patent flours, of which there are several grades, are white flours from which the germ and bran have been removed in the process of milling. For bread or other yeast mixtures use a bread flour that is milled from hard Spring wheat. It contains a large amount of gluten, which is essential to the making of a light, elastic loaf.

Keep a supply of pastry flour for cakes, pastries, and quick breads. Pastry flour is milled from soft Winter wheat and has less gluten and a larger proportion of starch than bread flour, and gives a smooth, light, even product. To make your own substitute for a commercial pastry flour remove two tablespoonfuls of bread flour from each cup and replace it with an equal amount of corn-starch.

Every housekeeper should know how to tell the difference between these flours. Bread flour is slightly granular in feeling, creamy in color, and retains the impression of the hand, pastry flour is white, soft, and velvety, and when pressed in the hand falls apart as soon as the pressure is removed. We advise the housekeeper who does any amount of baking to keep both kinds on hand.

Many mills make an all-purpose flour which is a mixture of bread and pastry flour for general baking. This is commonly known as household flour.

The expression "entire-wheat" or "whole-wheat" flour is rather confusing. Whole-wheat flour contains only a portion of the bran and usually part of the germ. Graham flour, on the other hand, is made from the whole wheat from which only the outer husk has been removed. It contains both bran and germ. This is the reason why bread made from Graham flour is more laxative, and darker and coarser than entire-wheat bread.

How much flour do you buy at a time? The number of people in the family and the amount of baking you do should determine this; but it pays to purchase by the single pound. We found, for instance, that one pound of flour at our grocer's cost 4 cents, a three-pound sack 2I cents, and one containing 24½ pounds $1.25.

The housewife has demanded easier baking methods, and so self-raising flours: pancake, prepared muffin, and cake flours have appeared on the market. Many women are glad to pay for the convenience of having the products in this form.

Since we have learned that the outer coatings of the grain contain mineral matter, vitamins, and furnish "bulk," and so are laxative, bran has become an added value. There are two kinds on the market, the cooked and uncooked. Cooked bran is often sold as a breakfast cereal, either alone or combined with other cereals; uncooked bran is used in cookies, breads, and wafers. The package products which we find on the market are clean and in good condition to use, being of the right grind. But when clean bran can be obtained fresh from a feed-store and put several times through a coffee-mill or food-grinder, it is very satisfactory to use in the home.

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FAVORITES IN ONE FAMILY

BY KATHERINE J. O'BRIEN

EVERY household has its favorite dishes and every good cook her specialties Here are some of the most delicious recipes from a home which is noted for its good things to eat.

Dutch Rice

1 Cupful Rice
4 Cupfuls Water
2½ Cupfuls Milk
1 to 1½ Cupful Grated Cheese
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Few Grains Pepper
Buttered Bread-crumbs

BOIL the rice until tender in the water, which has been salted. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, seasonings, and milk. Butter a baking-dish and cover the bottom with the grated cheese, then add the rice and pour the sauce over it. Cover the top with buttered bread crumbs Bake in a moderate oven (380 to 400 degrees F.) for about thirty minutes.

Liver with Potato Ring

6 Large Potatoes
½ Cupful Warm Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Pounds Calf's Liver, Cut in Small Pieces
1 Onion, Chopped Fine
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat Flour
Salt and Pepper

BOIL the potatoes and mash, add the milk, butter, and seasonings. Form the potatoes into a ring on a small platter. Fill the ring with the liver, from which the outside skin and veins have been removed, and then cut in small pieces, sprinkled with salt and pepper and dredged with flour, and cooked for about eight minutes in the fat with the onion.

Stuffed Peppers

6 Green Peppers
2 Cupfuls Boiled Rice
1 Cupful Cold Meat, Chopped Fine
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Few Grains Pepper
1 Small Onion, Chopped Fine
Buttered Bread-crums

CUT off the tops and clean out the seeds from the peppers, cook them in boiling water for fifteen minutes. Remove from the water and drain. Fill with a mixture made of the rice, chopped meat, onion, and salt and pepper, and cover each with buttered crums. Any kind of gravy or soup-stock may be added to the filling if it needs moistening. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 380 degrees F.) for about thirty minutes.

Stuffed Cabbage

1 Large Cabbage
Chopped Ham or Other Cold Meat (About 2 Cupfuls)
Soup-stock to Moisten
Salt and Pepper
Buttered Bread-crums

BOIL the cabbage for fifteen minutes in salted water. Remove from the water, drain, and put on a towel to dry. Make enough of the mixture of the cold meat, seasonings, and soup-stock to stuff the cabbage. Open the cabbage in the center by spreading the leaves, and then fill with the mixture. Cover the top with buttered bread-crums and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 380 degrees F.) for about thirty minutes

Spinach Mold

1 Peck Spinach
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
½ Pint Cream
Speck of Garlic
4 Egg Whites
Salt
Pepper

WASH the spinach thoroughly and cook. When done, squeeze out all the water and put through a fine hair-sieve. Add the butter and seasonings, the cream and egg whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Place in a buttered mold and put in a pan of hot water in the oven. Cook in a slow oven (300 degrees F.) for about twenty-five minutes. This may be served with a cream sauce or brown sauce, whichever is desired, or with brown butter.

Paprika Fish

1 Good-sized Fish
4 Onions, Chopped Fine
Salt
Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Other Fat
Flour
1 Egg Yolk
¼ Cupful Cream
Paprika

PREPARE the fish for baking; put in a roasting-pan with the onions, equal parts of butter and other fat; sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Bake in a moderate oven (about 350 to 380 degrees F.) for from one to one and one-half hour or until the flesh is firm and separates easily from the bone. Baste occasionally. When the fish is done remove from the pan onto a hot platter and strain the sauce into a smaller pan. Beat the egg yolk and add cream to it and combine this mixture with the strained sauce. Cook slowly until the right thickness; season well with paprika. If there is not enough sauce, add meat-stock or water and another egg yolk, if the mixture requires thickening. Pour the sauce over the fish and serve.

Fillets of Sole or Bass

Fillets for Six
2 Onions or 6 Mushrooms, Chopped Fine
Parsley
Butter
2 Egg Yolks
Salt
Pepper

LAY the fillets in a well-buttered pan and salt and pepper. Spread the onions or mushrooms with some minced parsley on the top of the fish and put a small piece of butter on each piece. Cook about twenty minutes in a moderate oven (380 to 400 degrees F.). When done, drain the sauce into another pan, combine with the beaten egg yolks, and stir well, without boiling, cooking over a very slow fire until thick. Serve the sauce with the fish. Note: If there is not sufficient sauce, add stock made from trimmings and bones before adding the egg yolks.

Hungarian Goulash

2 Pounds Top Round, Cut in Small Pieces
4 Onions, Chopped Fine
1½ Tablespoonful Fat
½ Tablespoonful Paprika
Salt
Pepper

BROWN the onions in a pot with the fat, add the paprika, put in the meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook slowly for two-hours, covered. Add more salt, if necessary. Serve this with boiled potatoes that have been added to the sauce just before serving.

Delicious Veal

6 Small Veal Cutlets or Chops
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
3 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter
4 Tablespoonfuls Other Fat
Salt and Pepper

WIPE the veal and pound with the potato-masher to make it tender. Put the flour, salt, and pepper in a bowl with melted butter. Spread this over the meat and allow it to stand for one hour. Put the fat in the frying-pan and cook the veal in it from eight to ten minutes. Serve with brown butter, lemon, and capers.

Special Spaghetti

½ Pound Spaghetti
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
4 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Onion or 4 Mushrooms, Chopped Fine
2 Cupfuls Stock
Salt

COOK the spaghetti in boiling salted water until done. Drain. Make a sauce of the flour, butter, salt, onion or mushrooms, and stock, first sautéing the mushrooms or onions in butter, and then adding flour and stock Mix this with the spaghetti and serve with roast veal. If this is to be served without meat, add small pieces of ham or tongue.

Chicken Ahnelt Hall Style

1 Large Broiling Chicken
2 Tomatoes, Cut Up
2 Red Peppers, Cut Up
1 Onion, Well Chopped
3 Tablespoonfuls Fat
1 Cupful Consommé
1 Cupful Cooked Rice
Salt
Pepper

MAKE a sauce by cooking the tomatoes, peppers, and onion in the fat for about five minutes. Season, and then take the chicken, which has been cleaned and cut in pieces, and put in the pan with the sauce. Cover, and when about half cooked put in a casserole with the consommé and rice. Cook in a moderate oven (about 360 degrees F.) until the consommé is all absorbed. Asparagus-tips or peas may be served with this.

Paprika Chicken

2 Large Broilers
1 Cupful Onion, Chopped Fine
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
Flour
1 Cupful Stock
½ Pint Cream
Salt
Pepper
Paprika

BROWN the onion and the fat and put in a pot with the chicken, which has been cleaned and cut into quarters, sprinkled with salt and pepper and dredged with flour. Let cook for one-half hour until nicely browned; add the stock, and cook an hour longer. When done, remove the chicken, strain the gravy, season it well with paprika, and add the cream. Cook until hot.

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Tomato Salad—6 tomatoes, 1 cup salad dressing, red pepper, 1 head lettuce

Select tomatoes of good shape and color. Cut three thin slices off top of each tomato and place on salad plate. Cover center of slices and top of tomato with mayonnaise, garnished with red pepper Serve on lettuce. If desired, fill center of tomato with equal parts of pineapple and celery mixed with mayonnaise. Serve on individual salad plates This recipe serves six people, one tomato for each person.

No-Egg Mayonnaise Dressing—½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons Carnation Milk, ½ cup oil, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar.

Put salt and paprika in a bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly, add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar This recipe makes ¾ cup salad dressing

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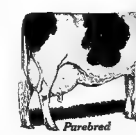

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SURE JELLIES

The New Pectin Extracts Prove a Boon to the Housewife

A NEW day in jelly-making has come. Just as home canning has been revolutionized by new methods, better jars and standardized rings, steam-pressure cookers, and automatically controlled ovens, the use of pectin in the making of jellies and jams has turned uncertainty into certainty.

Every once in a while the scientists tell us about a new food element, but it is only a word to the housewife until its practical use is brought to her attention right in her own kitchen. "Pectin" has gradually come into the home-maker's consciousness. It has been discussed in bulletins and articles on jelly-making for several years, but rather limited information on how to make it and use it has reached the housewife until recently. Now the Office of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture comes forward with a new bulletin on home-made pectin extracts, following close upon the heels of the introduction on the market of a bottled concentrated pectin.

Tart apples, cranberries, red currants, and grapes, when collected at the proper stage of ripeness, contain pectin and acid in sufficient quantity to form a good jelly when cooked with the proper amount of sugar. But ripe grapes, raspberries, strawberries, peaches, pears, cherries, and rhubarb are often more or less deficient in natural pectin or acid, or both, and the making of a jelly from these juices by the usual household method is often disastrous. The addition of pectin to these fruits makes it possible to use them for delicious jellies.

In the new Government bulletin exact directions are given for making apple, orange, and lemon pectin extracts at home, and there is also an excellent collection of new jelly recipes for those fruits which heretofore have not been used successfully in jelly-making. The bulletin is Circular 254, "Home-made Apple and Citrus Pectin Extracts and Their Use in Jelly-making," by Minna C. Denton, Ruth Johnston, and Fanny W. Yeatman, home economics specialists. It may be obtained free of charge from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

According to this bulletin the use of home-made pectin extracts to supply the deficiency in juices low in pectin has several advantages. The extracts prove fairly reliable when made according to the directions in this circular, and can be used in small and measured amounts. The essential ingredients for jelly-making are thus under the control of the worker, and results are much more apt to be certain. Lacking pronounced flavor, these pectin extracts do not modify to any extent the natural flavor of the fruits to which they are added. By using them jelly can be made from fruit which might otherwise be discarded, either because it has become too ripe or because it lacks sufficient pectin for jelly-making.

Ready-Made Bottled Pectin

FOR the woman who does not want to take the time or trouble to make her own pectin extracts, the bottled concentrated pectin will give her delicious jelly with the minimum amount of work. In these days of sugar boycotts she will hesitate and wonder whether she should use the slightly larger amount of sugar which is called for with bottled pectin than the proportions in her usual standard jelly recipes. No doubt it will interest her to know just why more sugar is used in making jellies this way, and why it is really an economical process.

The standard cook-book recipes for jams and jellies have called for "pound for pound"; that is, 2 pounds of sugar and a pound of fruit. The boiling-down period until the jellying-point is reached was indefinite, sometimes fifteen minutes, often longer. The housewife was fortunate who obtained 3 pounds of jam or jelly from this amount of fruit. Practically two-thirds of the finished product, or about 66 per cent, was sugar.

By using bottled pectin you boil 2 pounds of fruit and 3 pounds of sugar for one minute (practically none of the juice is boiled away), and you get about 5 pounds of jam, between 60 and 65 per cent. of this being sugar. So you see there is practically about the same amount of sugar in a pound of both finished products, but by the new method you get 5 pounds of jam or jelly, while by the long-boiling process you get only about 3 pounds.

Why the economical new process calls for more sugar to begin with is because all the fruit-juice is "jelled." To make more jam you must use more sugar, of course. The short boiling also saves all the flavor of the fruit-juice and turns it into fruity jam or jelly, with the taste and color of fresh fruit. There is another saving, and that is time—the Midsummer hours spent in a hot kitchen. Then you are sure the fruit-juice will jell, and there are no wasted batches of fruit and sugar. Besides the convenience and certainty of this new product it opens up a whole variety of new and unusual fruit delicacies.

Avoid the Wear and Tear of Trying Kitchen Work

One reason the ill effects of kitchen work are so trying is because they are so gradual. But they are no less certain. No wonder there are so many evenings when you are too tired to enjoy yourself.

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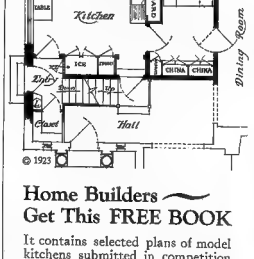

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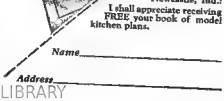

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TEN *Summer Comforts for your Baby*

Published by Johnson & Johnson, for the benefit of the hundreds of thousands of mothers.

THESE suggestions are made by nurses and experts who have found JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER to be the most helpful powder to use in keeping babies happy and comfortable in trying summer weather.

When Baby Won't Sleep

Smooth JOHNSON'S into all the folds. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves; the powder comforts the skin.

For Perspiration Discomforts

Apply JOHNSON'S generously. Soothes, dries and sweetens — *without clogging the pores.*

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Lying on its back all day is distressing to a baby. Refresh little ones occasionally with a powder rub.

Double the Comfort of the Bath

by following it with a JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER shower. It causes cool comfort to last.

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In many cases crying is due to irritated skin. Therefore—when you want smiles—apply JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER.

Less Work for Baby's Fingers

Most babies' fingers are too busy searching for itchy spots. Keep all irritated parts well-powdered with soothing JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER.

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Relieve the irritating effects of saliva around baby's mouth by touching lightly with JOHNSON'S.

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Cleanse with sweet oil, instead of the usual soap and water, then apply JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER very liberally.

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Especially where the soft rolls of flesh rub together, apply JOHNSON'S.

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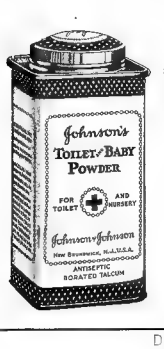
JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER takes the sting from this common summer torment.



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He is a member of a profession worthy of the highest recognition. He serves you in countless ways—day and night. He is a tremendous factor for good in your neighborhood.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN BABYCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

PREVENTION AND CURE OF SOME SUMMER TROUBLES

QUESTION. "We are about to go to the country for two months and shall not be near a reliable doctor. I have a baby three months old, who is fed partly by the breast and partly by bottle, also a little girl three years old and a boy of five. If any of these children should have Summer diarrhea or vomiting while we are away, what could I safely do until we could reach a good physician? MRS. L."

Ans. As prevention is always worth many pounds of cure, try to dress, feed, and care for the children in such a manner that they will not contract indigestion of any sort. I am mailing you a set of modified-milk formulas for the baby and dietlists for the older children, also a leaflet on the general care of babies and young children in Summer-time. I think all of the advice they contain will be found helpful. I shall be glad to send them to any mother who wishes them, provided she accompanies her request with a self-addressed, stamped envelop.

In case the baby becomes ill with vomiting stop all food, both breast and bottle, for twelve hours, giving only pure boiled water—two or three ounces at a time every three hours from a bottle. At the end of this time try the same amount of barley-water for the next twelve hours.

Take barley-flour with you when you leave home, and make the barley-water by mixing one tablespoonful of barley-flour with enough cold water to make a smooth paste; then stir this into one pint of boiling water with a pinch of salt and boil it half an hour in a double boiler. Then measure it and add enough boiling water to make up the sixteen ounces if any has boiled away; strain it through a fine sieve, and pour three ounces into each one of four or five bottles, placing these on ice until meal-time, when the barley-water should be heated by standing the bottle in hot water until it is lukewarm, or ninety-eight degrees F.

As the vomiting stops or becomes less give the baby one ounce of barley-water just before the breast-milk, letting him nurse only five or ten minutes in place of the usual twenty. The next day, if he seems still better, gradually increase the length of time he is at the breast and try adding one ounce of skim-milk to three ounces of barley-water for one or two entire bottle-meals daily. Do not add any sugar to the milk or barley-water. Little by little increase the milk in the barley-water until the baby is taking his usual modified milk formula, and also stop the barley-water before the breast-meals.

An enema or (if you know how to give one) a high irrigation of the bowels should be given also. One teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to one pint of boiled water at ninety-eight degrees F. should be used for the irrigation. While taking up little food the baby will likely need something of this sort to move his bowels.

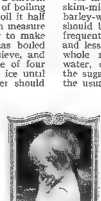
If the older children have an attack of vomiting, they should be treated much in the same way. Six to eight ounces of barley-water may be given them every four hours, also fat-free mutton or chicken broth, either in equal parts mixed with the barley-water or alone, giving a broth at one meal-time and the barley-water at the next. One tablespoonful of castor-oil should be given these children as soon as they can retain it. If taken the first thing in the morning, on an empty stomach, they will be more likely to keep it down.

They should have an enema or high irrigation also. Four teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda to two quarts of tepid water should be used for the high irrigation for them. The water should be allowed to flow in and then out through a catheter having two eyes, one in the end and one on the side, if you give them an irrigation. It is much better to get a nurse to teach you just how to do this the first time, if possible.

As the children grow better, gradually add skim-milk to the barley-water for them; begin a light cereal, made thin at first, and a little zwieback and rice. From this gradually work back to the usual diet. They should be kept quietly in bed while the vomiting lasts, sponging them with tepid water in which a little bicarbonate of soda is dissolved, as this is very soothing and cooling in warm weather.

If the baby has diarrhea, the stools being thin, frequent, or green, give him one teaspoonful of castor-oil to clear out all the irritating material of which nature is trying to get rid, and stop all milk, both breast and bottle, for at least twelve hours. Barley-water may be given in place of the breast or formula, just as described above. If he is better at the end of this time, the breast-milk may be tried again, with the barley-water given first, as in the case of vomiting. Boiled water should be given between meals, so much fluid is being lost by the frequent, thin stools that the water is greatly needed.

At the end of twenty-four hours a little skim-milk may be gradually added to the barley-water for the bottle-meals, but it should be boiled first, while the stools are frequent or green. Gradually remove less and less of the cream from the milk until whole milk, modified with the barley-water, can be taken. Then try adding the sugar to the formula, at first one-half the usual amount, working back carefully to the formula the baby took before he was ill.



In more serious cases casein or protein milk may be given in place of the barley-water-and-skim-milk formula. I am mailing you a recipe for this. A high irrigation of the bowels is often very helpful here, also, as well as in the case of vomiting. Milk should not be begun while the baby has any fever. Unless there is very marked improvement in twenty-four hours, a doctor should be reached as soon as possible. While no breast-milk is being given to the baby it will be necessary to massage or pump the breasts at the usual meal-time in order that you will not be uncomfortable and to keep up the usual supply of breast-milk for later use. Massage is better than a breast-pump if you can manage this yourself, or get some one to do it for you.

If the older children have an attack of diarrhea give them a tablespoonful of castor-oil at once and stop all milk and solids for twelve to twenty-four hours, giving them barley- or rice-water, very thin, strained white curds, and fat-free broths of mutton and chicken. Keep them in bed and offer boiled, cool water freely. If possible give a high irrigation of the bowels with the bicarbonate of soda in it as mentioned above. As they improve allow them to have a piece of zwieback and make the cereals thicker, using a little boiled skim-milk on these, but no sugar. Buttermilk may be tried after the first two or three days of the above diet, then boiled milk, gradually added to barley-, rice-, or wheat-water. At first skim the milk, but little by little leave the cream on it until the usual whole milk can be taken. Very gradually return to the usual diet.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class, and you will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

No letters will be answered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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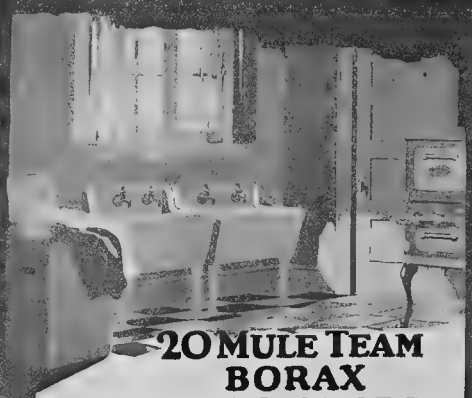

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It is a combination of 20 Mule Team Borax, Nature's Greatest Cleanser and Water Softener, and fine soap which makes it good for the hands. It leaves them white and smooth after doing the dishes.

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Keep your hands as young as your face.

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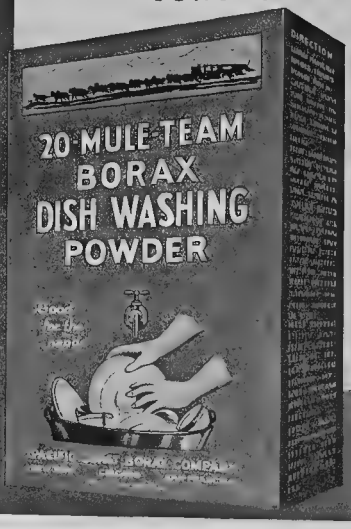

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Madame Berthe's Massage and Cleansing Cream—Most cold creams promote the growth of superfluous hair. Madame Berthe's Massage and Cleansing Cream does not contain any ingredients that will cause hair to grow, but on the contrary is one preparation that will help to stop prevent the growth of hair. Per jar . . . 60c Large size $2.00

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THE FASHIONABLE SUBCONSCIOUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

dreams are by no means the "idle prattle of the brain" we used to think them, of course.

"Why, umbrellas, rocking-horses, staircases, all sorts of horrors like that!" she admitted, flushing.

Now, you may, or may not, know that to a certain school of psychology these apparently innocent objects have dire and dreadful meanings. But to me they meant that she had been reading Sigmund Freud when she should have been reading Meredith, or Conrad, or some of the others who take one searing instead of wallowing, and who are never dreadfully wrong about psychologists. She ought not to have been wallowing, not just then.

Yet the wallowers undoubtedly help us to understand ourselves, and is there anything more thrilling in life than learning to understand ourselves—almost as absorbing a study as one's own photograph! To go thus to the root of a trouble and drag it out does seem more rational to the unprejudiced observer, too, than simply to hypnotize ourselves with cheery incantations, after the fashion of the good Doctor Coué; a panacea which comes dangerously close to a blind ignoring of facts. Are we to gaze at the tragic facts of life, illness, fear, grief, worry, with half-closed eyes, and deprive them of existence simply by murmuring musically to ourselves (and our neighbor) "Fee, fi, fo, fum," or any other magic formula? That seems a trifle out of date, tho it is a method that will always have its followers. It even suggests suppression![1]

Which brings us to the key-word of the period, just as "efficiency" was the key-word of the decade just passed. "Suppression"—what would the modern novelist and the humorist do without it? All of our present-day artistic effort, from the serious theater to the jazz-band, seems directed in the way to ridding us of any lingering suppressions to which we may cling in our antiquated notions of decency. We suppress very little nowadays, not even our figures; which will presently make of us a healthier race, doubtless, if a fatter one.

FRIVOLITY aside, however, Freud and his followers have been of use to one great discovery, or rather to the facing of one great problem—what to do with "the surplus instinct of reproduction." That there is such a problem has long been suspected and long tacitly ignored, in the name of delicacy. Now that we ignore nothing in the name of delicacy, perhaps it will cease to be a problem, as things faced squarely so often do. Briefly, the case is this: Scientists refer all our instincts back to the two primary ones of sex and nutrition; some admit as a third, or a third, which we may call the housing problem. From time immemorial man has been expected, and urged, to gratify these two or three instincts in fact all civilization, and the very race itself, has depended upon how well and wisely he did gratify them—until quite recently.

Now the world is getting crowded. Economic conditions make it advisable to curb one of these instincts, the sex-urge; and we therefore bring to bear upon it all the forces of custom, law, public opinion. We are still encouraged to eat all we can get with a due regard to calories; to house ourselves as well as possible; even to clothe ourselves, to a certain extent. But children nowadays are required for quality, rather than quantity. Which is as it should be.

Hence, however, the growing number of old maids whom custom forces to wait until their years are advanced before they not feel that their incomes justify them in asking, in this era of elaborated domesticity, of empty homes where pets and good works take the place of children. The conscious mind of the race is at present lasting hints to the unconscious on birth-control, and no legislation is going to stop it.

Yet, the subconscious is a primitive, which, all psychologists agree, can not reason. So here are a number of defrauded men and women through whose veins still runs the same tremendous urge, the life-force, the *élan vital*, the libido, which has brought us up out of the prehistoric slime to our present estate, and which ought to be still our greatest gift to the world. And it is one of the ironies of Fate that the finer-grained the individual, the more highly ethical and civilized, the more public opinion or his conscience (much the same thing) cause him, and particularly her, to curb and deny this life-force.

But we are warned that deep instincts must not be suppressed. What then? Are the psychologists seriously advocating free love, and untrammeled egoes, and a general state of damn-the-consequences? Probably not. Such psychologists as I have known seem to be quite worthy and respectable citizens.

Of course people have stumbled upon the answer always, sometimes without knowing it. The world is the better for many a childless woman who has mothered the homeless, mothered some great cause or merely mothered her friends and neighbors, to their good and hers. Many a mateless man (and quite married people are often mateless) has turned his splendid *élan vital* into some great book, or picture or statue, even some great business. These people were "sublimating"—another expression that should be in every up-to-date vocabulary.

"Sublimate" is to my mind the finest word in psychology, tho its meaning is not quite so lofty as its sound. It is a chemical term, meaning, roughly, to transform a solid into a gas, and thence into another solid, without liquefying—that is, without losing its original properties. Translated into psychological usage, it means to transform an instinct into an impulse, and so into an action, without losing its original properties. Not necessarily into action of a higher form (tho this is not forbid en). Personally, I do not believe anything higher in the way of an instinct can be found than the parent-urge, with its attendant selflessness, pain, and sacrifice. No amount of social service, philanthropy, or general human helpfulness could quite take the place to a woman of a fine, successful motherhood. But it is safer to turn a thwarted instinct into such channels than to leave it running around loose seeking what it may devour. If we do not sublimate, if we simply choke down the thing, and deny it, and pretend to ourselves that we could not possibly be guilty of so delicate an instinct as potential parenthood, queer things happen. The subconscious tolerates no pretense. It is now conceded by most psychologists that any nervous breakdown whatever, with the one exception of shell-shock, has for its reasonable derangement or misdirection of the libido, the life-force. A large order!

Others say that what the derangements of this sort may be traced to sex-disorder, that is because the sex-instinct is the one most usually suppressed, for obvious reasons, by the demands of polite society. None of the other primitive instincts may be suppressed beyond a certain point without danger. Shell-shock, or war-neurosis, is an example of the, coming also from a suppression, and a very probable one—that of fear. It results from a certain conflict between instinct and will, and, oddly enough, shell-shock rarely survives a wound. Pain, sacrifice, has served here as a sublimation.

The subconscious speaks to us in a crude and ancient language. All the impulses & releases have to do with self-protection, race-protection. Fear means flight—all the energy goes to the legs. You have noticed how fear paralyzes the voice, the digestion, even the thinking apparatus—but you can always run.

Anger means fight and nothing else—in fact it releases from thyroids and adrenals a fluid which energizes the arm- and back- and chest-muscles, and checks all other functions. If you want to think and act coolly in a crisis, therefore, you must never complicate your thinking arrangements with anger. The highly-tempered man is urged to let off steam at the woodpile or the golf-links, if circumstances forbid his fighting it out—tho many of the great reformers of the world have been men and women of hot anger, which they have sublimated into what James calls "the moral equivalent for war." Sports let off this sort of steam, too—and other sorts, as is well known in schools. *Make your subconsciousness, unmanageable, or overdeveloped boy or girl go in for athletics.*

DISGUST is one of our safeguard instincts that make a lot of trouble by causing us to thrust away quickly whatever is distasteful, as well if it stays thrust away—but unfortunately things buried hastily in the subconscious, as elsewhere, have a habit of getting accidentally uncovered and becoming noisome. Hence many a neurosis. Better to leave such matter to the purification of sun and wind. There is something to be said in favor of the open ash-heap. The thing you hide away is the thing you never quite lose.

Yet of course we can not go about practising what some one has called "indecent exposure of the emotions." Society won't let us—not Anglo-Saxon society, at any rate. There is very good reasoning in the inner scorn we feel for those who take themselves too hard where their feelings are concerned: they are weaklings, all unmanned and unmodable stinct. Even so universal and unmodable an emotion as love must not be allowed to be the right of way entirely; nor must it be choked by giving it no outlet, nor denied utterly, thrust down into the subconscious, there to rankle and give off strange noxious, there to rankle and give off strange reactions. The answer here, as at all danger-points, lies in the miracle-working word "sublimation."

We all know fine natures which have turned their love to good for other-turned it to good for others, and incidentally for themselves; their and incidentally for themselves; their love, their very tones of voice, say to us as we pass, "Tell us about it, friend. We understand." The world could not get on do without such people. And we all know others who are embittered, soured others who are embittered, soured "queered" by their grief, so that they illustrate pitiably the Russian proverb, "Sorrow does not kill, but it blights." These unfortunates have turned one of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

[1] A more practical form of suggestion than is too-baroque day-by-day formula would seem to be William James's recipe: "Square your shoulders, speak in a major key, smile, and turn to business."

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THE FASHIONABLE SUBCONSCIOUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

most enriching of human experiences into nothing better than a neurosis, simply because they do not know one of the wisest provisions of nature: that man is capable of but one intense emotion at a time. (Sherrington, "Integrative Action of the Nervous.") They have not tested the kindly truth of that apparently cynical phrase, "The expulsive power of a new affection."

Many people hug their sorrow, just as others literally enjoy poor health. They do not want new affections and interests—and indeed no deep-feeling person could take much comfort in the thought that a new love might drive out the old. It can not. The brain-paths worn by love are the deepest we have, the most ineradicable. But it can and must oust sorrow from its immediate right of way on our emotional single track. The more intense the grief the more it needs to find an outlet—in work, in interest, above all in affection. And those who have, either consciously or unconsciously, turned their grief into these wiser channels, presently find that the sorrow-complex remaining, even tho it does remain, has ceased to be a nightmare because it is associated with so much we would not forget if we could; happinesses once ours and so ours always, thanks to that strange, mysterious, invaluable treasury, the subconscious mind.

Most people know without the aid of the psychologists that the sovereign cure for trouble is work; yet this does not always suffice, because it is so often our heads or hands we keep busy rather than our hearts. We have substituted instead of truly sublimating.[1] Once after speaking with a number of women about these intimate matters, the writer was asked that saddest and oldest of questions: "What is a mother to do who has lost her child?" She is not going to be helped very much by a bout of house-cleaning or gardening; or by that usual prescription of doctor—"Run doctors' —"a trip"; nor even by the absorption of writing a novel. But perhaps there is something that might help at the Children's Hospital, or the Milk Fund Clinic, or even in the home of some overworked neighbor—something to make use of the peculiar properties of that mother-instinct which, once aroused, was never meant to be wasted in this troubled world.

ANOTHER successful sublimation came to my notice recently; that of a young intellectual who was deeply disappointed in his aspirations to be a creative artist rather than a merely receptive one. He had tried several of the arts without success—acting, painting, writing; but finally turned his insistent urge into usefulness by constituting himself a go-between for artists and their public. His interest in the success of his patrons amounted to something very near creation, for, every one knows that an audience is as necessary to the producing artist as bread and butter—almost more necessary. No poet minds his attic, so long as his poetry is heard. Incidentally, this young man has ceased to regard himself as a neurotic and a failure—to the psychologist almost interchangeable terms.

The modern treatment for nervous disorders is not rest. Fatigue, they assure us now, does not break us down—on the contrary, we have in us a kind of electric battery that charges by running.[2] Any normally healthy person, that is, one with no organic derangement, may realize this by going on beyond the extreme fatigue-point to the place where the second wind begins; and the third, and the fourth, *ad lib.* There is a marvelous provision by which new cells are created for us all the faster as old cells are used up, apparently multiplying at compound interest. We are apt to say that people work hard because they have an unusual amount of energy. It is the other way around. People have an unusual amount of energy *because they work hard.* The latest theory is that fatigue can not accumulate—we are frequently being born anew, the more frequently the faster we use ourselves up. To rest is often merely to rust.

Of course energy may be frittered away foolishly—the idlest people we know often fancy themselves the busiest. But even that seems wiser than to lock it up till it finds its own outlet at the weakest spot. The one thing we can not do with energy, as with steam, is to suppress it beyond a certain point. That spells destruction. This is, of course, what happened to many people after the War. They had generated a lot of energy, particularly emotional and sentimental energy; and suddenly there was no apparent outlet for it. Hence much nervous excitement and unrest, suppressions becoming rampant, and the present flair for psychoanalysis and soul-digging generally.

The one thing we must be sure to keep intact for our health and happiness is—conceit. (Jackson and Salisbury.) *Vanitas vanitatem* is, psychologically speaking, a virtue rather than a vice. But we go about preserving our conceit in such devious ways! Any instinct we fail to admire in ourselves we tuck hastily away in forgetfulness, like the bad housekeeper whose cupboards and corners are full of trash that should have been burned long ago, or given away. The subconscious, like any good servant, aids and abets us willingly in this work of mental "slicking up," and all seems well—until the time for Spring cleaning comes. The psychoanalysts are our Spring cleaners. They urge us to be more careful what things we give the subconscious to put away for us.

For example, one of the favorite tricks of the subconscious (recognizable by all housekeepers) is called "transference."[3] It loves to transfer an emotion from one drawer to another, and hang a complex where it does not belong. You take, perhaps, a violent dislike to some harmless stranger because, forsooth, he reminds you of some schoolmate with whom you used to quarrel! Many a girl has married a man who, unconsciously to her, recalls a beloved father (a fact of which the Freudians make unpleasant, and to my mind ridiculous usage). Or you may take a dislike of fault from yourself to the innocent bystander, like the child who falls and bumps his head and then spanks the naughty floor.

One familiar example of transference, and also of the displeasure the subconscious feels when we lower our conceit of ourselves (a most wholesome and constructive displeasure, by the way), is the dislike we take to any one we may have injured. We resent having lowered our personal ideal of conduct, and we therefore hasten to hang our resentment onto the victim. Illogical, yes—but the subconscious does not pretend to be logical. It is a primitive. Some go so far as to say it should be referred to as "dark." The only cure for this dislike is hastily to do your victim some kindness. Thus you may come to like him again.

I gathered this interesting oddment from the comments of Benjamin Franklin, who was, without knowing it, the most practical of psychologists. He had an enemy whom he wished to appease and could not, because the man had done him some real injury, until he hit upon the expedient of borrowing from the enemy a rare and valuable book, after which they became close friends. (Presumably he returned the book.) A man less wise would have tried instead to do his enemy some favor, thereby heaping coals of fire on him; and is there any man so Christian as not to resent coals of fire?

The subconscious has many odd little ways of trying to please. For example, it often lets you forget an engagement you did not want to keep, or it helps you to lose the name of somebody you do not care for (beware of that person who habitually "calls you out'n yo' name," as the negroes say. We instinctively resent this, and for a sound reason. That person has some complex against us—not necessarily a dislike, but some unpleasant association with our name).

TACTLESSNESS, too, is the result of a savage but suppressed desire to wound or humiliate or "get even." Often acted practised on those we love. It is not, alas! inconsistent with human nature to wish occasionally to humiliate even those who are nearest and dearest, if it can be done without incurring retaliation. "Tactless people unconsciously lie behind their own inadvertence. We sometimes say to ourselves, "Oh, we must not mind So-and-so; she is tactless, poor thing. She means well!" Our subconscious knows better. She does not mean well at all; or at least her subconscious does not. People whose habitual attitude toward the world is tactless invariably owe society some grudge (a disagreeable supposition, probably), and take this unconscious method of fighting under cover conditions that are too strong for them in the open. Yet, by instinct we pity tactless people usually more than we dislike them, even when they hurt—and that, too, is a very sound instinct. So often in psychology it seems to be a matter of *"Tout comprendre c'est toute pardonner."*

Many a thing too petty or too rude for us to do and say willingly, our faithful subconscious does and says for us; like the child of the house servant who informs company of its mother's true sentiments toward them. And we wonder sometimes why our best behavior fails at its effect!

Another of its helpful little tricks is called "dissociation." The subconscious can dissociate us from conditions that displease: passing motors in the street, the loud ticking of a clock, even a neighbor practising the piano in the apartment below; from worry, from thought, almost from life itself, as in the case of a mahatma going into trance. Sleep is a form of dissociation; so is extreme absent-mindedness (which ought to be called present-mindedness, because it means that the

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[1] Other examples of false and unsatisfactory sublimations are: the interest that unmarried girls sometimes take in dress or position or empty social matters, to the exclusion of the more natural interest in men; also absorption in a pseudocareer which does not offer any real outlet for the creative impulse.

[2] The second wind—William James, Boris Sidis, etc. Dubois: "An emotion tires the organism more than the most intense physical and intellectual work."

[3] "Transference is subconsciously identifying one person with another, and behaving toward the one as if he were that other." —Jackson and Salisbury. Some writers class this conduct under the name of "projection."

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THE FASHIONABLE SUBCONSCIOUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

brain is very much on the job, too much so to pay any attention to irrelevant matters). A blessed provision for brain-workers, this!

But we can carry dissociation so far as not to be able to assemble ourselves again; and then ho! for the psychoanalyst. We may become dissociated piece by piece: the will, as in neurasthenia, the eyesight, the limbs, and so forth, as in hysteria; the memory, as in amnesia. Or memory may go partly, as in aphasia, or whole systems of memories may appear and disappear, making the Jekyll-and-Hyde personality, which appears in real life as often, perhaps, and as startlingly, as in fiction. All this the subconscious does for us unbidden when it sees what we wish for some reason to hide from ourselves. The asylums are full of people whose subconsciousness have run amuck in an effort to guard their possessors from the bitter facts of life; but they may be less full hereafter, thanks to psychoanalysis.

And compensae—dear me, how the subconscious does love to compensate! We are all familiar with the simpler forms of compensation. the pompous strutting of very small men, the insatiable vanity of very ugly women (unless they have sublimated it into fine usefulness), the symptoms and illnesses of dull people who have no other way of attracting attention, the self-glorification of the egotist.

Personally I used to envy egotists—they seemed to get so much pleasure out of themselves—until I learned that intense egotism invariably indicates an acute inner sense of deficiency somewhere. The egotist is like the boy who whistles in the dark to keep up his courage. That thought has given me a different reaction toward egotists, a feeling of quite motherly protection. How they would dislike it, if they knew!

In fact there is nothing the subconscious can not and will not do for us if we encourage it sufficiently, except to reason, and to dictate our conduct, the often suggesting that it step to our planning, our solving of problems, our creating (one woman I know insists that it does her crocheting), all without assistance from the conscious brain. It can make the best sort of speech, if not too much hampered by facts and data. Have you noticed that sometimes when a speaker is pouring out language in a steady stream, and enjoying himself thoroughly, suddenly there will come a pause, and he flounders and fumbles about among his notes? You call that stage-fright, or forgetting. It is probably neither. Something has simply aroused his conscious mind—an unexpected laugh, an interruption in the audience, perhaps; and it takes control with a jerk, like a change of dynamos in an electric power-house.

All speakers and all writers know very well when the subconscious is in command, and surrender to it gladly. Even the well-known speaker told me he never made notes for the platform of any kind, for fear, as he said, that they would "set him thinking." Perfectly sound psychology! Certain sorts of minds, poets, inventors, novelists, all the applied dreamers spoken of earlier, may easily come to rely too much on the subconscious, and develop into neurotics. But most people do not realize the value of what they have, and are running their engines at half power in consequence.

The subconscious, however, has its inhibitions. As has been said, it can not reason: *i.e.*, can not arrive at a general conclusion from particular facts. We must, therefore, never judge by instinct. Feel by instinct, understand by instinct, yes; but leave our final decisions to deliberate, conscious thinking.

Nor can the subconscious dictate our conduct. Not even under hypnotic suggestion can we be made to do anything dangerous to ourselves, either physically or morally; anything wisdom or conscience would forbid in our waking moments. We are, even when we prefer not to be, the captains of our souls. That is to me a very inspiring thought, one of the God-instincts I spoke of earlier; even one of the God-proofs, to such as need them.

The chief thing the subconscious can not do, and should never try to do, is to become aware of itself. Therein lies the real danger of all this amateur dabbling in psychological deeps.

We must remember that the subconscious directs and controls all the automatic functions of the body, breathing, circulation, digestion, and so forth, and is at the same time as obedient to suggestion as a barometer to weather, so that a fear-thought may be translated by it into a colic, a fit of anger into angio-neurotic edema or nervous swelling (the cause, one suspects, of many unnecessary operation), self-disgust into a complete loss of memory, and so forth.

There are many familiar cases, particularly with women, of bringing what ought to be a purely automatic function of the subconscious into the realm of the conscious mind. Suggestion is a buzz-saw with which we should be very careful not to meddle, whether it be out of books, or tradition, or the well-meant advice of friends. (And here I am myself suggesting just as best possible!)

The subconscious, in fact, has got on without much assistance from us for a good many years, and will probably continue to do so indefinitely, if we are sufficiently tactful in our pursuit of investigation. If not—well, there is a certain jingle written for the modern intellectual nursery by a psychologist evidently of some experience:

A centiped was happy quite
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in the ditch,
Considering how to run.

You will notice that the unfortunate insect is referred to as "she"; doubtless with reason. The mind feminine seems less able to pursue scientific research impersonally than does the male of the species. But since we feel nowadays that we must go delving into this fashionable self-conscious (which is really a silly effort—I mean "self-conscious), let us at least heed the advice of certain successful psychoanalysts who ought to know, and practise judicious neglect of whatever symptoms we may find there.

[1] "As a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess."—William James. "The best reliesser of energy is enthusiasm."—Dubois.

BY PARCEL-POST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

That was the beginning. Harry was only six. We might have killed him. Silly as I was, I knew that much but couldn't rouse myself enough to act. After he'd gone into a stupor Marah kept letting the grandy trickle on to his chin and all over his nightdress, remarking that she must remember Emily knocking the jug out of his hand."

Now was the time for the passenger to announce her identity and to reveal the bitterness accumulated during twenty-nine years!

"We went to sleep around the table," said Julian, uncertain about continuing, "and when we gathered our wits together in the morning Emily and Harry were gone. Her sister, Asbbel's wife, had given her money enough to go to an uncle's in Iowa."

THE automobile, with crazy vibrations, was descending the east side of the hill. The road was alternately composed of deep, bottomless mud and slippery areas of rock, scraped bare by the glacier. Julian was glad to give strict attention to his driving. Marah's quivering hint had warned that he was going to send for Harry and regarded him as a worse enemy than he had been before.)

With a final lunge the car rolled out upon a level road lined with white houses The driver drew up at a green-painted letter-box. A large, red-faced man came limping down the path

"Hello, there, Marah!" called the mail-carrier.

The man limped faster. His thin, gray hair was blown about by the wind. He felt of the bare portion of his head tentatively. "Should have put a hat on!" he muttered.

Julian handed him his newspaper and waited. Marah would recognize Emily! But the other man continued to rub his bald head and, gazing beyond the automobile, appeared to be searching for the source of the breeze.

"Don't you know this lady?" Julian demanded at last

"Lady!" repeated Marah, staring at the mail-carrier. "La-dy—say——!"

With a great effort Julian turned, shoving the lumbering man's bag to the floor. "Yes, *lady!* Don't you rec——?" He stopped. He could see the rear seat, and there was no one in it. There was only the crate of chicks and the pine box. "W-why!" he stammered, "I had a passenger!"

"Guess you've been seein' things," Marah stated, "We're gettin' old, Julian" He conversed no more that day with the newspaper. "This Spring wind, now," he explained, "I mind it like the devil." Limping and whistling, he untied a rope, he started back to the shelter of his house.

The mail-carrier stared at the rear seat. Certainly there was no passenger on it. In three or four places on the dusty cushion were faint outlines of the smaller box. The box itself occupied a firm position in the farthest corner. He peered at it, and, being unable to read the inscription, leaned over the seat.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

Emmett McNabb of Ga.

Your Boy—Does He Believe In Himself?

The picture above is Emmett McNabb of Georgia. A year ago when Emmett joined the Young Hustlers Division of The Pictorial Review Company he was shy and lacked confidence in himself. Our training has given him the self-confidence which was necessary to bring out his real character and personality and it has enabled him to build up a business of his own. He is now a respected business man in his neighborhood—a boy of good standing who has a head start in business over other boys.

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BY PARCEL-POST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

In plain printing were the words, "Mrs. Ashbel Strong, West Cobham, Connecticut," and in an upper corner, according to parcel-post regulations, the sender's address, "Robert Wool & Son, Hough, Iowa."

"Iowa!" Julian measured the box with a calculating eye. "Wonder what Emily's sending." But Emily herself had *been* there! He hadn't seen her distinctly, as far as actual vision went, he might have been mistaken—but he had *felt* her presence, that antagonistic, unhappy presence.

Puzzled, he dragged the box across the seat and lifted it into his lap. It was fairly heavy and gave forth a metallic sound as he moved it. He studied the black-ink printing and then the "Handle with Care" label. The latter had a heavy black border, which enclosed an engraved urn and the neat words: "Wool Crematory."

Julian set the box on the seat. So that was it! The box contained Emily's ashes. Even in death she feared him; and, in spirit, had accompanied the box to protect it from his roughness!

It was a bitter moment. For a long time he had been willing to admit that, as a young man, he had been domineering, dull-witted, and uncouth. According to his limited point of view, he had improved. He had been exceedingly anxious to have his son know that there was some good in him after all. During the descent of the hill the idea had developed that it would be pleasant to have Emily back, too; that after his lonely years he should not mind her silence. Now, of course, as far as she was concerned —

FROM habit, he stopped the automobile beside an aluminum mail-box.

"Anything for me?" bellowed a voice.

Julian looked up dully at Ashbel Strong, bearded and grizzle-headed

"There it is!" Ashbel exclaimed, extending a big hand. "We only got the telegram about it yesterday."

Julian held the box in his hands and, in spite of his sense of shock and desolation, his mouth twisted into its usual sneer and he heard himself announce with horrible levity, "It isn't every man who has his wife come back in this shape."

"Wife!" cried Ashbel, removing his pipe from his mouth, "That ain't Emily. Why, you knew; didn't you? She worried so—she just lived to see the boy come back from France. She died——"

"Who's this, then?" Julian demanded, balancing the box on his palm.

"Why," began Ashbel and knocked the ashes from his pipe, "That's the boy—that's Harry."

THE EXCITEMENT-EATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

passed, and Elsie was left in with her bid. Elsie looked appalled, the girl on Jerry's right led into the dummy, with a little titter, impolitely suppressed. Jerry laid down her hand and returned to her reflections. If only all this effort went toward some form of beauty. There was so much in the world that people never appreciated. She realized it because she herself was so ignorant. She could spend a lifetime, Phil had told her, opening up new worlds in music, art, literature—and yet never know satiety.

But here they sat, the heirs of all the ages of culture and of thought—imprisoned by playing cards! The game was over—their opponents counting their tricks with giggles of amusement and delight, and tea was being served on the veranda overlooking the golf-course The men were just coming in and would join them in a moment. This, Jerry realized, was the real business of the day for the girls, who were now settling themselves in their most becoming attitudes.

Jerry found herself again in a group with Elsie.

"Are any of your college friends coming over this afternoon, Mrs. Lancaster?" Elsie asked, her voice dripping the honey of the stinging busy bee. "Or—will it be too dry a party?"

"Oh, it's not going to be very dry, is it?" Jerry retorted. "Because I—" She stopped, and held her words in with superhuman effort. She had started to say, "Because I see your husband coming. I'm not going to get catty!" she told herself fiercely. "No matter what cues that piece of human machinery feeds me!"

"Johnnie Overton told me you used to be in on all the college parties," one of the débutantes cheesed. "He'd been wondering where he'd seen you before, and last night he remembered. He said the cutest things about you, Mrs. Lancaster. And he said he'd give you lots of time, any time you wanted it."

Jerry grinned. "Big of him!" she remarked; but the girls around her were too deeply impressed to catch her meaning. Elsie was looking positively pale beneath what she had declared to a prying friend was "sunburn from sailing."

CONTINUED ON PAGE

You wouldn't appear at breakfast with your hair in curlers

DECIDEDLY not. Emphatically not. You wouldn't dream of such a thing.

Why? Because it isn't proper? Not at all—that's not the point. You wouldn't, because curlers are unbecoming.

You'd look a fright.

It's your pride. You want your friends to see you at your best, and you're right.

But how about appearing at your best in the letters you write? What impression of you does your stationery carry to your friends? Are you sure your letters do not picture you as unbecomingly as you think curlers would?

Girls who know the value of looking fresh, dainty, chic, often hastily scrawl an acceptance note on showy, cheap paper, ask a favor on a sheet torn from a scratch pad, use an envelope that doesn't match or shapes and shades of paper that fashion doesn't recognize.

And these things "place" a girl just as surely as bad dressing.

They lay her open to misjudgment just as unfairly. They sometimes cost her the acquaintance of people she would like to know.

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Such a paper is Eaton's Highland Linen. It is pretty, inexpensive, made in all the correct shades and shapes.

If there is anything you would like to know about such things as invitations, acceptances, regrets, bread-and-butter letters, visiting cards, etc., write me. Or, send me *fifty cents* and I will mail you my book, "Correct Social Correspondence," which answers every such question, together with usable samples of Eaton's Highland Linen.

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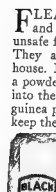

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THE EXCITEMENT-EATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

At this point Willie Pryde sauntered into the group. He maneuvered himself and his teacup next to Jerry and asked her how she was holding herself down after last night.

Jerry felt an instinctive distrust of Willie Pryde. There was something about his pale eyes which, if not shifty, was certainly indirect. At the same time there was a likable amiability about him, and she turned to him with a smile.

Tracy came up at that moment, being welcomed as always, with joy. Every one liked Tracy. He was so full of it. This afternoon was no exception, and he was foolishly merry—giving forth details of his game, even rendering illustrations. A few older people came out on the veranda and then left after glares of disapproval. Soon Jerry's attention wandered, and she began to look about for Phil.

"There's Ruth Taylor and the man who's been rushing her so hard," one of the débutantes announced, and the concentration veered to the other end of the veranda. Ruth had just come up the steps and was standing in earnest conversation with her companion. She was of medium height, with soft brown hair and deep eyes that viewed the world complacently. Jerry had met her once or twice, but had not cared for her. She was so smug—so superior. She had never encountered any aspect of life that was not serene, and she seemed to have no desire for anything else. Jerry had put her down as most uninteresting.

"Every one says they're engaged," Cora White contributed.

"I wonder if it's a go," said Willie softly.

"Well, I certainly hope so." Tracy brought his voice to bear upon the subject. "She needs a forceful man, or something. She's so simple and insipid, I pray to have control every time I see her."

Jerry looked at Tracy almost with affection. She had found the froth of those who danced through life more inspiring than the dead weight of the heavy-footed.

"Oh, I don't know, Tracy," Elsie was saying. "Her earnestness undoubtedly attracts a certain type of man."

Ruth and her escort were passing along their way up the veranda.

"And he certainly is attractive; every one admits that," Elsie added.

The man under contemplation turned at the point, and his eyes met Jerry's. With a hasty word to the girl at his side, he excused himself and came swiftly by the few tables between them.

"Jerry! All that's wonderful!—where did you heave in from?"

"Steve! I thought there was something familiar in the cut of that coat!" Jerry disengaged her hand, which he was wringing as a washwoman might wring her helpless linen, and turned to the rest of the group, who were listening goggle-eyed.

"This is Mr. Mitchel, Mrs. White—" She completed the rounds and turned to look him over with whole-souled pleasure. Steve had been one of her particular playmates in days gone by.

He turned to the others in a perfunctoriness of apology. "Mind if I take her off for a moment,—haven't seen her for over a year."

AS THEY left the group, Jerry was conscious of Elsie's peering eyes and Willie's interested vacancy. "Of all people in the world I'd have liked to touch into!" Steve was saying. "Isn't there some place where we can talk alone for a few minutes, Jerry?"

"Out through here—the reading-room," she supplied. "No one ever hangs in here."

They went into the reading-room, which was wholly deserted, and sat down at the far end. Jerry saw some changes in him. Steve had been very much of Tracy's type; one of the merriest of her old friends. He was gay and filled with the fun of living, and Jerry, everything more from him, had found nothing more. Now he was older than the single year that had passed since their last encounter, and his eyes had lost their twinkle. In its place lurked a certain indecision. It was as if his boyish resiliency had gone from him.

"What's happened to you, old spider? she demanded, studying his eyes, which were surveying her frankly. "You look as if you'd had a knockout blow and didn't know where it hit."

"Same old Jerry!" he returned. "And yet you've changed. I hear you've made the fatal dive. I could imagine you'd get married, yet you seem to be standing up under it—how do you drug out the old pep?"

"Try it yourself and see," Jerry deflected. "No young man should let the experiment go by."

"Try it myself!" His face suddenly seemed strained. As she gazed at him in surprise, he looked away from her and said in a low tone:

"Jerry—you're the only person in the world I could tell this and—mess to you if you're the only one whose advice I would feel like taking."

"I knew there was something, Steve, when I saw you," said Jerry. And she was silent.

"In the first place, Jerry—I'm in love. I've really got it. And perhaps you remember, I never thought of doing anything like this. Apprehension runs in my family around Jerry's temples. "Are you—is it—Ruth Taylor?" she demanded.

"Yes. You know her, don't you?"

She nodded, dumb at the sight of his face, which had suddenly become transparent. His features leaping into tenderness. A rime that Steve used to banter with came into her mind and danced there inconsequentially.

Oh, love, it is a funny thing—
As I've learned once or twice—
But all you get from the iceman
Is ice—ice—ice!

"Are you engaged?" she found herself saying, and tried to warm her voice. After all, she had no right to feel chagrined. Probably most of her old friends would marry much more trying specimens of femininity than Ruth—only Jerry just wouldn't happen to know them.

"Engaged!" Steve repeated. "Yes, I am —that's the whole trouble, Jerry. The broken wouldn't hold. I had to tell her—so here we are." He laughed, without amusement. "Remember all the stuff I used to get away with about marriage clipping the wings and that no one should go into it until he'd had enough high flying?"

"Of course," Jerry smiled. "That's the way one talks until one tries it."

He was paying no attention. "Listen, Jerry—listen to me hard. I'm engaged—and I've got no right to be."

She looked up at him. "What d'you mean—you've got no right to be?"

"I mean—just that." He had slumped down in his chair and was staring straight ahead. "Listen, Jerry, and I'll get it all out. It's a long story, and I'm a cad. But the funny part of it is I meant all right—often I have meant—"

"Go ahead." Jerry put in as he hesitated.

"I don't know just where or how to begin."

"Begin with the other girl," said Jerry, and her voice felt tired. "Where she came from, how you first met her."

He surveyed her, startled. "How did you—"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Some of the rest of my friends—used to tell me their troubles. Go on!"

"All right—you've started me off. Her name is Lace O'Brien. Funny, isn't it! Lace—the livest girl she did live in Ironbridge. You know, that's only a short ride from college."

Jerry nodded. "I know all about Ironbridge. It's where they have all the factories, and the big supply of mill girls. Go on!"

"Yes. Well—they used to run dances over there, and a lot of us went. It was rather good, sometimes. Darned good music, anyway, and some of those mill girls certainly could dance. Lace was one of them. She—well, she's very attractive, and she can put words together pretty nearly right, which is more than most of 'em could, and—well, there's something about her. At those dances she was always the most popular girl. All the fellows, naturally, would get together and rush her. I knew who she was, but I didn't bother much with her.

"Then a crazy thing happened A freshman, who had seen her over there much the same way I had, got some artistic notion into his head. He asked had her down for one of the games and the dance afterward. He thought it was time these girls were allowed to get a break."

"Till you cut in," Jerry supplied.

"Out of sheer contrariness. I didn't have a girl with me, and I didn't care what people thought—I'd been watching her, it was such a wild situation, and all of a sudden I felt sorry for her. So I danced with her."

HE WAS silent for a moment. "—I've gotten to another sticking point. I don't know just how to go on from here."

"I understand without your sketching it along," said Jerry dryly. "You first were sorry for her, then interested in her case."

"Well—it was interesting. I didn't see why she couldn't brace up and make something out of herself. I found I could do, you know, and so I—I—tried to help her. I tried to make her interested in working at the mill, but she didn't take to it. I still one day and I saw why she'd gone a little crazy It's horrible, that mill. No girl could be satisfied with life—or think anything was right, when every day was surrounded by the walls of that place. The health inspectors have never gotten around to it—or anything. And you know, in Ironbridge there's nothing but the mills."

"Now you've got me," said Jerry, as he came to another pause. "I don't know what you did next."

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NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE EXCITEMENT-EATERS

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"I—I gave her the money to go to New York, and get a room there, and look for work. I thought that would solve everything, and start her all over again in life. It would have if she'd been a man and if he didn't drink."

"Then she—Jerry, I feel like an idiot to say this, but she—she fell in love with me. She'd never had any one treat her that way, and she thought it was noble and all that stuff, and it simply knocked her cold—that was all there was to it."

Jerry was breathing hard. "You were the first real man she'd ever known—the only one. And what did you do to give her a better slant on life?"

"Don't—don't—Jerry! There are some things——"

Jerry moved restlessly. "Never mind that. How long had this affair been going on before you—met Ruth?"

"About three months. Oh, I know how it must seem to you, Jerry."

He seemed to have come to a full stop, and Jerry helped him forward.

"How long have you been engaged to Ruth?"

"A month. I met her quite a bit before that, at a german at the Astor. Believe me, I fell hard and then ran a mile to think it all over. Men sort of drift about the right and wrong of some things, Jerry, until they can see what they've done. I've cheated Ruth and Lace and life and myself—that's all. I realized all that the minute I met Ruth and saw what a new line of thought could be opened up—and I tried not to see her until I could think of a way out. You don't know how I tried! But after that it seemed as if I ran into her everywhere—and all things led to her——"

"And she probably asked you out here on some week-end parties, and you came," Jerry furnished.

"Yes. And—now it's happened, and I go around searching for a solution. Naturally, there's been no one I could tell. Mother and father—you know how useless they are. They just don't live in the same world we do any more—and I certainly would be ashamed of them if they did, by the way. And no man I know could understand why I was kicking up such a riot. I've thought and thought—and, Jerry, there's only one solution I can come to, which is too cowardly even to mention. I've got to live on if only to make up for what I've done so far in this world. But—how?"

JERRY put her hand on his arm. "Buck up, old dear. I'm going to help you come through by several lengths. Look at me and grin and then we'll pull the problem apart. Come on!"

He lifted his head, and an involuntary laugh escaped him—shaky and faint, but nevertheless genuine. "Jerry, there's one person like you and that's you!"

"Thank Heaven for that," said Jerry. "Now give ear; first: Lace—is she still a problem?"

"Naturally. She knows there's something wrong, of course. But I—I haven't enlightened her yet. I couldn't."

"Well—I'll show Lace how the wheels go round. Just leave that to me, Steve. Problem number one gone swirling down the waterspout."

"You mean—you'll tell her? Don't you think it would be a little less rotten—if I did?"

"Too fine a point for me to strain my eyes over. If you told her, she'd make a lot of trouble and I don't know how you'd come forth. I'd better see her."

"But, Jerry—you understand that she's an unusual girl—better than her kind, and——"

"They all are unusual in some way, Steve; believe me, I'll understand her and see as to how she spins along in the future. There's no question but that you should never see her again. As for the rest——"

"Yes, the rest," he said quietly. "I may never see her again; but I can't forget—and it's the most scorching memory a man can have. And what about—Ruth? She thinks I'm Galahad come down to earth again. It isn't fair to her——"

"Why isn't it fair to her?" Jerry cut in swiftly. "You've made a mistake, Steve. It's done, and can't be undone, no matter what you go through now. It's given you thought and perhaps made you twice the man you were and twice as able to face life again. Put the—the scorching memory away in your mind. Don't drive it away forever, for it does you good—tuck it in some corner, but don't let it flood your whole life."

"I think I ought to—tell Ruth," he droned, the words evidently voicing a reiterated thought.

"That's a thing you've got to work out for yourself," Jerry said slowly. "Remember this, tho, Steve; women differ, of course, but most women can't forget what wouldn't harm them not to know."

"That's a funny philosophy for a girl to advance. But you're different, Jerry; you're a girl and man and everything rolled into one."

"Sounds sort of hectic," Jerry commented. "Well, I can't tell you any more, Steve; I've blown quite enough. Give me Lace's address, and I'll go in there—let's

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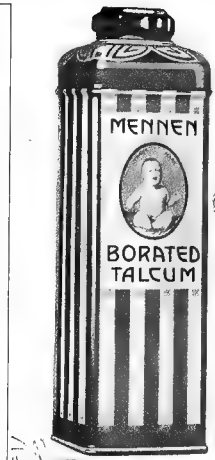

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THE EXCITEMENT-EATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

see—I'll go Monday; to-morrow's Sunday. And as for Ruth—"

"Here they are!" trilled a voice that discovered and proclaimed. Elsie Villiers stood in the doorway; ghosts of faces—as it seemed to Jerry's suddenly alive realization—filling in the space back of her. Willie Pryde hung his chin over Elsie's shoulder and surveyed the scene with attentive eyes. Tracy slipped past Elsie into the room, chanting, with upraised forefinger.

"Come in out of the fog, you two! We've teased and teased till we're absolutely fuzzy, and we've tried to entertain Ruth Taylor till our brains are cross-eyed, positively cross-eyed—and what rake-off do we get? Not even an eyeful when we find you!"

Jerry rose. "Give me her address, quick," she whispered, and while he murmured the numbers in her ear, she walked forward to greet what she now realized was "her crowd"—Elsie and Tracy, the Whites, Janet and Andy Clarke, and the latest Willie. They were "her crowd" in Eastport, she "burnt" she would be thrown with; not because of special liking for any of them, but because that was the way things—and she—went. Others who were more or less duplicates of these types would whirl around with her and she would be of their whirl; but this was her permanent circle. Married life tended to set one in circles of this kind without one's volition. All this her thought touched upon in the moment before she was of the circle again and giving parry for thrust.

Ruth Taylor, who had joined the group, gave Jerry a rather annoyed glance before ostentatiously reapproprlating Steve. Jerry wanted to ignore her; but there were so few elemental reactions in which one could safely indulge! Ruth certainly looked warm. She was the type that did not look well when warm. Her serenity had been considerably ruffled. Oh, well—such little incidents were always coming up and then blowing sweet away.

Jerry caught herself up from the depth of her reflections. "Where's Phil?" she asked.

Willie responded: "He's on the side piazza with Bob Carter, Mrs. Lancaster."

Jerry looked at him for a moment's quiet notice. Willie always seemed to know where, how, and why every one was. One might almost think that this was his life's work. Willie's eyes fixed at her scrutiny, and became so round and inquiring that she laughed aloud.

"Willie, you have just the kind of face to lead a double life with," she told him; "you could hide it so well."

Her circle echoed her laughter and charged after her to the veranda, where Phil and Bob Carter sat in close debate over their pipes. Her husband's look of welcome had in it a flash of something else—a something that he quickly veiled before she could define it. It had been keen and searching—a glance that was more than a question. He looked at her as if he had come face to face with some one he knew but whom he had never seen. His whole survey was one of grave expectancy; an expectancy aware of an inevitable outcome. He seemed to know her problem; that she was struggling; that she must keep the struggle hers to make the outcome lasting.

It was a delicate matter to deter mine his position; but he had thought himself into clarity last night. He could not stand off on a pinnacle and toss down platitudes; he loved her! And a moralizing attitude might injure their relationship forever. The only thing that he could do was to maintain a haven for Jerry's troubled soul. So lay his reasoning, and so his eyes met Jerry's.

On Monday morning Jerry found too many familiar faces on the station platform. It was hot for early June; too hot to see and be polite to one's acquaintances, and she had been hoping that she could ride into town alone. But Johnnie Overton raised a welcoming hat and hastened to her side, and Elsie Villiers—positively the girl was inevitable!—strolled up to them, leaving Willie Pryde in her wake.

"Jerry, I've got to buy a new dress, too?" she demanded. "I am if it's the last thing I make a crack at. I won so much in a darling game last night that I just have to turn it into something worth while.

"You must stop rubbing the bones, Elsie," Johnnie drawled. "They've even given you a write-up about it in the *Gossip*. You little daredevil!"

"What! Is the *Gossip* out? Willie, come on and get one, quick!"

Jerry watched the two dash to the newsstand, then turned to Johnnie. "How anyone can wade through that sickening stuff is beyond me," she remarked.

"Oh, I don't know," he said easily. "One always likes to hear about one's friends."

"Why does one like to read lies about people who are supposedly one's friends?" Jerry inquired in the voice of one seeking after truth.

Johnnie looked superior. "Oh, they don't print lies, you know. They couldn't do that and get away with it. Everything they put in has to be the goods, or they'd be sued for slander or something."

Elsie and Willie charged back to them, each flaunting the four sheets of black, staring print that was a faithful weekly chronicle of all their doings.

"Fame at last!" Elsie was proclaiming, and read aloud to them with glee: "'Elsie is at it again. Or should we say "again" when it is a state of perpetual motion between her lily-white hands and there must be say it?—the bones? At the Sanderson ball Friday night—we can no longer say evening, since the best evening affairs do not begin now until well into the night—she tired of the dance and graced a side piazza, from whence the shrieks of "Police, little Phoebe!" mingled with curses at "box-cars" and "fish-eyes" gave rhythm and zest to the music. Can I ask you, can't that a shout? Oh, dear! I hope mother doesn't see this—wouldn't it crump things up, too? And Tracy—I suppose he'll have a fit?"

Elsie was enjoying her importance; Jerry reflected and became exceedingly bored. She wished the train would come.

"Tracy can't put forth much," Johnnie said with a chuckle that was then too. In fact—" he looked quizzically at Jerry—"in fact, most of us have been given a hand this time—they're getting very generous."

Elsie read on, her voice a little breathless. "'Tracy was in his usual pastime of surrounding the wet. Much fun was had by all through some new little songs and dances he introduced after supper. Oh, honestly!" she threw down the sheet and stared at the three with wavering eyes.

"I don't see why they have to put in a pointless thing like that!"

Jerry looked at her with sudden interest. Then Elsie did care for her husband—somewhere, beneath all that chattering and scheming, there might be an honest emotion panting for air!

Willie was methodically going through his sheet. "'You're next, Mrs. Lancaster,' he said, and passed it to her. Silently she read the black, bold-face words: "'Around the always necessary stag-line extended from our college town, one gathered that it was Old Home Week for Mrs. Phillip Lancaster, commonly known as Jerry. It is delightful to see these little reunions that mean so much. After the first warm greetings of back-greetings the party adjourned to the private bowl, which long since had been investigated and boycotted by all lovers of the genuine. Soon the young men restored sincerity to the brew and the evening and the punch flowed merrily on, punctuated by a song by Jerry.'"

"Quite a write-up you got," Johnnie commented, as Jerry continued to stare at the nightmare in bold face.

She returned the sheets to Willie. "If you people hadn't spread the tale of these activities this would never have gotten out," she said briefly. "Why does every one talk so much? I think a paper like this is enough in a country town without every

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

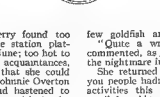
HIS TRUTH

BY EMANUEL O. FRANK

I SOUGHT His Truth in the heavens,
In the gleam of the circling stars,
In the primrose blush of the morning,
In the gold of the sunset bars.

I sought His Truth in the heavens,
But the doubting shadows grew,
And a gray mist came unbidden,
And hid the sky from view.

But sudden the softest of voices
Recalled my gaze from the skies,
And—wondrously written I saw His Truth
Shine forth from a baby's eyes.



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Famous Medicated Rubber
RUBBER GARMENTS
Cover the entire body or any part. Send for Illustrated Booklet and Self-Measurement Blank. Dr. Jeanne Q. Walter 343 Fifth Ave. New York

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Attractive Sweaters for Outdoor Sports and Decorative Motifs

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 316, 15 cents—9d, requires 3 balls floss in Egyptian colors, 8 balls yarn, 2 amber or bone knitting needles No. 5, 2 amber or bone knitting needles No. 10, 2 amber or bone knitting needles No. 3 for Russian blouse in size 36. This sweater is one of the smartest models of the season, and looks especially well when worn for sports with the accordion-plaited skirt.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 317, 15 cents—9d. Size 38 chest requires 5 balls tan Shetland floss, 1 ball brown Shetland floss, 1 ball orange Shetland floss, 2 amber or bone knitting needles No. 5, 6 bone buttons. This knitted sleeveless sweater is ideal for the man who golfs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 318, 15 cents—9d. Size 36 requires 7 balls gray Shetland floss, 4 balls old blue Shetland floss, 1 steel crochet hook No. 2, 6 gray bone buttons, ¾ inch in diameter. This type of sweater is universally well liked for all outdoor sports, especially golfing and tennis.

No. 316—Knitted Russian Blouse

No. 318—An Exceedingly Smart Golf Sweater

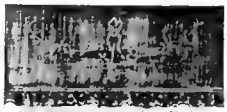
No. 317—Sleeveless Sweater for Golfing or Motoring

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 313, 15 cents—9d, require 3 balls Spanish stocking yarn, 1 ball buff stocking yarn, 1 ball orange stocking yarn, 1 set of steel needles No. 13. These stockings are preferred by men who are golf enthusiasts for use with knickers. They are conservative in color and design and are most practical.

No. 313—A Stronger Pair of Knitted Golf Stockings

No. 12850—Shown on Dress 1430

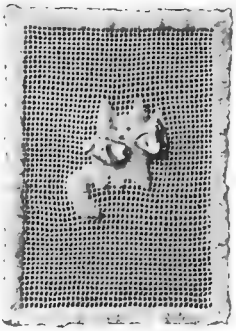
No. 12850—Shown on Dress 9039



No. 12850—Showing one of the Motifs on a Towel

No. 12850—Decorates a Dainty Guest Towel

No. 12837—Japanese Motifs on Kimono 9230



No. 315—An Adorable Crocheted Afghan

No. 12837—Illustrated on Kimono 9230

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12850, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, supplies 3 yards of scallops, 18 small flowers and one each of the four larger sprays. Shown on guest towels and Dress No. 1450, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 2½ to 3 years; also illustrated on Dress 4059, 25 cents—1/, 3 to 4 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 315, 25 cents—9d, require 5 balls white brush wool, 1 skein each of black and pale blue embroidery silk, ⅝ yard pink satin ribbon, 2½ inches wide, 1 steel hook No. 2, 1 wire brush for brushing yarn.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12837, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 10 different Japanese sprays, motifs with reverses for appliqué to be carried out in outline, long-and-short, French knots, lazy daisy and solid satin stitches. Illustrated left and right of page on Kimono No. 9230, 30 cents—1/6, 36, 40 and 44 bust.

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Living!

—for those who live!

It is life itself, Mademoiselle, this tantalizing fragrance of *living* flowers that is sweeping the world like a happy *bon mot*, overwhelming the artificiality of perfumery.

VIVANTE

A single drop, an ephemeral fragrance, and Voila!—one's thoughts are of Paris in the Spring-time, with every blossom-scented breeze a temptation, the very cobblestones whispering messages of love.

As chaste as sixteen!

As discreet as thirty!

As sophisticated as forty!

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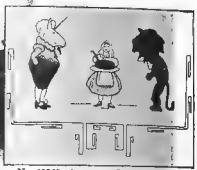
You may obtain a small vial of Lournay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address

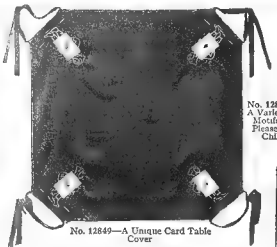
Novel Motifs for Appliquéing, Flowery Sprays for Other Uses

No. 12842—"Alice in Wonderland" Becomes a Reality with These Motifs

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12842, blue only, 30 cents—2/6, furnishes the various motifs for an "Alice in Wonderland" set consisting of a spread, curtains, pillow, scarf and other articles for a child's room. This set would be most effective worked in appliqué on a background of unbleached muslin with different figures worked in shades of blue, rose, green, orange, lavender, and henna chambray, outlined with black buttonhole stitch. It is equally as effective when used on swiss and chain-stitched in the different colors. The illustration at the left shows just how interesting a nursery can be made with this fascinating set.



No. 12842—Interesting Design for a Pillow



No. 12849—A Unique Card Table Cover

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12849, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 1 bridge table cover 29½ inches square with extra cutting guides for appliqué. The motif representing the brownie could be outlined with red, the cards representing the different suits could be of white chambray with black motifs on black sateen foundation.

No. 12842—A Variety of Motifs to Please the Child

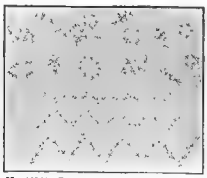
No. 12842—Should Make Any Child as Happy as a King

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12840, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, contains 3 yards of 23-inch allover appliqué design for use on dresses, suits, skirts, blouses, pillows, scarfs, and couch covers. Use outline stitch for stems, work the flowers in appliqué, in combinations of deep and pastel colors.

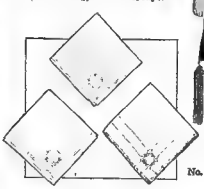
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12841, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 3 yards each of 3 small borders, and 6 each of 7 different sprays.

No. 12840—Pillow in Black and Gold

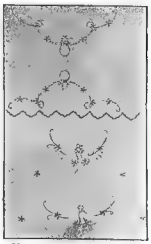
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12838, blue only, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes a design for the center of a full sized bed end bolster to be tufted with colored knitting cotton No. 2 or candlewicking cotton and a couching needle No. 14. Illustrated below.



No. 12841—Exquisite Motifs for Baby Clothes

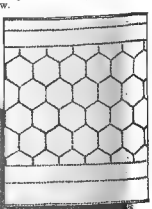


No. 12841

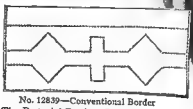


No. 12850—Floral Sprays for the Sheerest of Little Dresses

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12850, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 3 yards of scallops, 18 small flowers and one each of the four larger sprays for use on children's garments.

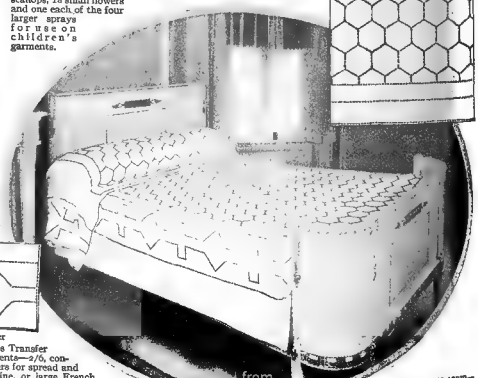


No. 12838—Showing Detail



No. 12839—Conventional Border

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12839, blue only, 50 cents—2/6, contains 6 yards of border and 2 corners for spread and bolster No. 12838. Tufting, outline, or large French knots may be used for carrying out such a set, using rose, Nile blue or lavender as the colorings.



No. 12838—12839—Something New for a Bed Set

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ROYAL SOCIETY TRADE MARK
Fall Line Now On Sale
313
3-PIECE SET
85c
297
INFANT'S SIZE
$1.15
331
18x54-INCH
$1.25
359
60c
344
20-INCH
50c
307
2 TO 3 YR
$1.75
341
35c
315
4 AND 6 YR
310
$1.25
354
65c
348
$1.00
340
$1.65
333
65c
338
$1.75
350
5-PIECE SET
$1.25
Prices quoted do not obtain in Canada or foreign countries
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The makers of Royal Society Art Needlework Products have devoted time, skill and taste to raising the standard of Art Needlework and to the manufacture of the better quality Art Needlework Materials.
Their long established reputation for originality in artistic production and superfine quality is noticeably revealed in the latest Fall Line, which features new, colorful materials in many artistic novelties, fancy gift items, delightful garments for infants and children, sheer dainty under things, negligees for women, articles for men and decorative pieces for the home.
Send for illustrated booklet describing a variety of beautiful and useful articles
Just try one package, whether you embroider or not. The wonderful stitch diagrams and careful making in these packages have worked miracles in changing the old-fashioned idea that one must be skilled in needlecraft to embroider.
The facility with which you can follow Royal Society lesson charts and the convenience of having "everything in the package" has revolutionized the art of embroidering.
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WHEN SHOPPING LOOK FOR THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS BEARING THE ROYAL SOCIETY TRADEMARK THEY ARE SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.
19 Union Square West New York

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The creamy skin that belies grey hair

GREY hair comes to different people at different ages—to many in their early thirties. Only when seen in connection with a dull and wrinkled skin can grey hair be taken as a reliable indication of advanced years.

So long as a woman's complexion remains youthful, "silver threads" suggest to observers only that she is prematurely grey. On the other hand, there is no color of hair that more effectively brings out the beauty of a good complexion. This was well known to the belles of Colonial days, who enhanced their loveliness with grey and powdered wigs.

A CLEAR, creamy, rose-tinted skin ever belies the evidence of grey hair and, too, of the added stateliness of figure that comes with matronage.

While few women really want to look younger than they are, no woman wants to look older than she is. The woman who is careful not to let her skin prematurely age always gets the benefit of any doubt regarding her years.

Pompeian Youth-i-fies

Pompeian Night Cream is the secret of many a woman's hold on youthful appearance—the only "magic" by which she combats the wrinkles and lines, and the sallowness and dullness of complexion that would steal upon her.

The great virtue of this preparation lies in the *naturalness* of its aid to the skin. It is ever an ally of nature, rather than a substitute for it.

This Cream Softens the Skin

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (New Style Jar)	60c *per jar*
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c *per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel
and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7½.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2277 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

Are You Looking Forward to Social Activities This Fall?

By MME. JEANNETTE

The summer season officially closes its book of vacations at the end of August. The doors of social life then swing open in town.

Are you preparing your skin to look as smooth and fair as possible? If you are a warm-colored brunette, do you picture yourself on the dancing floor "at home" in your flame-colored malines, with your burned, dried skin? If you are fair-haired and daintily blonde, don't you *know* you will have to pay some attention to your patch-pocking skin before you can wear dainty turquoise tulle?

These are the questions to be answered now, rather than to wait till you find yourself on the evening of the first dance or dinner "in town" so unsightly that you refuse to go.

The Natural, Healthy Skin is Soft

If your summer, out-of-doors, has made your skin too hard, or too dry, or too rough, then your skin is in an unnatural condition and must be treated. The science of dermatology has never produced a more satisfying product for these conditions than Pompeian Night Cream. It is absolutely pure, and supplies an oily substance to the skin that is adequate till your care brings back the activity of the natural oil secretion. I say "your" care advisedly, for even a professional dermatologist can only treat you when you visit his office, and to bring the skin back to *normal* requires constant attention at your own dressing table.

A Dry Skin Soon Wrinkles

Just as healthy hair must have a certain amount of oil in it, so healthy and youthful-looking skins must have their quota of oil. And if your skin hasn't sufficient oil, then you must supply it, for, like flower petals, a dry skin wrinkles quickly. The skin requires extra oil at the end of summer. The wind and the sun and the very outdoor air itself absorb a certain supply of oil from the skin. This must be replenished before the skin functions naturally again, and the complexion is restored to the appearance of health and beauty.

If your skin is exceptionally dry, you will like the efficacy of this cream at other times than before retiring, always being careful to remove the superfluous cream before applying any other creams or powder. But its truest value comes when it is applied at night with a gently rotary massage to stimulate circulation, and when enough is left on the skin for all the hours of night to nourish the drying under-skin.

Powder and Rouge for Tanned Skins

Remember to use a darker shade of Powder and of Rouge when your skin is darkened by exposure of any kind. These darker shades tone in with your tan or sunburn and enable you to make a charming appearance even if your skin is two or three shades darker than normal.

Colorful Lips

Every woman looks prettier and more animated with a touch of color in her lips. The discreet use of Pompeian Lip Stick brings the desired result. These Lip Sticks have a tendency to soften the lips, and are the most natural-looking shade of red.

Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2277 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Wash shade powder sent unless you write another below

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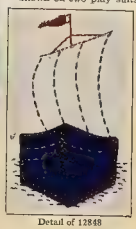
Magic Motifs and Stitches That Are Equally as Bewitching

No 12848 on Play Suit

No 12848 on Play Suit

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12848, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, contains 8 different motifs with duplicate and reverses of each, also extra cutting guides for appliqué. The sail boat motif could be worked in brown, chambray or stitched with black, the sail in blue running stitch. Shown on two play suits.



Detail of 12848

No. 314—Crocheted Sweater

No 12845 A Dainty Dress Trimming

No 12848

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12845, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, contains 3½ yards of 8-inch smocking and sufficient design for round neck. Particularly effective when worked in color.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12846, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, contains 3½ yards of cross-stitch border and 10 different motifs with reverses.

No. 12845—Interesting Cross-stitch Design

No. 12846—Cross stitch for Towel

No. 12845 Smocking

No. 12840—Appliqué Motif

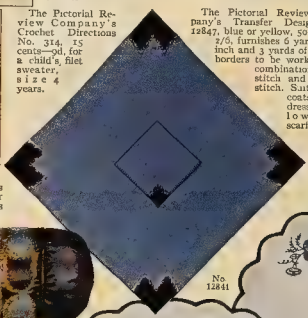
The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 314, 15 cents—9d, for a child's filet sweater, size 4 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12847, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes 6 yards of 3-inch and 3 yards of 14-inch borders to be worked in a combination of one stitch and outline stitch. Suitable for coats, skirts, dresses, pillows and scarfs.

No. 12847—Effective Border

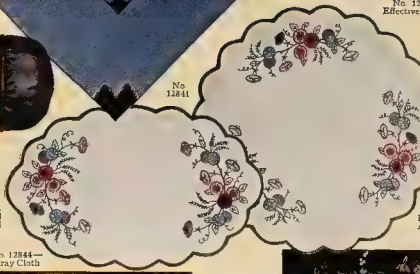
No. 12846 Unique Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12840, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes 3 yards of a 23-inch allover appliqué design



No. 12841

No. 12607—A Conventional Pillow and Scarf Design



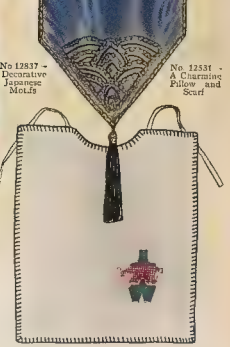
No. 12843—A Refreshing Centerpiece

No. 12844—Tray Cloth

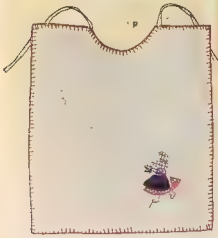
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12607, blue or yellow, 75 cents—3/6, contains 3½ yards of border 10 inches wide. The design is used here on a black taffeta scarf and pillow with the circles appliqued with blue, the lines in bronze braid

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12844, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, contains one scarf 24 by 36 inches, with extra cutting guides for appliqué. A pretty effect for Summer use

No 12837—Decorative Japanese Motifs

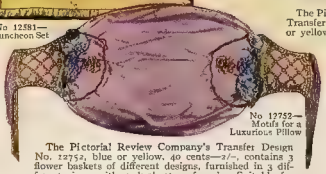


No. 12531—A Charming Pillow and Scarf



No. 12848—A Cunning Motif for a Bib

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12581, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, contains 7 different designs and 6 duplicates of each shown on luncheon set above.



No 12581—Luncheon Set

No 12752—Motifs for a Luxurious Pillow

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, contains 3 flower baskets of different designs, furnished in 3 different sizes, with 4 duplicates of each. Suitable for runners, cloths, curtains, dresses, and blouses. Shown here on a changeable orchid taffeta pillow, with baskets applied at each end.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12843, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, supplies one 36-inch centerpiece with extra cutting guides.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12837, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12531, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/-, contains 7 motifs as shown on the pillow and scarf of blue taffeta above. Five points are put together to form the striking circle.

No. 12848—Scare Crow Motif for Bib

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12841, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 3 yards each of 3 borders and 6 each of 7 sprays

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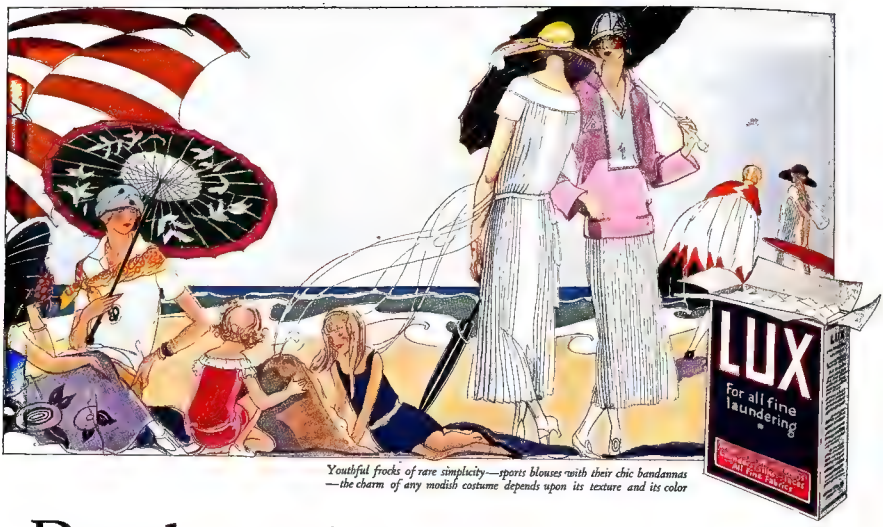

Youthful frocks of rare simplicity—sports blouses with their chic bandannas —the charm of any modish costume depends upon its texture and its color

Don't let careless laundering shrink or fade them ~ *Washed this way your sport clothes keep their texture and their color*

You look doubtfully at your smart Kasha cloth skirt, the little sport jacket with its quaint embroidered design. They really ought to be washed, but will washing ruin them?

Even your sweaters this year are a problem—with their two-toned colors and their low waist lines. You can't bear to have them shrink and fade, lose their modish look.

Just one careless laundering—and the proudest of your sport things isn't fit to wear again. It isn't that they are so fragile, they are simply sensitive to harsh soap; to rubbing and the like.

Wash all your sport things with Lux. Follow the directions on this page—then your sport things won't shrink or fade.

Safe for sensitive fabrics

Silk and wool are such sensitive fabrics —strong soap actually dissolves them. Even a moderately strong soap or soap chip will destroy their finish, fade or streak their colors.

Just rubbing soap on a favorite wool sweater, for instance, thickens and shrinks it—makes it lose the nice lines so important to the season's slim, modish silhouette. Lux is safe for all these sensitive garments. It won't harm them even gradually.

Soft—Unfaded

There are no harsh ingredients in Lux to attack the fuzzy woolen fibers of your Kasha cloth skirt or to stiffen and yellow your silk sport blouses. Lux won't rough up these delicate fabrics—no matter how often they're washed. The feathery Lux suds cleanse all your pretty things gently without the rubbing that injures any fabric. Whatever the material, if your sport things are safe in pure water they are just as safe in Lux.

How to wash sport things

Silks: Whisk one tablespoon of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—don't wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press on wrong side with a warm, not a hot, iron. Don't sprinkle.

Woolens: Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux and proceed as for silks. If suds die down add more Lux. Dry in an even temperature—never in the sun.

For colors, make suds and rinsing waters barely lukewarm. Use fresh suds for each color and wash very quickly to keep colors from running.

The new way to wash dishes

Won't roughen hands

LUX for washing dishes! *At last* you can wash them without coarsening and reddening your hands. Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need. A single package does at least 54 dishwashings. Try it!

MAKERS OF FINE FABRICS SAY "WASH THEM IN LUX"

Peck and Peck, Sweaters
Belding Bros. & Co., Silks
Mallinson Silks
Roessel Silks
Skinner Satins
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What the Midseason Demands in Smart Daytime Costumes

Dress 1753
Appliqué 12808

Dress 1698
Appliqué 12796

1753—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch sandalwood (tan) figured voile—⅞ yard 40-inch plain sandalwood voile for trimming—1¾ yard ribbon for binding and bow. The appliqué motif, design 12808, which is applied to the front of the girdle, may be cut from organdy or linen and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

Dress 1759

Dress 1775

Dress 1785

1785—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch black and white figured crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe for sleeve ruffles and sash—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for camisole. This makes an attractive as well as practical frock especially suitable for afternoon or informal wear.

1757—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch hazel (brown) ratiné—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy—5 yards pointed edging. The floral appliqué motifs, design 12672, which add such a novel touch to this frock, may be cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

1746 1753 1698 1759 1067

1757 1760 1775 1785

Blouse 1746
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1757
Appliqué 12672

Dress 1760

Blouse 1067
Embroidery 12816

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Ruffles and Flounces Grace Many of the Newest Summer Frocks

Coming Fashion events are casting their shadows before in the new "arranged" ruffles as demonstrated on the skirt of a costume illustrated on this page. Necks are taking unto themselves trimming and are not the unadorned things of yesterday that were perfectly plain

Dress 1786

Dress 1750
Embroidery 12704

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 84

Dress
1787

Blouse 1658
Bodice Skirt 1766

Dress
1780

Blouse 1541

Blouse 1603
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1770

Dress 1733
Applique 12796
Scallop 12867

Dress 1756
Applique 12564

Bloomer Dress
1767

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Every Move of Fashion Reflected in These Last-Minute Modes

A forerunner of styles to come is evidenced in the placing of the plaited flounce in 1880 style below the knee-line, and bows are everywhere on the smart gown, perched jauntily in front, bustle fashion at the back, or in panel ends that flow out in graceful fashion

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Latest Blouse Inspiration to Be Found in These Creations

Good News! The blouse has returned to really modish favor, which means that this little garment by a change of skirts adapts itself to many smart costume changes

Blouse 1746 Embroidery 12820

Jacquette Blouse 1603

Blouse 1541

Jacket 1771 Cross-stitch 12719

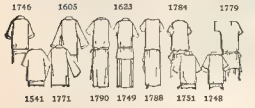
Dress 1790 Embroidery 12612

Blouse 1623 Bodice Skirt 1749 Embroidery 12820

Dress 1788

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 85

Blouse 1784 Embroidery 12820



Blouse 1779

For sports frocks and blouses the monogram decoration is more popular than ever. Paris dictates the insignia be placed low on the bodice or on the hipband

Blouse 1751

Blouse 1748

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Fashions of Exceptional Distinction for the Fuller Figure

1783—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch eyelet embroidered Georgette for sleeves. The applied front panels which extend from the shoulders to below the hem line in points, give length of line so becoming to the stout woman. The beading, design 12765, may be carried out in glass, crystal, opalescent, jet, or chalk beads.

1772—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—2⅛ yards frilling for trimming collar and cuffs—3¼ yards ribbon for sash. The deep open front is filled in with a dainty frilled vestee. Appliqué to the patch pockets are fruit motifs, design 12629, cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket, buttonhole or chain stitches.

Dress 1772
Appliqué 12629

Dress 1750
Embroidery 12757

Blouse 1748
Embroidery 12820

Blouse 1751
Embroidery 12320

Blouse 1746

Blouse 1603
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1753
Beading 12765

Dress 1760
Embroidery 12820

Blouse 1517

Blouse 1609
Beading 12549

1750—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace—3¾ yards 4½-inch moiré ribbon for sash. Embroidery, design 12757, carried out in darning stitch, outlines the V neck and upper edge of the triangular pockets. Elastic is inserted through a casing which is adjusted underneath the dress. A wide moiré sash is tied in a soft bow. With the addition of a number of different guimpes the entire appearance of the costume may be changed.

Blouse 1677
Embroidery 12820

Blouse 1300
Embroidery 12572

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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For Warm Weather These Are the Costumes You'll Need

1777—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch, handkerchief linen—1 yard lace edging—2¼ yards novelty banding. The fronts of the dress are laid in plaits and joined to the back.

1510—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch éponge—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—9⅜ yards edging. The novel motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch.

1786—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—18 yards lace flouncing —2½ yards 7½-inch lace banding—2½ yards ribbon to bind yokes—3 yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1744—Ladies' and Misses' Two-piece Cape. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 54-inch fur cloth—3 yards ribbon for tie-strings—3 yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 1629—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Wide trimming-bands give the cape a tiered effect. The dress closes on the left shoulder.

Dress 1777

Dress 1510
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1786

Dress 1483

Cape 1744
Dress 1629

Jacket 1693
Dress 1629

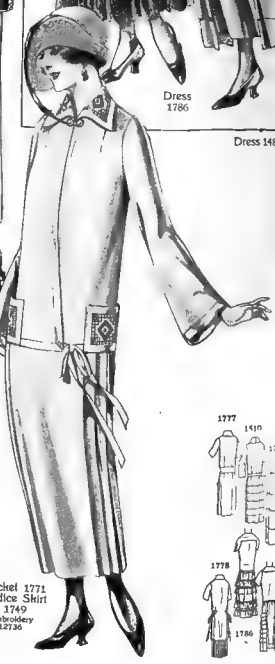
1693—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 27 inches. No. 1680—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard The three-piece suit in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch figured crêpe for jacket—3⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for dress, collar, and cuff binding—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket. Flowing sleeves finished with deep cuffs. This combination of frock and jacket is one of the most modish of the season, and offers to the woman many opportunities to vary her costume, as the coat may be worn with any number of different gowns, or may form part of a sports skirt and blouse outfit.

1778—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Side-plaited Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch dotted crêpe —3½ yards 40-inch plain crêpe for skirt and trimming —2¾ yards ribbon for tie-strings—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The novel motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised satin stitch. The long overblouse is one of the latest styles in this very useful garment and illustrated here is a reproduction of a French model.

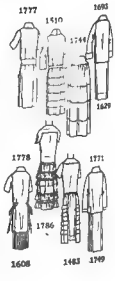
Blouse 1778
Frock Skirt
1608
Embroidery 12820

1771—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 27½ inches. No 1740—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. The suit in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch light weight velours—2¼ yards ribbon for tie-strings—¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket—¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The embroidery on the pockets and collar, design 12736, may be carried out in cross-stitch and darning stitches.

1483—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor —9⅜ yards frilling—3¾ yards narrow ribbon. The bodice is snug-fitting and has an attached gathered skirt with panels.



Jacket 1771
Bodice Skirt
1749
Embroidery
12736



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Stunning New Modes for Vacationists and Stay-at-Homes

1757—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—¼ yard 32-inch piqué for collar and piping sleeves—4½ yards ribbon for tie-strings. On either side of the skirt, leaf appliqué motifs, in design 12797, are applied. The design may be cut from linen, chambray, or organdy and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, or chain stitches.

1629—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch white linen—2 yards 36-inch contrasting for skirt section—7 yards novelty braid. Flat or raised satin stitch may be employed in carrying out the embroidery motif, design 12820.

1652—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1½ yard ribbon—4¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining. The embroidery border, design 12816, may be carried out in satin, outline, or darning stitches. The border is applied to the collar and cuffs.

Dress 1757
Appliqué 12797

Dress 1629
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1654

Dress 1612
Appliqué 12808

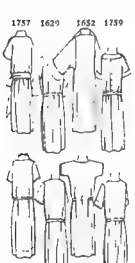
Coat 1652
Embroidery 12816

Dress 1759
Embroidery 12771

Dress 1632
Embroidery 12715

1759—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. The dress closes at the center-back and the kimono sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs. The sides of the skirt are embroidered in design 12771, and may be worked in darning, or outline and flat satin stitches with mercerized cotton floss. The two-piece collar and the narrow turn-back cuffs are also outlined in darning stitches with the floss.

1757 1629 1652 1759



1604 1632 1654 1612

Dress 1604

1654—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch figured voile—2⅝ yard 40-inch plain voile—2 yards ribbon for binding neck and slash—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. The very simple to make, this is a cool frock for warm Summer afternoons. A ribbon sash holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

1612—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge, with plaits drawn out, about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch white linen for cuffs and binding neck—3 yards ribbon for sash. The appliqué motif, 12808, may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1604—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted percale—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for vestee and piping—1¼ yard ribbon for belt. A practical little house, porch or morning dress. White organdy collar and cuffs would add an up-to-date effect to this frock, or the sheer fabric might be used to trim, as shown in the illustration, with the tiny vestee also of the organdy.

1632—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch linen—3 yards velvet ribbon for sash. The long shawl collar and short sleeves are trimmed with embroidery. The design, 12715, may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches This frock adapts itself particularly well to the creaseless linen which is one of the smart materials of the season for the tub frock. Silk or cotton éponge or ratiné would also prove a firm fabric for the design.

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Clothes That Will Intrigue the Heart of the Young Girl

1744—Ladies' and Misses' Two-piece Cape. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—3 yards ribbon for tie-strings—2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. Wide trimming-bands give a deep tiered effect to this youthful looking cape. This makes a serviceable wrap to slip on over a thin Summer frock on cool evenings.

1779—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 1755—Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch linen—6½ yards insertion—1⅝ yard ribbon for sash—¾ yard 36-inch lining for camisole. Squares of appliqué, design 12798, are applied to the blouse. The design is cut from colored linen and outlined with insertion.

1759—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch figured voile—⅝ yard 40-inch plain voile for collar and cuffs—2¾ yards frilling. No Summer wardrobe is complete without at least one cool voile dress. This model is of sheer figured voile with a dainty two-piece collar and turn-back cuffs finished with frilling. The frilling gives a very soft effect.

Cape 1744

Dress 1790
Appliqué 12564

Dress 1775

Blouse 1779
Bodice Skirt 1755
Appliqué 12798

Dress 1759

Dress 1695

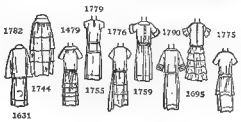
1790—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch dotted Swiss—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy—2½ yards frilling. Below the inserted pocket, which is bound with organdy, a floral appliqué motif, design 12564, is applied. The motif may be cut from colored organdy and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, or chain stitches.

1775—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 18 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch figured crêpe—3½ yards 40-inch flat crêpe. The crushed girdle closes at the left side under a fancy ornament of bakalite and from this a pointed panel falls gracefully.

1782—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 1631—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The three-piece suit in size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tweed for jacket—7¾ yards ribbon for trimming—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk for lining—2½ yards 54-inch tweed for dress

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Jacket 1782
Dress 1631



Dress 1479
Appliqué 12796

Dress 1776

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Dresses in All the Bravery of Summer Attire

Dress 1780 Dress 1787

1780—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch moiré—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and binding sleeves—3 yards ribbon. A quaint round collar of organdy finishes the oval-shaped neck of this youthful frock. The knife-plaited flounce is one of the season's newest fashion features.

1787—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 3⅛ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch figured foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar—1¼ yard lace edging—4½ yards ribbon for tie-strings. This model features the popular circular flounce which adds so much style to this otherwise simple frock.

1752—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2¼ yards 36-inch allover lace for panels, collar and cuffs—3⅜ yards ribbon for sash. Canton crêpe combined with allover lace forms an attractive frock for afternoon or informal wear. The side panels extend below the hem-line.

1786—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch taffeta—1⅞ yards lace flouncing—2⅛ yards 2½-inch lace banding for yoke and bands. The bodice is very snug-fitting while the skirt is quite full and is trimmed with lace flouncing in a tiered effect. Lace banding forms a yoke at the back and extends around the shoulders forming a tiny sleeve effect.

Dress 1506

Dress 1752 Dress 1786 Dress 1631

1631—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery—1¾ yard 36-inch linen. The eyelet embroidery is so elaborate in itself that no other trimming is necessary for this simple composé frock.

1506—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch figured voile—¼ yard 40-inch white voile for neck ruffle and cuffs—5⅝ yards narrow frilling. Around collar of plain voile trimmed with narrow frilling finishes the neck, and turn-back cuffs of the voile finish the short sleeves. A wide gathered skirt with applied bands is attached to the lower edge of the snug-fitting bodice.

1657—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅛ yard 40-inch organdy for sash and piping. Appliqué motifs, in design 12797, trim the sides of this simple frock. The design may be cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Dress 1657
Appliqué 12797

Dress 1785
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1788

1780 1787 1752 1786 1631 1506 1657 1785 1788

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Appliqués Make Gay Clothes for the Younger Set

1794 — Boys' Play Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 27-inch chambray. Cunning appliqué sail boats, design 12720, are applied to the rompers and may be cut from chambray in contrasting color and couched down in buttonhole stitch

1763 — Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—¼ yard 32-inch piqué for collar and cuffs. Blanket-stitching outlines the collar and cuffs.

Play Suit 1794
Appliqué 12720

Suit 1763

Play Suit 1793
Appliqué 12683

Bloomer Dress 1762

1793—Girls' Play Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 27-inch chambray. The animal appliqué motifs, design 12683, may be cut from contrasting chambray and couched down in blanket stitch.

1762—Child's Kimono Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 30-inch dotted voile—⅞ yard 40-inch plain voile. Dainty baskets may be used to trim this cunning bloomer frock.

1681—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 40-inch figured voile—¾ yard 40-inch plain voile. This makes a cool little vacation frock for the small "miss."

1707—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy. The neck is gathered to a round collar, has short raglan sleeves finished with turn back cuffs, and is slashed for a closing at the center-front. The novel motif, design 12820, may be carried out in flat or raised satin stitch

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Dress 1681

Dress 1707
Embroidery 12820

Dress 1459
Appliqué 12672

Dress 1671
Appliqué 12796
Scallop 12177

Cape 1705

Dress 1756

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Dainty Kiddie Clothes No Mother Can Resist

Suit 1754 Dress 1768 Embroidery 12672 Rompers 1761 Suit 1764

1754—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅓ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—½ yard 27-inch chambray for trimming—4¾ yards edging. The front and back of this cunning suit are cut in one piece. The trimming-bands and belt supply a smart note of contrast.

1768—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—2⅛ yards lace edging The embroidery design 12672, may be carried out in darning or outline stitches with mercerized cotton floss. The shirring forms a yoke effect.

1761—Child's Two-piece Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 40-inch white voile—2¾ yards frilling. The rompers are distended at the sides giving them a quaint Dutch effect.

1764—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch black sateen—¾ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs.

1710—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery—2¾ yards 36-inch linen—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. The trimming-bands which add so much style to this composé frock are looped up and caught in with the hem.

1708—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch check gingham—⅞ yard 36-inch linen—2⅛ yards ribbon for sash—2⅞ yards insertion. Below the inserted pockets, floral appliqué motifs, design 12564, may be applied. The design may be cut from plain gingham, chambray, or linen and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, chain, or outline stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

Dress 1708 Appliqué 12564 Dress 1710 Dress 1663

Dress 1774 Dress 1669 Embroidery 12820

1754 1768 1761 1663 1710 1764 1708 1669 1774 1659

Dress 1659

BON TON Medallion CORSETS
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SEMI-LASTIC
—One Piece Corset—
—No Back Lacings—
—O-I-C Non-Pinching Clasp in Front—
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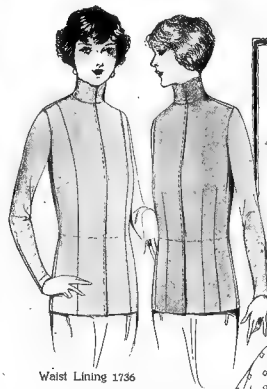


Waist Lining 1736

Waist Lining 1734

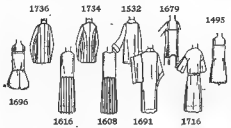
Sun Bonnets 1640

Drawers 1489
Embroidery 12206

Corset Bandeau 1679
Embroidery 11569

1640—Ladies' and Misses' Sun Bonnets. Designed for 23, 24½, and 25½ inches head measure. Medium size requires ¾ yard 36-inch linen for bonnet No. 1 and 1⅛ yard 32-inch chambray for No. 2.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



Dressing Sack 1532

Combination 1696
Initial 11997

Combination 1495
Embroidery 12175

Frock Skirt 1608

Negligée 1691

Frock Skirt 1616

Negligée 1716

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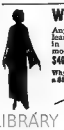

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

1698—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch pelican (gray) dotted swiss—⅝ yard 40-inch pelican voile—¾ yard 40-inch white voile for vestee—3¾ yards frilling—1 yard 36-inch lining. A grape motif is applied to the girdle in design 12796, and may be cut from colored organdy or couched down in chain stitch.

1750—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch white moiré—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe—3½ yards green ribbon.

1775 Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch red and white figured voile—1¾ yard 40-inch white organdy.

1746—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard novelty edging. The novel motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch.

1780—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 32-inch blue and white check gingham -⅝ yard 36-inch linen.

1667 -Ladies' and Misses' Blouse Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch cross (green) linen—⅛ yard 36-inch white linen. The embroidery border, design 12816, may be worked in raised satin and outline or darning stitches.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 72

1786—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch gloaming (pink) Canton crêpe—18 yards 6-inch lace banding—2¾ yards 2¼-inch lace.

1750—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch white satin crêpe—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—6⅜ yards narrow velvet ribbon for trimming—2¾ yards wider velvet ribbon for trimming sash. The deep embroidery border, design 12704, may be carried out in darning or outline stitches.

1658—Ladies' Blouse Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1786—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 40-inch olive French voile—3⅝ yards 7-inch lace banding—⅝ yard 3-inch lace banding for sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

1797—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch black moiré—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace—1¾ yard lace edging—4½ yards black satin ribbon.

1780—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 40-inch pale blue Canton crêpe—1¾ yard lace.

1641—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch green and white figured crêpe—2⅜ yards bias binding.

1608—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch mayflower (pink) voile—¾ yard bias binding for collar. The motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1770—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch figured foulard—¼ yard 40-inch blue satin—3¾ yards ribbon for sash—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for camisole.

1738—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch blue organdy—⅝ yards bias binding. The appliqued fruit motifs, design 12796, may be cut from colored organdy and couched down in buttonhole stitch. Bias binding may be used for the scallops, design 12697.

1759—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 36-inch green and white check gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch white voile—2⅝ yards ribbon. Below the inserted pockets, appliqued motifs, design 12564, are applied cut from organdy or linen and couched down in blanket stitch.

1707—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Venetian rose embroidered voile—2⅝ yards ribbon for trimming.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 73

1781 -Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch blue and white figured voile—1½ yard 40-inch white voile—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1790—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 40-inch black flat crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch cream batiste for collar—1⅛ yard lace edging.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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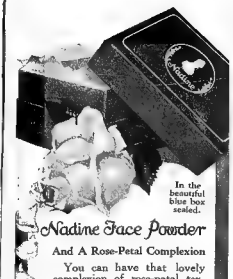

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

1768—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch pueblo (brown) allover lace—1¼ yard 40-inch pueblo Georgette crêpe—4⅜ yards two-tone ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

1772—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch red and white check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch white voile—2¾ yards frilling—3¼ yards ribbon for sash. The appliquéd cherry motifs, design 12796, on the pockets, may be cut from colored linen and couched down in buttonhole stitch in mercerized cotton floss.

1097—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch flowered crêpe—4 yards tan ribbon for tie-strings.

1774—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch indo (blue) Georgette crêpe—9⅛ yards frilling—2 yards indo ribbon for sash. The embroidery, design 12672, may be carried out in raised satin stitch in silk floss either matching the dress or in contrasting color.

1765—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 4 yards 36-inch black sateen ⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy—1⅝ yard picot edge ribbon.

1764—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch white linen —6 yards red bias binding.

1776—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch figured voile—1¼ yard 40-inch pale yellow voile—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for camisole.

1712—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yard 40-inch green figured crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch plain crêpe.

1186—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch sandalwood (tan) Canton crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe. The novel motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 74

1746—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. The novel motif, design 12820, which adds such a quaint touch to the blouse may be embroidered in raised or flat satin stitch.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch strawberry and white figured silk—1 yard 40-inch white Canton crêpe.

1541—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch green and white figured silk—2 yards silk bias binding.

1771—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch sandalwood (tan) flannel—3 yards brown ribbon for binding—1 yard brown ribbon for bow—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining. The border of cross-stitch, design 12719, may be worked in silk floss.

1750—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch blue linen—⅞ yard 36-inch white linen for collar. The deep embroidery border, design 12612, may be worked in darning stitch.

1628—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch emerald (green) Canton crêpe—2¼ yards white bias binding. No. 1749—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch white novelty sports crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The novel motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitches.

1788—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch alcazar (rust) Canton crêpe—3⅝ yards 3-inch embroidered banding.

1784—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—3 yards viola (lavender) bias binding. The embroidered motif, design 12820, may be worked in raised or flat satin stitch.

1779—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch (red) figured crêpe—1⅝ yard ribbon for binding —2⅝ yards ribbon for sash.

1761—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch citrine (yellow) Georgette crêpe—3⅜ yards narrow insertion—2½ yards lace insertion—2½ yards lace edging.

1748—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch white Canton crêpe—1¾ yard edging.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream is *more* than a face cream. Not only does it protect the skin—it *keeps the complexion fresh and clear*, for it has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up," *revitalizes*, the sluggish tissues. Ingram's Milkweed Cream will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. Its *continued* use will preserve your fair, wholesome complexion through the hot vacation days.

Begin its use today. Buy it in the 50c package or the standard $1.00 size—the dollar jar contains three times the quantity.

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Posed by Virginia Lee in "If Women Only Knew," an R-C Pictures Corporation motion picture. Miss Lee is one of many absolute stones of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

1760—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch linen. The novel motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised or flat satin stitch.

1748—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch voile. Flat or raised satin stitch may be employed for carrying out the motif, design 12820.

1761—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The embroidery border, design 12320, may be worked in raised satin or outline stitches.

1746—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch ♦ eyelet embroidered Georgette—⅝ yard 40-inch satin.

1693—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Flat or raised satin stitch may be employed in carrying out the motif, design 12820.

1517—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch voile—4⅜ yards narrow frilling.

1009—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe Roma—2¾ yards ribbon for loop trimming. Colored glass, crystal, chalk, or opalescent beads may be used in carrying out the beading, design 12540.

1677—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch handkerchief linen. Raised satin stitch is used for carrying out the motif, design 12820.

1580—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅝ yards lace banding. The embroidery, design 12572, may be carried out in darning stitch with silk floss.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

1695—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—3 yards ribbon for sash.

1678—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 and 16 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy for trimming—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. The grape motif, design 12706, may be cut from colored linen or organdy and couched down in blanket stitch.

1776—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 18 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch figured voile—1⅝ yard 40-inch plain voile—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for camisole body.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

1785—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch dotted Swiss —7 yards ribbon for trimming—3⅜ yards ribbon for sash. The motif, design 12820, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1788—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe —8¾ yards lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

1459—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dotted voile—1 yard 36-inch plain voile—3½ yards ribbon for sash. The appliqué motif, design 12672, may be cut from organdy and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1071—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—8 yards frilling. Pastel colored silk may be used for the cherry appliqué around the skirt and at left side. The scallops, design 12177, are finished with frilling.

1726—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—2⅛ yards frilling—2 yards ribbon for sash.

1705—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch light-weight velours—3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

1689—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅝ yard 40-inch voile—2½ yards plaiting. Raised or flat satin stitch may be employed in carrying out the motif, design 12820.

1772—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch dotted Swiss—10½ yards frilling—2 yards ribbon for sash.

1668—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard edging—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1650—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch chiffon—12 yards frilling—2¼ yards grosgrain ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

1736—Ladies' Waist Lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch muslin.

1734—Ladies' Waist Lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch muslin.

1678—Ladies' Corset Bandeau. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch heavy washable satin—3⅜ yard edging—⅞ yard 1¼-inch elastic. The embroidery in design 11580 is worked in satin and outline stitches with silk floss.

1680—Ladies' Drawers. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—3 yards edging—⅞ yard ribbon for bows—1¾ yard lace insertion. The embroidery, design 12820, may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches in mercerized cotton floss.

1632—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch figured voile—⅝ yard 40-inch plain voile—2¾ yards satin ribbon.

1696—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—1⅝ yard pointed banding—4½ yards frilling—6⅝ yards insertion —1¾ yard ribbon for drawstrung. The initial, 11997, may also be worked in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton floss.

1495—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard edging—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps—1⅝ yards insertion—3 lace medallions. The embroidery design 12175, may be worked in satin, outline or stem stitches.

1618—Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

1608—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch broadcloth—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

1691—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 29-inch flowered challis—⅝ yard 40-inch voile—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1716—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 29-inch figured crêpe—⅝ yard 29-inch plain crêpe—2⅜ yards grosgrain ribbon.

Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—8 yards frilling. Pastel colored silk may be used for the cherry appliqué motifs, design 12796, which are arranged around the skirt and at left side. The scallops, design 12177, are finished with frilling.

1768—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham—2⅛ yards frilling—2 yards ribbon for sash. The embroidery design 12320, may be worked in raised satin or outline stitches.

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NaTone Lemonated Shampoo, nature's hair wash, cleanses and beautifies.
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But *don't pull hair out!* That's dangerous! Nature rushes to heal the spot and so nourishes it; several hairs grow in, strong and coarse, for every one removed!
Use X-Bazin, the century-old, French way to remove hair *safely and clean!y.* X-Bazin does not increase the growth of new hair. Sold always with a *money-back guarantee* . . . at all drug and department stores, 50c and $1 in the United States. Elsewhere, 75c and $1.50.
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WITH almost invisible touch Armand smooths away traces of the years. Soft and fine, of delicate fragrance, wonderfully adherent, Armand Cold Cream Powder blends into the skin, bringing to it that clearness, that delicacy of color for which every woman longs.
In the Armand Week-end Package is a generous sample box of this wonderful cold cream powder. There are also samples of three other delightful powders; a tiny box of Armand rouge with puff included, cold cream, vanishing cream, talcum, a little cake of fragrant soap and the Armand "Creed of Beauty," which you will surely appreciate. All for 25c! Write for yours to-day!
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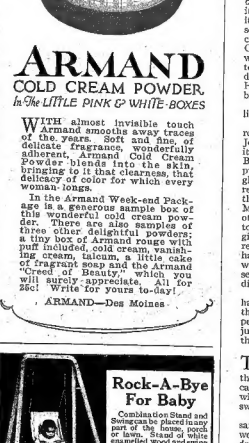

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE EXCITEMENT-EATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

"I like it," Willie mused. "Think what it gives you for twenty-five cents. For all the lielect there's an account that gives all the real dope, not merely what people went and wore. And look at the style it's written in! It's like Balzac purging the sins of society."

"Style," Jerry muttered. Then the arrival of the train filled in the sudden blank in the conversation.

The car was crowded, and the young men, after finding one lone double seat for Elsie and Jerry, went up to the smoker.

"I think it's fierce to have so few seats left," Elsie fretted. "Willie is such fun, and Johnnie is simply supreme."

"What do you mean—supreme?" Jerry said, her mind on the hold-face type. "It was so utterly disgusting. Thank goodness, Phil never looked at such things."

"Oh, I don't know. He's president of the Useless Club, you know, and I simply adore every one in that!"

"The Useless Club!" Jerry permitted herself a laugh. "Who gave it that title?"

"Oh, they did themselves. Johnnie started it, I guess. He always starts everything. All the gay young bachelors belong. They call themselves the Useless Club because they admit that they're no use to anybody or anything—that's the glory of it, Think," Elsie cried, warming to her subject, "how few people in the world there are who're really no use to anybody or anything! And this bunch admits it, and gets fun out of it!"

"Great!" said Jerry. "I think they ought to have chapters of the club everywhere, like fraternities. I know lots of young men everywhere who'd give it good support!"

Elsie was dreaming of the Useless ones, with parted lips and ardent eyes. "The other members—let's see—there's Willie—and Tanky Delabarre. He's Cora White's heaviest suitor."

"Cora White!" Jerry seemed surprized. "What's your definition of a heavy suitor after one's married?"

Elsie looked disdainful. "I know perfectly well that you agree with me, Mrs. Lancaster, that the mere fact of marriage does not mean that one is to be entirely deprived of the attentions of other men."

"Well, that all depends," Jerry returned with some amusement.

"If the husband and wife both have the same understanding, it's all right," said Elsie smoothly, "and Fred White is broad-minded. He knows that Cora had lots of attention before he married her, and he's too lazy and too fond of golf to make it all up to her himself."

"That's one of your best friends, isn't she?" Jerry remarked. Elsie hesitated as if searching for something clever to say, and finally retreated, muttering an unintelligible assent and turning to look out of the window.

Jerry's thoughts were whirlwinds of disgust that now revolved around the Useless young men, now around Elsie, and now around the Eastport *Gossip.* It was bad enough for a community to permit such a thing even to flourish underground; but to have the very people it singed with its arrogance scoff it calmly, even flaunt it! The punch-bowl episode! It would seem that she would never do things that could not be misinterpreted. The Useless Club! It seemed to her that the young men who could take such a stand were trifling too much with life, and were particularly disrespectful to their Creator. She knew—Hadn't she been there herself, once—before Phil had come to her?

They had both realized that it was not all of life for two people to live only for each other.

Then what was life? Was it this hectic round of indoor and of outdoor sports? Jerry could not make herself believe that it was. She was perfectly content. But he was working; every day spelled purpose in his life; while she—she stole a glance at Elsie's profile—at her hard, restless little profile was enough to see that Elsie certainly was not content. Mentally Jerry ran over the faces of the other young married girls. They all seemed to have the same unsettled, seeking look—girls who had been brought up in every refinement and softness of life, girls who had known nothing but kindness, upon whom all their friends still smiled—they all seemed restless, struggling with their different solutions of the problem of living.

It was hard to live, Jerry knew this; she had never known anything else. Perhaps these girls were just discovering it. Yes, perhaps that was their trouble; they were just discovering that life was not run to suit them, and they felt they had been cheated.

THEY were nearing the terminal. Johnnie Overton and Willie sauntered through the car, their expressions peaceful duplicates of each other. Willie turned from the window and gathered animation in one swift grab.

"Eastport is getting awfully poky," she said. "I'm going to give a dinner-party next week to raise the morale and wear my new dress or something. Will you all come?"

The Useless youths deigned acceptance, and Jerry, with a fainting feeling, found that she was doing the same. What else could she do? She was being drawn in and around by this circle.

The group had moved up Park Avenue in Johnnie's taxi before Jerry realized that she did not want them to drop her and observe the address at which she landed. Elsie had given a number far up on the avenue. Johnnie clung to his declaration of leaving no stone unturned in the search for adventure.

"'Adventure means money, sooner or later," Willie discouraged; "I'm sick of it."

"Well, what is there in life that doesn't mean money, sooner or later?" Johnnie returned.

"I bite," said Elsie; "what is there?"

"Love!" Jerry suggested. This was greeted by a burst of spontaneous laughter from all three.

"Love's always interesting; let's go into the subject," Johnnie said, in his drawling tone that never failed to irritate Jerry.

Here Willie interrupted, and Jerry started at his voice. For the first time in her knowledge of him it had slipped through the meshes of conventional light repartee that continually held it captive, and rang with conviction.

"I'm sick of hearing love lied about. Nobody dares come out in the open and say what they really think about it any more," Willie turned to Jerry. "Why do you suppose there are so many more bachelors all the time? Why do fewer and fewer of us get married? You hear the reason given everywhere as the increased cost of living. We all know that's not the real reason, but no one wants to come forth with the truth, which is that the girls are setting too high a price on themselves nowadays. You don't see much of this love-in-a-cottage stuff any longer, or starting-out-on-what-he-first-earns. Their ideas have grown expensive and large, and have elbowed love aside."

"Any one would think to hear you talk that you had asked a girl to wait for you and had been refused," Jerry commented.

"Willie—I didn't know you had it in you," Jerry murmured, and surveyed the youth alertly. Willie's countenance had reassumed its blank regularity; Johnnie was looking slightly bored.

"Of course that's more or less true, that the girls are out for the old dollar, but we gay young bachelors should care intensely, I must say. This where you slide away, Elsie?"

The taxi was pausing in front of a huge apartment-building. Jerry disentangled in Elsie's train and turned her footsteps up a side street. She was gripped by a strong desire to see some familiar spots.

THE day had grown still warmer; but Jerry was a quick, nervous walker and the heat took no toll of her thinness. Up a spacious avenue she went, then over by the river.

Children swarming and squirming in the streets, some clad only in their own grime; women's voices shrilling discord; men's raucousness. Everywhere the perception of unwashed humanity hanging heavily in the air. Youths with spotted faces and smirking eyes had stared at Jerry. Youths who spoke to her without taking the trouble to remove their cups; who shrugged as she went by without response, and stood on the corners waiting for the next one. They, too, thought Jerry, were in search of adventure. Girls with faces incrusted in powder and lacquered with paint; girls who, Jerry knew, were only in their teens, but whose eyes were old with the terrible age that the slums brought to children. And always that hideous, unwashed odor, that grew in intensity and gnawed at the nerves. It was all as familiar to Jerry as an old nursery rime, but coming from the beauty of Eastport every sense was dulled from the lawns, it struck her like a blow between the eyes. But for Fate's miracle she might even now be one of those old-at-twenty-five matrons who stridently summoned their numerous broods into their ugly tenements, eating and quarreling in one. Or one of those furtive, pitiful souls that just now slipped past her, a flash each time, of travesty—youth, life, everything drained.

And always that fearful smell. Jerry would have to stop longer. A swift change of ways, of running up side streets away from the shriek and stench. She was soon on upper Fifth Avenue.

She made her way over the wide pavement to a bypath where she could walk through the park. She must get to Lace O'Brien—disagreeable though she ernard was.

Fate's miracle; that she herself was not a Lace O'Brien, buried there in the drip of the slums.

A sudden thought increased her gait. Why should she, from all the throng that mottled the side walks, have been chosen to rise above it? The answer was not clear. She owed the world some sort of justification. Justification of what sort? How could she pay?

The principle, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, had been one of Jerry's earliest lessons. It now came to her mind with driving force.

A life for a life! She owed it to the world to set some other life along the path that she had chiseled out for herself—some life that was becoming embedded in what might have sucked her down.

Exhilaration uplifted her. She forgot the heat in the high light of inspiration. That unhappy, indefinite feeling was gone; in its place a high continuity of resolve

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THE EXCITEMENT-EATERS

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exalted her. She owed to the world the guidance of some life. Her faith on that was firm.

BECAUSE it was uncertain just which train Phil would be able to take at the close of the day, Jerry never met him. He generally came up with Bob Carter. It was a little custom, however, for her to greet him at the door. He liked to feel that she would be there; and she had early discovered that he was disappointed if she did not make this effort. So from six o'clock on, any week-day evening, Jerry was prepared to leave her dinner preparations at any crucial stage and rush to the door. For the first year she had done so eagerly, but in the unusually warm weather of that Spring the extra exertion had become irksome. Kitchen-work in warm weather was not pleasant; it wore on Jerry's nerves.

A man required carefully planned meals. No matter how ethereal one might feel, or how suited one was from tasting in the afternoon, a man needed food at maddeningly regular intervals. And he seemed to take its appearance so for granted!

This evening she heard the automobile draw up in front of the door while she was up-stairs changing from her hot town clothes. So she pulled on an old purple-silk kimono and rushed down into the hall just as Phil came in with Bob Carter.

Jerry was not particularly embarrassed at this encounter, but Bob Carter hesitated and stepped back, saying, "I'll come in again for that case, Phil," and departed.

Jerry laughed and followed Phil into the living-room, where he started to fuss with the papers on the desk. He did not look at her, but suddenly Jerry felt sure that she knew what he was thinking.

Mrs. Carter would never have dashed down to the front door to greet her husband in any sort of negligée!

But Phil was hot and tired. "How soon is dinner?" he asked, sinking into a chair.

There—that was another thing. Jerry ran her fingers through her hair and sat down on the side of the davenport. If only a satisfying meal might have preceded her explanation! Somehow, after a man ate, his very personality seemed to undergo a change.

"Phil, I've got a girl in to help for about a month. Not that the work's too much for me or any of that piffle! But—this is the reason—you remember I told you about Steve Mitchel and his fix. Well, this is the girl."

"Oh," said Phil, amused, "you went to see her this morning and brought her home with you?"

"Well—yes," Jerry said, disconcerted by his ready reception of the news. "I—well—naturally, Steve's hanging her up has knocked her silly, and she doesn't know what to do. But she's through with the indefinite-living stuff—if some one will help her and show her how to start living on her own. And, Phil—I felt, when I saw her, that I was nominated."

"So you propose to show her how to live on her own by starting her on a career of general housework?" Phil inquired. His tone was non-committal, but his eyes twinkled.

"No," said Jerry defiantly. "She's sewed some—and in the month that she's with me I'm going to put her through a course of training that'll fit her to go right into the workrooms at Charlette's—maybe as a cutter, if she does well and I send her there labeled as my product. She's all at sea now, Phil. She's got to learn how to ship along in this city. Can't you see?"

THE smile had vanished from Phil's eyes; the corners of his mouth were quiet. "Darling—I think I understand how you feel about this, and I am glad that you brought her here—but you want to do something for her. At the same time—if things don't go as you have planned, I want you to remember this: You never were like that girl. You fought your battles alone and conquered them alone. She has lain down in the gutter and let life walk over her."

"Sometimes life knocks you into the gutter and then tramples on you before you can get up and knock it back," Jerry retorted swiftly. "You don't know, Phil; you don't know!"

He did not reply; and in his silence she

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THE EXCITEMENT-EATERS

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read a dismissal of the subject. He had been gentle and comprehending, but she could see his skepticism. Now he rose to go up-stairs to get ready for dinner, still without a glance at her as she sat in her purple-silk kimono sprawled against the davenport cushions. At the door he paused, came back, and sat down again, this time directly facing her.

"I almost forgot something that may make complications with this new girl," he said. "Evadne Drew is coming Saturday for the Summer, unless she hears to the contrary."

"What!" Jerry gasped. "Evadne Drew—that Boston débutante cousin of yours! What d'you mean—coming for the Summer?"

"I had a long-distance call from Alice—her mother—this morning, following up a letter in which she wrote pages of trouble about Evadne. As a result of seeing Evadne through the Winter, Alice reports a complete breakdown and doctor's orders to go away for a long rest—*without* Evadne. You don't know, Jerry, but in emergencies our family always turns to relatives."

"But for the love of Pete!" cried Jerry, "aren't there any other relatives besides *us* she can park that darned Evadne with?"

"Mabel and Eustace are sailing the first of the month," Phil reminded her, "and they have recommended us for this position. So Alice wrote joyously that, since Eastport was a wonderful Summer resort and since Evadne's friends were all bad influences, she would leave her with us, and how thankful she was that her daughter is to have the steadying influence of two young married people in her somewhat flighty life."

Jerry laughed noisily. "Steadying influence, me! Great Scott—if she'd ever seen me!"

"After all, why not a steadying influence?" Phil asked mildly. "That's what you're going to be to this—ah—new housemaid, isn't it?"

Lace O'Brien! For the moment Jerry had forgotten the other girl, the girl who was already under her roof; and the remembrance brought new complications into the situation.

Evadne Drew, the Boston débutante who had reduced her mother to prostration and—Lace O'Brien! Together, under one roof! She, Jerry Lancaster, who as yet had not solved for herself the problem of living, saddled with such an overwhelming responsibility!

"She called me by long-distance to drive the point home," Phil was continuing. "So I told her that unless she heard to the contrary, it would be all right. To tell the truth, I thought it would be quite interesting from what I hear of Evadne; and I thought you might help her to get her bearings a bit. And here you are with two of them on your hands!"

"Relatives!" said Jerry dully. It was the first time in her life she had felt the responsibility, and she could not understand Phil's matter-of-fact acceptance of them. Then she quickened in a new hope. "Phil—I can't call it off with Lace after I've opened all this up to her. That would be rotten. But what would Mrs. Drew think if she knew that Evadne was to be in the same house with a Lace O'Brien?"

"She doesn't have to know." Phil was beginning to enjoy himself. "And neither does Evadne. The less people know of the private lives of their domestics the better for their peace of mind and the peace of their kitchen."

Jerry was feeling considerably upset. Misgiving that had faintly pricked that morning now stabbed deep within her; but she gathered her forces and gave no sign. A saying that had been her slogan in her years of apprenticeship with Charlette brought aid. "Nothing's hard; it's only new." She would do what Phil expected of her; she would meet the situation with all the tact and grace that was at her command.

"All right," she said slowly, "we'll see it through, but I bet it'll be some vaudeville."

"Dinner's ready and on the table," an unschooled voice announced from the doorway, and Lace O'Brien stood there poised. Her pretty, pale, resolute face showed that she could think for herself if driven to it. Her Irish blue-black hair waved about her rather generous ears. Her eyes of lowering blue were intensified by the dark shadows underneath. Her mouth was small and unhumorous. She wore a house-dress of soiled gingham, with high-heeled white-kid slippers and stockings with lurid clocks. She stood with undisguised curiosity, regarding first Phil, then Jerry's purple kimono.

"ALWAYS remember that the perfect cutter can see in a glance how much material is needed for each particular gown. That's what makes a cutting expert—the ability to judge measurements quickly and accurately."

Mrs. Lancaster's voice was brisk and exhilarating; whatever she said somehow stayed in the memory, even if it were only precept that she snapped forth. Lace bent over her work with an energy that was buoyed up by the delicious sound of Jerry's shears as they raced through the filmy cloth at a rate that seemed ruinous, but which, Lace knew, would result in a beautifully moulded gown that would spell poetry and fashion in every line—a combination requiring nothing short of genius.

It was Saturday morning, a gray day with threat of moisture burdening the air. Lace had been in the Lancaster household for five days. And she felt, as she watched Jerry taking swift, decisive stitches and tried to imitate her, that she had at last actually begun to live.

She had never cared greatly about living before. Even when she had loved Steve she had dully known that he could not last, that nothing was as it should be. But under the crisp words of Mrs. Lancaster ambition had been jabbed in some vital point and had begun to seethe. Mrs. Lancaster had taken Lace into her confidence, describing her own work at Charlette's and her success at twenty. There was no reason, she had said, why Lace should not have the same career, if she desired and worked for it.

In four days they had made Lace a much-needed outfit of clothes, including a street dress whose modishness rivaled the cosmopolitan air of Mrs. Lancaster's own creations.

Mrs. Lancaster was now making a dinner-dress for herself, expounding method and convention and precept and ideas every step of the way. Lace had not known that women like Mrs. Lancaster existed. If they were good, they preached about matters of which they were in the blackest ignorance; but Jerry Lancaster talked a language she could understand.

"Life is one long battle, and the enemy is yourself." Mrs. Lancaster had told her to work out that idea in her own case—that she had the brains to work with. She should be thankful for them. No one had ever before awakened the suspicion in her that she had brains.

THE door-bell rang, and Lace put down her work to go. She did not mind this being maid-of-all-work as long as her greenness was tolerated. Anyway it was peaceful work.

It was the postman with a special-delivery letter. Lace signed and brought it half-way up the stairs before the writing seemed to leap from the envelop and smite her. Steve's! and addressed to Mrs. Lancaster! Lace came to a full stop, her throat dry, her temples pounding. Every instinct within her battered little soul and body tore at her to open the letter, hide it away and keep it for herself. What did Steve have to say to Mrs. Lancaster when she, Lace, had had no word from him? Her hand, with the envelop in it, stole to the bosom of her dress.

"What are you taking a half-holiday over?" Jerry's voice inquired. It had the effect of a whip on the startled girl. She bounded under it, arriving in the sewing-room quite breathless.

"There's no fire, either," Jerry hailed her. "What's ——"

HER voice vanished as Lace silently handed her the letter. Jerry tore it open in one swift rip and read it rapidly, then she spoke to Lace without looking at her.

"I've got to go up to town, Lace. Call a taxi for me, will you? I've just time to make the twelve-fifty. The number is—oh, look it up, under Neeland's Garage."

Lace went numb under the peremptory flick of that voice. When she returned, Jerry's sewing was thrown here and there with utter disregard, and Jerry was pulling a hat down over her eyes.

"I don't know when I'll be back, but I can count on you to look after things while I'm gone, can't I? Answer bells—and everything. If I don't get here by five, put the roast in the oven."

A rush to find her shopping-bag, an effort which Lace mechanically aided; the taxi swirling up the drive; the banging of the door—and solitude, pregnant with conjecture.

Lace made her way back to the sewing-room on purposeful feet. There was a bare chance that Mrs. Lancaster had not taken the letter with her. In the few days of her stay she had observed that Jerry was sometimes careless. It was not on the bed or the bureau, but in the waste-basket, torn negligently into three wide pieces, easily fitted together.

Without a shadow of a scruple Lace picked them up and put them together on Jerry's sewing-table. The words pulled at her eyes:

"Dear Jerry: All thanks for your help and the letter. But I've told Ruth everything, and she's sent me spinning about my own business. I'm going to find Harry and try to forget everything this week-end. Thank you, tho, for telling Lace—I don't think I could have seen her again. Steve."

Lace read the words half a dozen times before their meaning pieced itself together. He had told Ruth everything. Ruth, then, was the girl. And Ruth had— What did he mean? That any girl could—the last sentence knifed her between the eyes. He could not have seen her again!

Perception slowly came to her. She, Lace, was the cause of it all—of Steve's despair that shrieked from the bluntness of the letter—Steve, whose words were always so free and blithe. Ruth had thrown him down. That was what it was all about—thrown him down because of Lace O'Brien.

She threw the letter back into the waste-basket and darted from the room. She could not be near those pitiful words. But they followed her as she rushed down-stairs, and seemed to encircle her heart with a dead, gasping weight. Tears came—loud, unheeding sobbing that grew in an orgy of unrestraint. What had she done to Steve? The thought was agony that bore in and around her without abatement. She groped into the living-room and flung herself upon the davenport, where she clawed at Jerry's cushions in a frenzy of soul-pain—the first she had ever known.

Minutes passed, and she still groveled full length upon the davenport. A bell rang peremptorily through the house, but her sobs deafened her; she clutched a pillow in both hands and dug her head into it. The bell rang again, but Lace was past hearing.

JERRY had left the door unlatched. It opened now, and footsteps that chimed in lightness and buoyancy made their way through the hall and to the living-room door. Then the vibrations of a thump, as of some heavy object deposited on the floor, penetrated Lace's consciousness, and she lifted her head from the pillow.

Motionless in the doorway, regarding her in consternation strongly mixed with curiosity, was a girl possibly five feet high, a tiny, delicately wrought thing with fairylike features, wide, questioning blue eyes, and pale lashes, injudiciously smudged with some sort of blacking. Sand-colored hair strayed demurely from beneath a plain black sailor with a rolled brim. She wore a dark-blue silk dress that hung in simple, childlike lines. The thud of her large, shiny-black suitcase was what had aroused Lace.

The two girls surveyed each other without a break for a full moment; then Lace sat up and quivered forth: "Who—who are you?"

The -more-than-Louis-Quatorze heels lilted into the room on this. "I'm Little Eva from Boston," said a voice that was high and light and left delicious echoes, "and I must say I'm getting the sort of welcome I feel like giving. Who are you?"

"I'm—Mrs. Lancaster's maid," Lace responded, somewhat sullenly, and pulled up her petticoat to wipe her face.

"Some maid, allow me to comment," trilled a voice so new and fresh, it seemed as if it had never been used before. "I played quite a tune on the front-door bell before I walked in."

Lace had no answering comment for this, and eyed "Little Eva" in dull antipathy. The visitor came in still farther and looked about her.

"I take it Mrs. Lancaster's nowhere around, from your freedom of pose." She put her head on one side and eyed Lace as a little bird might have.

Thought to bestir herself filtered into Lace's scattered consciousness, and she struggled to her feet. "Mrs. Lancaster's gone up to town and may not be back till sup—I mean dinner," she said stiffly.

Little Eva whistled a long melodious note. "How perfectly darling of her! Mother wrote her I was knocking this place for a goal at exactly this time. Of course, when I saw no one at the station I never even twitched, because it's quite the thing now not to bother with meeting all one's guests, if the station has taxis—but my baby's perambulator, *this* is cert'nly being high *and* wide!"

Her eyes fixed themselves demandingly upon Lace as that young lady started past her to the door. Lace perceived there was something expected of her, but she was too paralyzed with misery to think or surmise. This girl seemed very well able to attend to herself; and she wanted to get somewhere beyond the reach of those inquiring blue eyes. She paused in the doorway and considered Little Eva deliberately. As a result words traveled from her.

"I don't—care," Lace assured the unwelcomed guest. "I don't care whether she met you or not. Or anythin'." And she left the room, hearing sparkles of merriment behind her as she went.

The second instalment of "The Excitement-Eaters" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published August 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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